

John J. Ingalls.

AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY

RELATED IN

STORY AND PICTURE

EMBRACING

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF

CUBA'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

AND THE

Glorious Heroism of America's Soldiers and Sailors.

*Compiled from the Letters and Personal Experience
of Noted Writers and Correspondents.*

A THRILLING AND WONDERFUL RECORD OF HUMAN HEROISM AND
PATRIOTIC DEVOTION.

INTRODUCTION BY

HON. JOHN J. INGALLS,

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

*ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED SPLENDID ORIGINAL
ENGRAVINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, SKETCHES AND CARTOONS*

REPRESENTING

Battles by Sea and Land, Thrilling Incidents of Personal Daring, Famous Machete Charges, &c., &c.



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AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGES.
Introduction. —By Hon. John J. Ingalls, formerly United States Senator from Kansas	13-20
The Story of Cuba. —Discovery by Columbus, Who Supposed it to be a Part of the Continent—The Original Indian Name—Gentle and Humane Character of the Natives—Horrible Atrocities of the Spaniards—Incident of Hatuey the Chief—Piracy and Smuggling—Geography, Climate, &c.—Minerals, Timbers, &c.—Fruits, Minerals, Woods and Other Productions—Classes and Character of the Inhabitants— The Struggle for Liberty —Napoleon and the Royal Family of Spain—The Lopez Expeditions—Failure and Garroting of Lopez—Contemplated Revolution of 1854—The Great Uprising of 1868—Horrible Cruelties of Spanish Warfare—Murder of Women and Children—Rape, Arson, Robbery, Outrage—Story of General Thomas Jordan, a West Point Graduate—The Revolution of 1895—Celebrated Cuban Leaders—Battles, Ambushes, Victories and Defeats—General Campos, and Weyler, the Beast—Building Trochas—Weyler's Infamous and Brutal Concentration Order—Weyler a Coward and a Failure—General Blanco Assumes Command—Beginning of Troubles with the United States—Cowardly and Villainous Destruction of the Warship "Maine"—Sham Pretense of Autonomy	21-55
Facts About Spain. —Area and Population of the Kingdom—Government Taxes, Revenue, etc.—Agricultural Products and Manufactures—Quixotic and Uncivilized Character of the People—Loyalty to the Throne and Religious Superstition—Crimes, Murder and Treachery of the Spanish Rulers—Decline of the Nation, etc.	55-61
Rules for the Pronunciation of Familiar Spanish Names. —Spanish Titles and Their Meaning—Naval Names—Names of Persons—Geographical Names—Newspaper Names	61-64
Horrors of the Spanish Occupation of Cuba. —Worse Than a Million Tigers—Traps and Pitfalls Set for the Natives—Hunting Indians Like Wild Animals—Cruel Slavery and Extermination of the Natives—Torture of the Bull Whip—Wholesale Suicide of the Despairing Indians—Horrors Unparalleled in the History of the World	64-71
The Class of Men Who Compose Cuba's Army. —Description of the Rank and File of the Patriot Army—Short History of Their Leaders—Dress and Accouterments—The Passion for Liberty Stronger Than the Love of Life—Dynamite Guns and the Panic They Produce Among the Spaniards—The So-Called Wet Season in Cuba	71-74
A Sample of Spanish Patriotism. —Rules Governing Service in the Army—Military Service may be Avoided by Payment of a Small Fine—Large Numbers of Conscripts Who Avail Themselves of this Loophole of Escape—Contrast Between the Spanish Conscript and the American Volunteer	74-76
Spain's Captains-General. —History and Personal Characteristics of the Leaders of the Spanish Armies—Humorous Descriptions of Some of the Fancy Generals—Weyler the Beau Ideal and Hero of the Spanish People—Amusing Particulars Regarding Uncivilized Spanish Rulers	76-79

An Interview With Queen Christina. —Difficulties in the Way of Securing an Audience With the Queen—Her Appearance and Manners—Gaudy Trappings and Barbarous Ceremonies—The Queen's Ideas of Statesmanship and Politics—Good Intentions Warped by Ignorance—The Queen's Generosity to the Spanish Nation	79-84
Spain's Cruelty to Her Own Soldiers. —Sanguinary Character of the Spanish People—Bull Fighting and Other Barbarous Pastimes—Extracts from Spanish Newspapers Relating Incidents of Cruelty to Soldiers—Inhumanity a Part of the Spanish Character	84-85
Minister Woodford's Experience With the Dons. —America's Ultimatum to Spain—Sagasta's Trickery and Lying Diplomacy—General Woodford's Departure From Madrid—A Dangerous and Exciting Journey to the Frontier of the Country—Threatened by Mobs at the Railroad Stations—Singular Contrast Between Minister Woodford's Departure from Spain and the Spanish Minister's Leave-Taking—Ignorance and Barbarism vs. Civilization and Intelligence	85-89
Patriotic Letter of the American Archbishops to the Catholic Church. —A Strong, Patriotic and Intelligent Epistle—Different Sentiments From the Archbishop of Manila—Flamboyant and Ludicrous Utterances of the Spanish Prelate	89-91
Some Things That a Congressman Saw in Cuba. —Grotesque Appearance of Spanish Troops—Cheap Decorations—The Cane an Indication of Rank—Inspecting Soldiers—Specimens of Spanish Humor—Cruelty a Part of all their Amusements and Sports	92-94
Weyler, the Unspeakable Monster. —The Monster as a Murderer of Innocent Children—Incidents of Unparalleled Brutality—Weyler Orders Troops to Fire Into a Crowd of Starving Reconcentrados—Story of the Execution of Two Little Cuban Boys—The Monster Glories in His Bad Reputation—The Plea of a Savage and a Barbarian—An Eloquent Minister's Scathing Denunciation of the Spanish Butcher	94-100
Antonio Maceo, the Greatest General of the African Race. —Maceo's Prominence in the Ten-Years' War—A Daring and Successful Leader—His Methods Resembled Those of "Stonewall" Jackson—Indian and Negro Blood in His Veins—Meeting Between Maceo and Campos—The Ambuscade at "Hell's Steps"—High Personal Character of Maceo—Interesting and Thrilling Incidents of His Life	100-106
Her Chief Delight is Killing Bulls. —Col. R. G. Ingersoll's Opinion of Spain	107
Cuba and Its Relations to the Monroe Doctrine. —Jefferson's Wise Advice—"Key to the Gulf of Mexico"—Origin of the Monroe Doctrine—A Warning to the "Holy Alliance"—Ineffectual Efforts to Purchase Cuba by the United States—Louis Philippe and the Enraged Spanish Agent—Atrocious Murder of Colonel Crittenden and His Companions—The Kentucky Battle-Cry—Incident of the "Black Warrior"—History of the "Ostend Manifesto"	107-114
Spanish Courage as Exemplified in History. —Spanish Bombast and Bravado Punctured—Cowardice and Cruelty the Leading Features of Spain's Contest With the Moors—History of the Moorish Occupation of the Peninsula—Napoleon's Experience with the Cowardly Spaniards—Wellington's Disgust With His Allies—Cæsar's Easy Conquest of Spain	114-120
Our Indian Allies. —Humors of Spanish Ignorance Regarding the North American Savages—Gallantry of the Sioux Indians in Offering Their Services to the Government to Fight Spain—Organization of the Sioux Regiments—Energy and Enthusiasm of the Indian Chiefs—Romantic History of the Yaqui Tribe of Northern Mexico—A Nation of Warriors One Hundred Thousand Strong—Their Hatred of Spain and the Spaniards—The Yaquis Offer a Regiment of Soldiers to Our Government—Their Warlike Character—Domestic and Social Customs—Many Thrilling Incidents of Personal Bravery and Savage Generosity	121-130

How the Battle Begins on a Warship. —A Leviathan of Death—The Sleeping Monster Awakens to Life and Furious Activity—Clearing the Ship for Action—Finding the Range of the Enemy—"Cast Loose and Provide"—Description of the Ship and Her Wonderful Mechanism—The First Gun—The Battle—Graphic and Thrilling Description of a Fight at Sea	130-139
When it is Permitted to Display the Enemy's Flag. —International Rules Governing the Deception of an Enemy	139
A Thrilling Spectacle. —Review of the American Volunteers at Chickamauga Park—Soldierly Appearance and Splendid Maneuvering of the Troops—An Inspiring Scene From Missionary Ridge	139-140
Roosevelt's Rough Riders. —Organization of the Famous Troop—Eagerness of Men of all Classes and from all Sections to Enlist—Character and Arms of the Men Composing the Command—Civilians, Policemen, Professional Men, and Old Indian Fighters—No Fuss and Feathers, but a Strictly Fighting Organization—Delirious Joy of the Men on receiving Orders to Embark for Santiago—Personal Incidents and Characteristics	140-145
Probable Form of Cuba's New Government. —Interesting Facts of Cuban History Contributed by Senor Gonzalo de Quesada, Charge d'Affairs of the Revolutionary Government—No Race Discriminations in Cuba—A Negro may become President of the Cuban Republic—A Government Founded on the Absolute Equality of All Men—Patriots who have Fought in the War will be Preferred	145-148
Causes That Have Produced The Modern Spaniard. —Buckle's History of Civilization and the Causes of Spain's Decline—Loyalty and Superstition—Spanish Kings who were Possessed of nearly every Defect that can make men Ridiculous and Contemptible—Insane Freaks of Weak Monarchs—Extraordinary and Increasing Powers of the Spanish Clergy—The Crown Subservient to the Miter—Ignorance and Superstition Predominate over all Classes—Even Russia and Turkey not so Benighted as Spain—Proud of Everything of which she should be Ashamed—Vigorous Arraignment of the Spanish Nation at the Bar of Intelligence and Humanity	148-160
Strange People and Customs in Spain. —An Intelligent Lady's Description of the Curious People she met in Spain—Singular Habits and Strange Social Customs—How the People Live—Their Occupations—Astonishing Ignorance—Strange Ideas of Honor and Chivalry—Popular National Dishes and Drinks—Loose Ideas of Morals—Bull-Fights and Vendettas—A Strange and Peculiar Race	160-163
Prince Murat's Experience With American Riflemen. —A Sicilian Prince who lived some years in America, and Served in several campaigns with our Frontier Fighters, Relates his Startling Experiences—Incidents and Adventures of Indian Warfare—Hardihood and Daring of American Backwoodsmen—The Spirit of Independence that Animates our People and Soldiers—An Intelligent Foreigner's Predictions as to the Future of Our Nation	163-166
The American Spirit. —An Incident at Abbeville, S. C., Illustrating the Loyalty and Patriotism of the South	166
Poor Old Spain. —A Probable Republic in Spain as the Result of the Present War—Hardships of Spanish Merchants—Burdensome Exactions of the Government—Poverty of the People—Favoritism—Weyler as a National Hero—Low Ideals and Brutish Manners and Morals—Remarkable Scene in the Spanish Cortez	166-169
General Fitzhugh Lee, the Ideal American. —A Brave, Dashing, Romantic Character—Short History of the Lee Family—Soldiers, Patriots and Statesmen—Fitzhugh Lee at West Point and as a Lieutenant in our Indian Wars—His Remarkable Courage and Fortitude—Incidents of Indian Warfare—Brilliant Record as a Dashing Confederate Cavalry Leader—Political and Social Life Since the War—A Successful Diplomatist—The Spaniards in Cuba Met Their Match—	

History of General Lee's Remarkable Experience on the Island—His Happy Domestic Relations—His Fondness for Women, Horses, and Dogs—The General's Favorite Song	169-178
General Lee's Plan for Capturing Cuba. —Congressman Cummings Visits him at the Consular Office in Havana—The Masked Ball—A Mysterious Assemblage—General Lee Outlines his Plan for the Capture of Cuba—Examination of the Ground over which his Campaign would be Fought—Wisdom and Feasibility of the Plan as shown by the Location and Conditions—The Fortifications of Havana—A Ride to Matanzas—Incidents and Events of the Journey	178-184
Dewey's Breakfast. —The Victory at Manila—Greatest Naval Battle in the History of the World—Full Account of the Battle—Incidents of Personal Daring—Anecdotes of the Fight and of the Officers and Men—Life of Admiral Dewey, with Numerous Interesting Incidents of his Youth and Manhood—The Battle of Manila a Surprise to the Whole World—A Little Patriot who wanted to Fight with Dewey—An Old Soldier's Story—Battle Poems, etc.	185-251
Facts About the Philippines. —Climate and Wonderful Resources of the Islands—Tribes and Races of Strange People—Remarkable Social Customs—Pretty Malay Girls and Women—Religious Fanaticism—Fierce Fighters—The Juramentados—The Mandayas, or Tree Dwellers—Spanish Conquest of the Philippines—Gambling and Cock-Fighting the Chief Amusements—Earthquakes and Typhoons—The Blood Compact—Social Life in Manila—Foreign Residents—Freemasonry and Religion—Many Remarkable Facts	251-281
The First Battle at Matanzas. —Object of the Attack—Brilliant and Destructive Bombardment by our Ships—Forts and Earthworks Blown into the air—The Famous "Last Shot"— Second Fight at Matanzas —Brilliant Description of the Second Bombardment, by Richard Harding Davis—Personal Incidents of the Battle—Splendid Displays of Courage and Skill by the American Sailors	281-293
Key West, Meaning of the Name and History of the Town. —History of the Extermination of the Original Islanders—Significance of the term "Bone Island"—Description of the Inhabitants and their Surroundings—Great Naval Depot	293-296
Pathetic Plea of a Patriot. —General Lew Wallace Offers to Enlist as a Private—Wanted to Aton for a Mistake at the Battle of Shiloh—A Pathetic and Touching Incident	296-297
Sampson's Second Lesson in United States Gunnery. —The Bombardment of Cabanas—Brilliant Description of the Havoc Wrought by our Guns—Spaniards Learn the Futility of Attacking American Warships with Mauser Rifles—A Spanish Officer meets with a Startling Surprise	297-299
Ramming a Battleship. —Graphic Description of the Battle of Lissa—Frightful Results of the Ramming of one Battleship by another	299-301
Col. Fred. Funston, a Kansas Hero. —A Thrilling Account of the Daring and Romantic Adventures of a Kansas Youth while Serving in the Army of the Cuban Insurgents—Battles and Heroic Charges with the <i>Machete</i> —Ambuscades, Spanish Cruelties, etc.—Capture and Escape—Interview with General Lee—A Picturesque Rebel—Return to the United States—Organization of a Regiment of Rough Riders—Service in the American Army, etc.	301-306
A Little Spaniard on His Travels. —Interesting Account of the Travels of a Bright Spanish Boy through the United States after the Beginning of the War	307
Daring Exploit of a Young Lieutenant. —Adventures of Lieutenant H. H. Whitney, of the United States Army in Carrying Important Dispatches to General Gomez—Ambushes, Battles, and Escapes—Enthusiasm of the Cuban Soldiers—Complete Success of the Lieutenant's Mission	307-309

The Jack-Tars Have Fun With the Spaniards. —Bombarding Spanish Block-Houses—A Sailor's Derisive Laugh—Soft Music with a Cannon Accompaniment—Infantry and Cavalry Make a Combined Attack on the American Fleet with Very Disastrous Results—Splendid Description of a Humorous and Brilliant Affair . . .	309-314
Bombardment of San Juan. —Graphic Story of the Battle by Eye-Witnesses—Terrific Display of the Power of Modern Warships—Expert Marksmanship by American Gunners—Wild Shooting on the Spanish Side—Forts and Defenses Wrecked in a Three Hours' Bombardment—Thrilling Incidents of the Fight—Admiral Sampson's Plan of Battle—What a Frenchman Saw—A Sailor's Description of the Fight—Incidents of Daring among the Men—Talks with the Wounded Men—Interesting Facts about Porto Rico . . .	314-341
The Patriotic Mule. —The Army Mule and the Part he Plays in Modern Warfare . . .	341
Range Finding and Expert Gunners. —Description of the Methods and Instruments used in Finding the Range on a Battleship—Secret of the Accuracy of American Gunners—Comparisons of American and Spanish Shooting . . .	341-342
Attacking Land Fortifications. —A British Expert's Consideration of the Probable Results of a Formidable Attack by Ships on Land Fortifications . . .	344-347
Cuban Heroines. —Romantic Adventures of Female Spies in the Service of the Cuban Insurgents—How they Tricked the Spaniards and Carried Important News to the Rebels—Some Daring and Remarkable Adventures . . .	347-350
Wellington on the Spaniards. —Private Letter of the Great English Commander, Written during the Campaign in Spain, giving his Opinion of the Spanish People and Soldiers—Inefficient, Undisciplined, and Cowardly—A Stinging Rebuke of Spanish Insincerity and Perfidy . . .	350-353
Cutting Cables at Cardenas and Cienfuegos. —Furious and Deadly Fighting—Death of Ensign Bagley—Extraordinary Daring of the Americans—Graphic Pen-Pictures of a Terrific Battle—A Sailor's Experience and what he Saw—Incidents of Remarkable Heroism—A Sailor's Letter to his Mother—A Blast-Furnace of Destruction—Shooting Down a Spanish-Light House—Stories of Heroes—The Law Regarding the Right to Cut Cables . . .	353-373
The Bottling of Cervera's Fleet. —Startling Reports of the Sailing of the Spanish Armada—Mysterious Voyage Across the Ocean—Unsuccessful Efforts of the American Squadrons under Schley and Sampson to Locate the Spanish Ships—Cervera Slips into Santiago Harbor—The Americans Bombard the Forts—Daring Exploit of Lieutenant Hobson and his Men—Landing of American Marines—Successful Fighting on Shore—Savage Brutality of Spanish Soldiers—Personality of the Hero of the <i>Merrimac</i> —Mutilating the Dead—Brilliant Fighting around Santiago—Cuckoos who will Sing no more . . .	373-419
First American Invasion of Cuba. —The Expedition under General Shafter—Description of the Soldiers, their Appearance and Fighting Qualities—A Canadian Lady's Visit to the Camp at Tampa, Florida—Events and Incidents of Great Interest—Sailing of the American Armada—A Magnificent Spectacle—Safe Voyage Across the Gulf—Arrival of the Fleet before Santiago—Brilliant and Successful Landing of the Troops—What makes Soldiers Brave in Battle—The Blue and the Gray—Battles, Victories, and Thrilling Incidents . . .	419-461
Invasion of Cuba. —Santiago de Cuba and its People—Description of the Insurgent Forces—Meeting of the Commanders—Fierce Battles and Glorious Victories—Heroism of the Rough Riders—Our "Black Giants" in Battle—The <i>Vesuvius</i> and her Dynamite Earthquakes—A Cuban's Idea of Economy—Battle of La Quasina—Death of Captain Capron, Hamilton Fish, and others—Incidents of the Battle of La Quasina—Incidents of the Battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill . . .	461-536
Schley's Daisy Fight. —Our Second Great Naval Victory of the Spanish War—Destruction of Admiral Cervera's Fleet—The Battle and its Thrilling Episodes—	

Graphic Descriptions by Officers and Men who took part in the Fight—Frightful Slaughter of the Spaniards—Surrender of the Survivors—Stories and Incidents of the Battle—Interviews with Spanish Officers—Brilliant Account of the Fight by Captain Robley D. Evans—Horrible Mutilation of Spanish Sailors by American Shells—An Inferno in the Burning Hull of the <i>Vizcaya</i> —Suicide of the Captain of the <i>Oquendo</i> —Gallantry of Admiral Cervera and Captain Eulate	536-552
Surrender of Santiago. —Persistent Efforts of the Spanish General to Secure Favorable Terms—Final Surrender on Terms practically Dictated by our Government—General Shafter Captures more Prisoners than the total of his own Army—Transportation of the Prisoners to Spain—Contract Let to a Spanish Company—Americans take Possession of Santiago—Resumption of Commerce and general Good Feeling between the Citizens and our Soldiers	552-554
Exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and His Men. —Hobson's Triumphal Journey through the American Lines—Extraordinary Enthusiasm of the Troops—A Dramatic Picture of the War—Hobson's Welcome on Board his Ship—Thrilling Description of this Remarkable Event, by Richard Harding Davis	554-557
Concluding Events of the War	557-560

AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.	PAGE
JOHN J. INGALLS <i>Frontispiece</i>	Spain's Principal Warships 60
Map of Cuba and the West India Islands 22	Additional Vessels of the Spanish Navy 65
Scenery in the Interior of Cuba 24	Descendants of Original Indian Stock 67
Cuban Banana Plant 27	Creole Hut, Interior of Cuba 69
Spanish Family and Their Cuban Home 29	A Cuban Camp 72
Better Class Residence in the Interior of Cuba 30	Officers of the Executive Department of the Cuban Government 73
Group of Lopez's Filibusters 32	America's Response to Humanity's Call 75
The Fort at Key West 33	Christina, Queen Regent of Spain 78
Sugar Plantation of General Cespedes 35	Alfonso and His Sisters 80
Slaughter of Spanish Cavalry by Cuban Riflemen 37	Senor Sagasta, Premier of Spain 86
General Calixto Garcia 40	Spanish Guerrillas 93
The Late General Antonio Maceo 41	Execution of Prisoners 96
Street in Matanzas 43	Cartoon Representing Weyler's Infamous Reconcentration Order 97
Cubans Ambushing Spanish Cavalry 45	General Maceo and Staff 100
Devastation Wrought by Weyler's Orders 47	Maceo on His Way to Meet Campos 101
Indian Statue, El Prado, Havana 49	The Ambuscade at Hell's Steps 103
Group of Weyler's Guerrillas 51	Last Muster of the Cubans in the Ten Years' War 104
Horrid Examples of Weyler's Warfare 53	Maceo's Residence in Cuba 105
The <i>Maine</i> as She Lay in the Harbor of Havana 54	Primitive Agriculture in Cuba 108
Spanish Heliographic Corps 56	Cuban Sugar Manufactory 110
Musket Drill on Board Spanish Warship 58	Cuban Family of Mixed Blood 112

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Deserted Cuban Village	113	Oregon Volunteers for Dewey's Fleet	
Cartoon Exemplifying Spanish Courage	117	Awaiting Embarkation at San Francisco	222
Sioux Warriors	119	Cartoon Representing Change of European	
Chiefs Spotted Elk and Spotted Bear	121	Sentiment After the Battle	226
Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse	122	A Little Patriot	230
Sioux Indian War Dance	124	The Captain's Room on Board a Warship	232
White Deer Skin Dance—A Weird Ceremony Among the Yaqui Indians	126	Cadet Sword Exercise	234
Yaqui Cemetery and Funeral	128	Quarter Deck and Fighting Tops of a Man-of-War	236
Yaqui Musicians and Instruments	129	Gatling Gun Crew Ready for Action	238
Battleship Going Into Action	131	A "Quarantined" Crew	242
Deck of a Warship	133	Junior Officers of a Man-of-War	234
Finding the Range	135	Hoisting "Old Glory" in the Far-Away Philippines	249
Ships of the German Navy	137	Uncle Sam Blowing Down the Walls of Superstition	253
Rough Riders Practicing With Revolvers	141	Letters From Home	255
Rough Rider of Arizona	142	Some of the Big Guns at Manila	261
A Rough Rider of New York	144	Gunner's Gang on One of Admiral Dewey's Ships	262
On Picket Duty	146	Spanish Volunteers in the Philippines	268
Cartoon Representing Spain's Astonishment at Modern Innovations	151	Cigar Factory in Manila With Native Girls as Operatives	271
Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) Leading a Party of Indian Scouts	164	The Lookout on Board a Warship	275
Poor Old Spain	167	"It Moves, Señor!"	280
General Fitzhugh Lee	170	The <i>Puritan</i>	282
Entrance to Havana Harbor and View of Moro Castle	173	Portion of the Crew of the <i>New York</i>	285
Spanish Consular Guard, Havana	175	Gunner's Mate Jackson	288
General Lee's Eldest Daughter	177	American Torpedo Boat	290
Street in Havana Showing Portion of Columbus Cathedral	179	Cartoon Representing Blockade of Cuba	292
Railroad Train Running Between Havana and Matanzas	181	Street Scene in Key West	294
Group of Spanish Soldiers in Matanzas	183	Scene Near Key West	295
Rear Admiral George Dewey	186	Spanish Block-House	298
Map of the Philippine Islands	189	Colonel Fred. Funston	301
Firing the Big Guns at the Battle of Manila	191	Funston's First Battle	303
Battle of Manila Bay—"Before Breakfast"	193	View of Havana and the Bay	305
Spanish Fortifications at the Arsenal	195	Avenue of Palmettos Near Cabanas, Cuba	310
Landing of the Marines Under Commander Lambertson	199	Training Rapid-Fire Guns on Spanish Forts	312
Officers of Admiral Dewey's Fleet	201	The Spanish Fleet	315
It Was an "Outside" Explosion—How the <i>Maine</i> Was Remembered	203	Coaling a Warship at Sea	317
Fortifications on Manila Esplanade	205	Admiral Sampson's Fleet Approaching San Juan	319
Spanish Gunboat	206	Warship Discharging a Torpedo	321
Where Is the Spanish Fleet?	208	The <i>Montgomery</i> at St. Thomas	323
American Officers Viewing Wreck of Spanish Fortifications	211	Forward View of the <i>Iowa</i>	329
Coolness of American Marines in Handling Their Guns During the Battle	212	A Porto Rican Ferry-Boat	336
Drilling Exercise on Shore After the Battle	215	Beggar and Spaniards in San Juan	338
Sunday Morning on the <i>Olympia</i> , a Week After the Battle	217	Disappearing Gun for Coast Defense	342
Officers of American Hospital Corps	220	Mortar Battery at Sandy Hook, N. Y., for Coast Defense	345
		Mrs. Susa Velasco	348
		Spaniards Shooting Prisoners	349


	PAGE.		PAGE.
Sample of Spanish Heroism—Prisoners		An American Rough Rider	436
Shot in Irons	351	The Havana Milkman on Obispo Street . .	438
Uncle Sam Means Business	354	Coming Citizens of the Afro-American	
Funeral of Ensign Bagley	355	Race	440
American Gunboat <i>Nashville</i>	359	Cuban Volunteers	442
Company of American Marines	361	Colored Soldiers in Camp	443
Soldiers of America's War for Humanity .	363	Peeling Potatoes and Roasting Meat . .	444
Capturing a Spanish Warship	366	"The Kitchen"	446
American Volunteers	369	A Field Commissary	449
Spanish Military Wagon at Santiago . .	375	Fair Visitors	451
Mustering in Recruits for Uncle Sam's		Pretty Southern Belles in Camp	453
Army	377	The Blue and the Gray Break Bread To-	
Landing Marines for an Advance on the		gether	457
Enemy	379	An Old Veteran in a Cocanut Orchard .	459
American Soldiers in Camp	383	Admiral Cervera	461
The Ram <i>Katahdin</i> of the American Navy	384	Cervera's Mistake	463
Thoughts of Home in the Dreary Waiting		Rear-Admiral Wm. T. Sampson	464
of Camp Life	389	Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley . .	465
Volunteers in Camp at Chickamauga .	391	Captain-General Weyler	467
Group of Officers of the Missouri Volun-		Captain-General Blanco	468
teers	394	Major-General Joseph Wheeler	469
A Southern Belle	395	General Wheeler in a Tree	471
Home of an Alabama Negro Family . .	396	Disappearing Coast-Defense Guns in Ac-	
Torpedo Ready to Discharge in Torpedo		tion	473
Chamber	399	American Warship <i>Kearsarge</i>	474
The Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat .	401	Fire-Room of a Warship	477
Funeral Procession of the Dead Sailors of		The <i>Vesuvius</i> in Action	479
the <i>Maine</i> Through the Streets of		General Maximo Gomez	480
Havana	403	Generals Shafter and Wheeler and Their	
The <i>Maine</i> as She Appeared on Entering		Staffs	482
Havana Harbor	405	Captain Robley D. Evans	484
Destruction of the <i>Maine</i>	407	Landing the Troops	487
The <i>Oregon</i>	411	Major-General Nelson A. Miles	490
Rapid-Fire Machine Gun	413	Spanish Guerrillas Fighting in the Brush	492
Clearing the Cuckoos out of the Grass .	415	Usual Spanish Disposition of Prisoners .	494
Captain Elliott's Men Looking for Cuckoos	416	Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt and Two Orderlies .	495
Firing at the Fleeing Spaniards	418	Rough Riders' Battery of Field Guns . .	497
Columbus Cathedral, Havana, where the		Charge of the Rough Riders	499
Remains of Columbus are Buried	422	Sergeant Fish Breaking a Wild Broncho .	502
Group of American Volunteers at Tampa	424	Block-House Forming Part of Trocha . .	410
Disembarking Supplies for the Troops at		Destruction of Admiral Cervera's Fleet .	543
Chickamanga	429	Lieutenant Hobson	554
Bearing of the Titled Spaniard Toward		Sinking the <i>Merrimac</i>	556
the Common People	427	Major-General Wesley Merritt	557
The Officers' Mess	429	Commodore J. C. Watson	559
Homes of the Common People of Havana	432	Governor Stephens and Family visiting	
A Squad of Our "Black Giants"	433	the Camp of the Missouri Troops . .	558

INTRODUCTION.

By HON. JOHN J. INGALLS.

Formerly United States Senator from Kansas.



UBA, the largest of the West Indian Islands, one hundred miles south of Key West, separated from the United States by the Straits of Florida, and from Mexico by the channel of Yucatan, was discovered by Christopher Columbus, October, 1492, and since 1511 it has been a Spanish province.

The aborigines, whose numbers are not definitely known, an innocent, simple and pacific people, believing in a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, were slaughtered and exterminated by the Spaniards in less than fifty years after the conquest.

Of its 40,000 square miles, not above one-third are cultivated; and at least fifteen million acres are covered with dense, impenetrable forests of mahogany, ebony, cedar and palm, of great value for ship-building and cabinet work.

Deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and petroleum wait for development.

The climate is tropical, though the temperature sometimes sinks below the freezing point in the mountains; but snow is unknown, except in one instance, elsewhere mentioned.

Along the coast and in the seaports yellow fever is destructive, its virulence being increased by defective sanitation; but the interior is temperate and healthful.

The soil is of incomparable fertility; its chief products are sugar, tobacco, coffee, chocolate, pine-apples, oranges, and alimentary plants.

On account of the disorder that has so long prevailed, no recent census has been taken, and estimates of population are conjectural. In the absence of official data, the most reliable authority places the number of inhabitants at 1,600,000. Of these, 400,000 are mulattoes and negroes, freed from slavery by the edict of 1880 and excluded by law from all political rights; 1,000,000

Cuban merchants, farmers, brokers, professional men and free skilled laborers; 200,000 native Spaniards, holding all the civil and military offices, collecting and disbursing the revenues, and regarding the other classes with intolerance and contempt.

The established religion is the Roman Catholic, and the official language is Spanish.

There is no system of public education, and illiteracy is extreme. Society, both in the cities and in the country, is sunken in ignorance, squalor and degradation.

Having no manufactures, and being destitute of enterprise, and engaged almost exclusively in agriculture, Cuba depends on other nations for the necessities of life, importing beef, fish, flour, lumber, furniture, machinery, tools and fabrics, generally in Spanish ships, on account of heavy differential duties.

The government is an absolute military despotism, with no popular representation except in name.

The Governor is appointed by the Crown, from the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Spanish army, for a term of three to five years, and has supreme jurisdiction and authority in church and state, responsible only to the sovereign of Spain.

The office has been administered by a succession of criminals, whose annals are an unbroken record of infamy. It has been bestowed upon guilty favorites as an avenue to the rapid acquisition of fortune by pillage, plunder, spoliation and extortion.

For three centuries the unhappy people have been subjected to poverty and misery by tyranny without precedent in the history of mankind. Duties have been levied upon imports, exports and tonnage. Taxes have been laid on manufactures, amusements, religion and incomes. Offices have been sold and salaries assessed, and tribute demanded for exemption from military service.

Deprived of civil rights and political liberty, excluded from all places of trust, honor and profit, burdened with intolerable taxation to maintain an army and navy to make the chains and fetters of their bondage more secure, implacable hatred has resulted between the oppressors and the oppressed, manifesting itself in frequent revolts and outbreaks for freedom. They have seen their trade decreasing, productions diminishing, their youths emigrating,

their commerce disappearing, their roads impassable, their poverty becoming more intolerable, while taxes have multiplied to fill the coffers of thieves and pay interest on debts contracted for their own destruction.

Seventy years ago arose the "Conspiracy of the Black Eagle," followed fifteen years later by the slave insurrection, and in 1848 by the expedition of Lopez with six hundred filibusters from the United States, and his final descent in 1851, when he was captured and garroted, while many of his followers were shot.

At this time the Spanish were plundering the island by the various devices of impost and taxation, of \$26,000,000 annually, of which about \$6,000,000 was sent to the treasury of Spain, the remaining \$20,000,000 being stolen by officials under the pretext of paying the expenses of military, naval and civil service.

These extortions were increased from year to year, but the expenditures largely outran the receipts and the government resorted to loans, for the principal and interest of which the revenues of the island were pledged, and to the issue of irredeemable bank notes, which rapidly depreciated, having neither security nor guaranty from the government of Spain.

It is supposed that the funded and floating debt of Cuba, unauthorized by its people, and used only for their oppression, is in excess of \$400,000,000.

Soon after the death of Lopez, an effort was made to secure reforms by which the rights of the colonists would be protected and the interests of Spain preserved.

After a long struggle, an inquiry was obtained at Madrid, which resulted in a new system of taxation, more odious and oppressive than that which was abolished.

The sufferings of the Cubans and their heroic struggles for freedom have long engaged the attention and attracted the sympathy of the people of the United States.

President Polk suggested to Spain the sale of Cuba to this country for one hundred millions of dollars. Twelve years later the purchase of the island for \$30,000,000 was debated in the Senate and withdrawn.

President Pierce, August 16, 1854, directed our Ministers to England, France and Spain, Messrs. Buchanan, Mason and Soule, to meet in some European city to consider the Cuban question.

They sat at Ostend, October 9th, and later at Aix-la-Chapelle, and drew up the despatch known in history as the "Ostend Manifesto," declaring in substance that the sale of Cuba to the United States would be mutually honorable and advantageous; and if Spain should refuse to sell, self-preservation would make it incumbent on the United States to wrest it from her to prevent it from being Africanized into a second San Domingo.

The Republican party, in its first national platform, denounced this as the plea of a highwayman; but the Cuban question since that time, in some form, has not ceased to be an active issue in American politics. Many have thought that its acquisition by the United States was indispensable to the safety of the nation. Others believed that its possession would make us commercially and industrially independent of the rest of the world. All have known that the misrule of Spain was the denial of the inalienable rights of man, and its continuance an affront to civilization, a reproach to the conscience of mankind, and an insult to the ruler of the moral universe.

When Serrano and Prim returned from exile in 1868 and dethroned the profligate Isabella, the revolutionists in Cuba immediately formed plans for their liberation, and declared the independence of the island October 10th, at Manzanillo.

The insurrection continued until 1878, and the insurgents were recognized as belligerents by the Spanish-American republics.

The rebels were invincible. They conducted irregular, guerrilla warfare, and resisted all efforts for their subjugation.

Unable, after ten years of war, to subdue the insurgents, Spain substituted fraud for force, and secured a truce by pretending to concede the demands of the patriots for reforms in taxation, for local self-government, and for representation in the Cortes or National Assembly at Madrid.

These pledges were made only to be broken; and finding that they were dealing with treacherous and incorrigible enemies, whom no treaties could bind, the Cubans, in 1895, again raised the standard of revolt, designed, under the providence of God, to be their final effort for freedom.

In the fruitless endeavor to defeat the indomitable Gomez and his legions, Spain has, in three years, sent to Cuba an army of more than 200,000 regular soldiers, and spent about \$240,000,000.

Exasperated and enraged by unexpected assaults, by attacks from ambush, by raids, by forays and sudden incursions from fugitive forces, who delivered

their volleys and disappeared in inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains, the Governor-General, Weyler, resorted to the tactics of Alva in the Netherlands, of Pizarro in Peru, of Cortez in Mexico, and, since he could not conquer, resolved to exterminate. Like the warriors described by Tacitus, he determined to make a solitude and call it peace.

Never in her annals, that are written in blood and illuminated by the torch, has Spain exceeded in remorseless and unrelenting inhumanity the record of this malignant monster of iniquity. Surrounding the towns and villages of the four western provinces with rifle-pits, consisting of a ditch and a barbed wire fence, within these enclosures, by his edict, May 29, 1896, were driven all the inhabitants of the rural country, the farmers and laborers, non-combatants, the aged and infirm, women and children, about 400,000 in the aggregate. Those who refused to obey the order of reconcentration were declared rebels, and directed to be treated as such.

In these prison pens, guarded by soldiers, with orders to shoot any who attempted to escape, these wretched and guiltless victims were permitted to build huts of palm branches, and left, without food, furniture or medicine, to die of disease or perish of starvation.

Lying upon the ground, exposed to sun and rain, with foul air, putrid water, and scanty food, not less than 200,000 are reported to have died, and 100,000 more to be so enfeebled by famine that recovery is impossible.

Nothing contributed more powerfully to attract public attention to the atrocities of Spanish tyranny, and to crystallize popular sympathy for the Cubans, than the speech delivered in the Senate, March 17, 1898, by Senator Proctor, of Vermont, four days after his return from a visit to the island.

Other appeals, more brilliant and rhetorical, perhaps, have been made by men equally distinguished; but the placid deliberation of his statement, the absence of decoration and ornament and passion from his discourse, gave a force to his remarks that no florid fervor could have conveyed. Widely known and highly respected for intelligence, integrity, and judgment, his character gave immense weight to his conclusions. His speech was as merciless as the untouched negative of a photograph. Every sentence was an indictment that recorded its own verdict, from which there was neither exculpation nor appeal.

The narration was more terrible than invective. It was like the Röntgen ray, disclosing the hideous lesions of bigotry, cruelty, and misrule: the

murder of the helpless, the starvation of the unoffending, the extermination of the innocent.

For more than three hundred years a country nearly as large as England, with all the material conditions of opulent civilization, has been made a charnel house. Possessing all the elements of Eden, it has been turned into a Hell.

The relations between the United States and Spain gradually became tense, and the aversion of this country was heightened by the publication of a letter written by the Spanish Ambassador, De Lome, in which the hypocritical pretexts of Spanish diplomacy were unmasked, admitting that autonomy and reciprocity were juggling subterfuges intended to gull and dupe the President, the Congress, and the people.

This was followed by the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, under circumstances which left no doubt of the moral responsibility of Spain for a crime that, fortunately for human nature, has few companions in the history of perfidy and dishonor.

When the report of the Naval Board of Inquiry was transmitted to Congress, March 28th, by President McKinley, he expressed in his message the belief that the subject could be safely left to the sense of justice of the Spanish nation.

Congress had already unanimously voted \$50,000,000 for an emergency fund for national defense. Public indignation was inflamed by further reports of the sufferings of the wretched *reconcentrados*, and the pressure became so irresistible that the President, April 11th, after many inexplicable delays, sent a message, rehearsing at great length the Cuban situation, and throwing the entire responsibility upon Congress.

Two days later the House passed a resolution, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the President is hereby authorized and directed to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, to the end and with the purpose of securing permanent peace and order there, and establishing, by the free action of the people thereof, a stable and independent government of their own in the island of Cuba; and the President is hereby authorized and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States to execute the purpose of the resolution."

Three days afterwards the Senate passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with two hundred and sixty-six of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has

been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

"First.—That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that the government of the United States hereby recognizes the republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.

"Second.—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"Third.—That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"Fourth.—That the United States hereby disclaim any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and assert their determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Which, after conference, were agreed to, with an amendment omitting the recognition of the Cuban republic, but retaining the declaration "that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

The joint resolutions were promptly approved by the President. Diplomatic relations were suspended. Immense preparations for war were made on land and sea; followed, May 1st, by the destruction of Spain's Asiatic squadron in the Bay of Manila and the capture of the Philippines by Admiral Dewey, in one of the most brilliant and daring naval operations since the destruction of the Invincible Armada, in 1588, by Lord Howard of Effingham.

Other wars have been waged for ambition; for conquest; for revenge; for the balance of power; for a dynasty or a throne; but no such passions animate the people of the United States in the war with Spain.

In obedience to the comity of nations, we have, for half a century, enforced the obligations of neutrality against the Cuban patriots, with whose struggles for liberty we have had the deepest sympathy.

At enormous expense we have policed our coasts to prevent supplies, munitions, and re-enforcements from reaching the insurgents.

The property of American residents on the island has been confiscated and destroyed. Invidious discriminations have been laid against our commerce. We have been silent spectators of excesses, compared with which the outrages of the Turks in Armenia seem harmless diversions. We have sought no advantage from the misfortunes of Spain, but to longer tolerate her

atrocities in Cuba would make us participants and accomplices in her crimes.

War is the last argument of kings. Nothing is so terrible as the arbitrament of the sword. For nineteen centuries the time has been foretold when swords should be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks and nations learn war no more; but there are crimes which are beyond the reach of private justice.

When nations are the criminals, a victorious army is the executioner that pronounces sentence upon the malefactor, and wields the axe upon the scaffold.

Spain has been tried and convicted in the forum of history. Her religion has been bigotry, whose sacraments have been solemnized by the faggot and the rack. Her statesmanship has been infamy: her diplomacy, hypocrisy: her wars have been massacres: her supremacy has been a blight and a curse, condemning continents to sterility, and their inhabitants to death.

We enter upon this war, therefore, with no ignoble or selfish purpose, but moved, rather, by that lofty moral impulse which has inspired the heroes of every history, and the martyrs of every religion.

We are ministers of that eternal justice for which every place should be a temple. We draw the sword to avenge the wrongs of the helpless. Our cannon speak for those who are voiceless. Our flags float above our armaments on land and sea, as an assurance alike to tyrants and their victims that the creed of human liberty is not an unmeaning formula, nor the brotherhood of man an empty dream.

Our victory will be the triumph of the Nineteenth Century over the Middle Ages; of democracy over absolutism; of self-government over tyranny; of faith over bigotry; of civilization over barbarism.

It will open new avenues for commerce, new fields for enterprise, new careers for ambition.

It will abolish insularity and provincialism and admit us to the front rank in that fraternity of nations that is to complete the moral conquest of the world.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John J. Ingalls". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

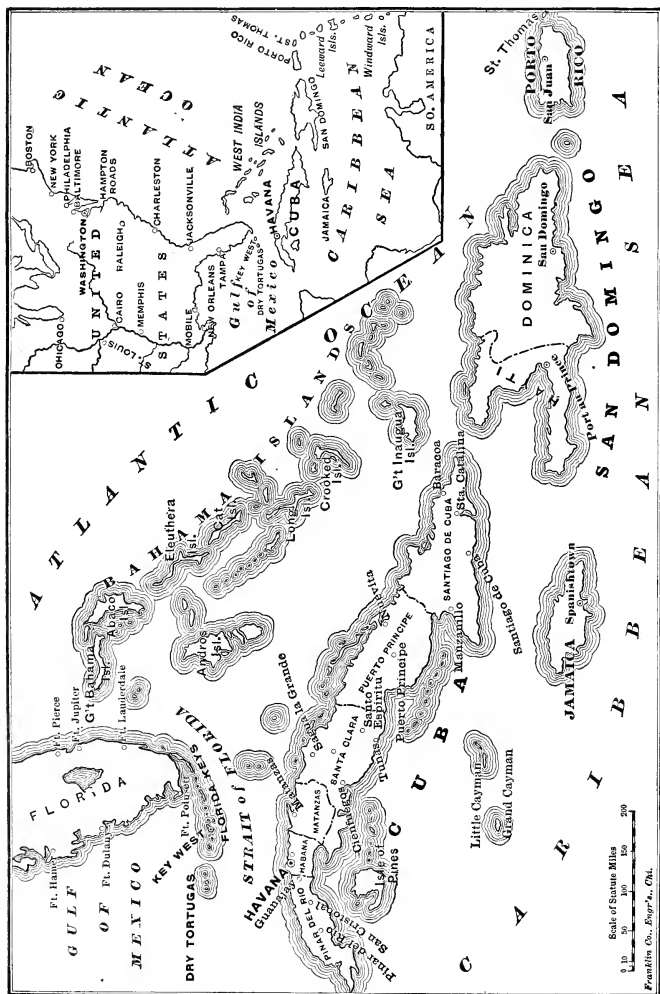
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1898.

THE STORY OF CUBA.

DISCOVERY BY COLUMBUS.

THE Island of Cuba was discovered by Columbus on the 28th of October, 1492. It is generally supposed that he first landed near the present site of Nuevitas, on the north coast, anchoring his ships in the mouth of the river Maximo. He believed it to be a part of the continent, but subsequently accepted the assurances of the Indians and called his discovery an island. On his return to Cuba at a later date he became convinced that his first impression was correct, and he accordingly left a written opinion declaring his belief that the land was a part of the newly-discovered continent. His mistake is natural, considering the size and location of the island. Columbus named his new discovery Juana, in honor of Prince Juan, son and heir of Ferdinand and Isabella. After the death of the king it was called Fernandina in his honor, and at later dates it was designated as Santiago and Ave Maria; but eventually the original Indian name of Cuba attached to it permanently. The island was thickly populated at the time of the discovery, by a very docile race of aborigines, who extended to all the large West India islands and the Bahamas, and who called themselves by the general name of Tainos, "the good;" but those who lived in Cuba were specifically designated as Ciboneyes. No accurate estimate of the number of Indians occupying Cuba at that time has ever been made, but as all historians unite in saying that the population was dense, it is reasonable to suppose that they must have exceeded a million and a half of souls. In Porto Rico, a much smaller island, the Spaniards massacred over six hundred thousand, besides large numbers who were enslaved or died from the effects of disease and hardships imposed upon them by their conquerors. From these circumstances it may be inferred that Porto Rico had a population of more than one million, and the inhabitants of Cuba must have largely exceeded them in numbers. Within less than forty-five years after the discovery of the island the Spaniards had practically obliterated this immense population. The statement is almost incredible, but authenticated facts prove its truth. In 1534 the Spanish authorities on the island petitioned the emperor for "7000 negro slaves, that they might become inured to labor before the Indians ceased to exist." In 1511 Diego Velasquez was appointed, by Diego Columbus,

Adalantado, or Governor of Cuba, and, supplied with three hundred armed cut-throats, he immediately proceeded to depopulate the island. The unarmed



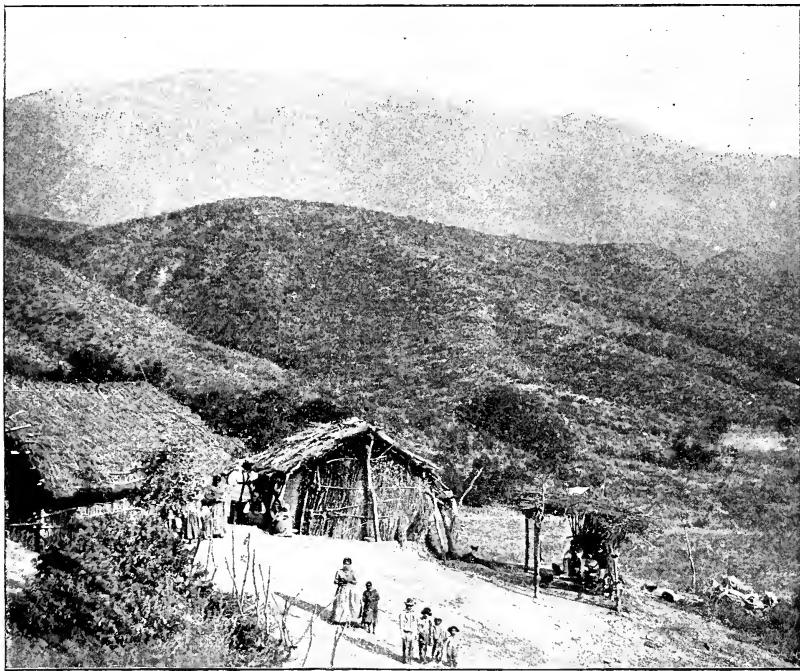
MAP OF CUBA AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

Indians, gentle and kind in disposition, and unused to war, were butchered by the hundreds of thousands, until the previously happy island became a veritable charnel house. When Hatuey, the principal chief of the natives, fell into

the hands of the Spaniards, he was burned at the stake near the present town of Yara. On being urged by a priest to embrace the Christian religion as a means of gaining heaven, he inquired if any Spaniards were there. "Yes," replied the priest; "in heaven there are many Spaniards." "Then," said Hatuey, "I prefer to go elsewhere," and the flames soon put an end to his sufferings. Such of the natives as were not butchered were soon brought into complete subjection, and were allotted to the settlers in gangs of three hundred to each Spaniard, who employed them in the cultivation of the soil, principally in the growing of sugar-cane. Unaccustomed to such hard labor, ill-treated, and badly fed, the poor Indians soon perished, and their race almost vanished from the island. It is said that their daily food consisted of a vile slop, such as farmers feed to their hogs, and that they were fed in troughs, like animals. Such horrible brutality can hardly be conceived, but it is in keeping with the Spanish character as exemplified in recent transactions, such as the starving of reconcentrados and similar outrages. With the disappearance of the native population agriculture declined, except so far as it could be sustained by the importation of negro slaves, and the island became mainly a pastoral country. In the early days of the settlement of Cuba, many of the most enterprising Spaniards were attracted to Mexico, Peru, and other South American countries, by the almost fabulous discoveries of the precious minerals in those regions; and to prevent their departure from the island, the government passed a law imposing the death penalty on all who made the attempt. Other laws prohibited all foreigners, and even Spanish subjects not natives of Castile, from settling in the island or trading with its inhabitants, illicit trading being punishable by death. But in spite of the severe penalty, and its rigid enforcement on all culprits who were detected, smuggling and piracy increased to such an extent that by the latter part of the seventeenth century it was discovered that nearly all the inhabitants of Havana were engaged in these pursuits, so congenial to the Spanish nature. Twice during the sixteenth century Havana was captured and destroyed by the French; and it was again captured in 1762 by a combined English and American land and naval force, under command of Lord Albemarle, who retained possession until July of the following year. It is stated that during this period over nine hundred loaded vessels entered the port of Havana and discharged their cargoes, exceeding in the aggregate all previous entries since the discovery of the island. This incident proves that if the English had retained possession of Cuba until the present time it would have been one of the most prosperous and populous regions of the world, instead of a blighted and accursed waste, as it has become under the bloody grasp of barbarous and incompetent Spain.

Geography, Climate, Etc.

The greatest length of Cuba, from east to west, is seven hundred and sixty miles; the width varies from twenty to one hundred and thirty-five miles, and the entire area, including the smaller islands, is 47,278 square miles, not quite equal in size to our prosperous Southern State of Arkansas. The shores are generally low, and lined with reefs and shallows, making the approach difficult and dangerous. Within the reefs there is occasionally a



SCENERY IN THE INTERIOR OF CUBA.

sandy beach; but around the greater part of the island there is a belt of low land, very little above the level of the sea, and subject to floods and inundations. The Isle of Pines, near the south coast, is forty-three miles long and thirty-five broad, and is the largest of the adjacent small islands. Most of the keys and reefs are of limestone or coral formation, and the extreme irregularity of the shore line is due to the ease with which rocks of this kind are acted upon by water. Cuba has over two hundred ports and

sheltered landings, and is therefore remarkably well adapted to the requirements of commerce, as well as dangerously exposed to invasion from a hostile force. Running through the entire length of the island, from east to west, there is a range of mountains, more or less broken, and forming a backbone from which streams flow to the sea on each side. Some of the peaks of this mountain range attain a height of 8000 feet, and lend their influence to the tempering of the climate, which is more equable than in other localities of the same latitude. The thermometer never rises so high as it frequently does in our own Middle and Northern States, and sunstrokes are unknown. From May to October is the warm season, but during this period the mercury seldom reaches 100° F. in any part of the island. The highest recorded temperature, in observations extending over many years since 1801, was 104° F. In December and January the north winds prevail, and under their influence the mercury has occasionally fallen to the freezing point. The average temperature of Havana is 77°, maximum 89°, minimum 50°. There are only two seasons: the wet and the dry. The former begins in May or June and ends in November, and during this period there are drenching showers almost every day. The rainfall in a single year has been known to reach one hundred and thirty-three inches. The heaviest rains occur in September and October. During the "dry" or "cold" season the dews are very abundant, both at night and in the early evening, greatly stimulating the growth of vegetation. There is only one record of snow having fallen in Cuba. This was on December 24-25, 1856, when the coldest term ever known on the island occurred, and slight snow fell near Villa Clara, in the central section. Violent thunder storms are common from June until September. Earthquakes are frequent in the eastern portions of the island, but are seldom felt in the central and western regions. The salubrity of the climate is variously estimated, but it is generally conceded to be very favorable to longevity. Remarkable instances of this character have been noted among the aborigines and the negroes; and it is believed that with proper sanitation and reasonable attention to cleanliness and the simplest rules of health, the island will become a veritable sanitarium. An epidemic called putrid fever carried off many of the inhabitants in 1648 and 1654, and this disease is believed by some to have been yellow fever; but it is generally claimed that the latter, in its modern manifestations, was not known in the island until 1762. It has never advanced into the interior, but is confined exclusively to the coast cities and lowlands; and its character being now so well known to the medical profession, it has ceased to inspire the terror that accompanied its visitations in former times.

Among the mountains are many exceedingly fertile and healthy valleys, some of which are two hundred miles in length by thirty or more in width.

Under good government and with proper cultivation these valleys will become the source of almost fabulous wealth.

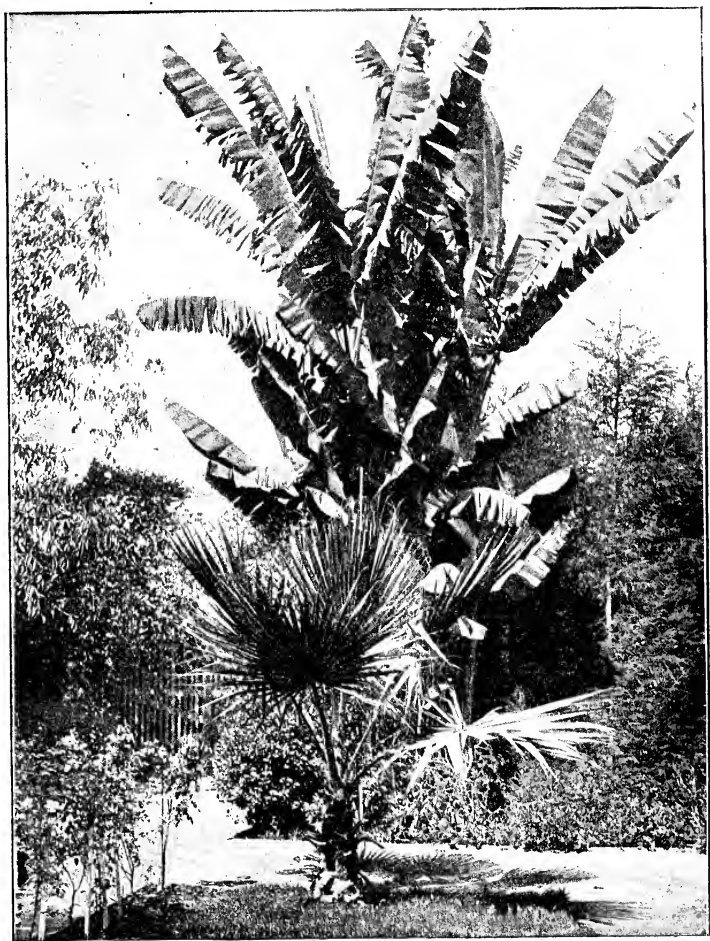
The rivers of Cuba are small but numerous, aggregating two hundred and sixty, exclusive of small streams and rivulets. The Canto is the only navigable stream, in the strict meaning of the term. Small vessels ascend it for a distance of about sixty miles. Many other streams are navigable for light-draft vessels for distances ranging from ten to twenty miles above their mouths, and the Spaniards have taken advantage of these conditions to patrol them with gunboats during the rebellion. One of the small rivers, the Ay, is remarkable for its scenery and its numerous falls, some of which are nearly two hundred feet high; also for its great natural bridge, under which the entire river flows.

Minerals, Timbers, Etc.

Nearly all the metals and minerals applicable to the industries are found in Cuba—gold, silver, iron, copper, quicksilver, lead, asphaltum in all its various forms, antimony, arsenic, magnesia, copperas, loadstone, gypsum, red lead, ochre, alum, salt, talc, etc. No coal fit for combustion has yet been discovered. Springs and mines of bitumen exist in various parts, sometimes in a calcareous and often in a serpentine formation. The interstices in the latter are generally filled with a highly inflammable bitumen, which is used as a substitute for coal. There are large deposits of rock salt on both the north and south coasts, and marble and jasper of very fine quality are found in many places. In the Isle of Pines there are quarries of beautiful colored and pure white marble, the latter being little, if any, inferior to the celebrated statuary marbles of Italy.

Vegetation is, naturally, luxuriant. The forests contain many varieties of woods, some of them almost as hard as iron. One of these is called the axe-breaker, on account of its remarkable toughness and induration. It is said that in many places fences and cheap outbuildings are composed of mahogany, owing to the abundance of that valuable wood and the lack of enterprise in sending it to market. *Lignum vitæ* and various kinds of dye woods abound, while such valuable timbers as ebony, rosewood, cedar, fustic, lancewood, etc., are to be found everywhere. The cocoanut and African palms, the sour orange and the lemon are indigenous. Humboldt says we might believe that the entire island was originally a forest of palms and wild lime and orange trees. All fruits common in the tropics grow in the greatest abundance, such as pineapples, bananas, mangroves, etc. When Cuba was discovered the natives cultivated six varieties of the sweet potato, as well as the yuca or cassava, and Indian corn. In its productive capabilities the island is a veritable paradise, and under a civilized government, peace, plenty and happiness would prevail.

Though the forests are extensive, and in many places almost impenetrable, they are inhabited by no wild animals larger or fiercer than the wild



CUBAN BANANA PLANT.

dogs, which resemble wolves in appearance and habits, and are very destructive to young cattle and poultry. They are descended from the European or domestic dog, their size, appearance and habits having been effected

by their wild life through many generations. Another animal, the jutia, is about the size of the muskrat, but in its habits resembles the porcupine and the raccoon of the United States. It lives in trees, and feeds on fruits and leaves.

Strange as it may seem, there are very few snakes, especially of the venomous species. The largest, called the maja, is sometimes twelve to fourteen feet in length, but is entirely harmless. The juba, about six feet long, is venomous. The tarantula is sometimes found, but its bite, while producing fever, is not fatal; and the native scorpion is less poisonous than that of Europe. There are twelve varieties of mosquitoes, the sand-fly, the jigger, and a species of ant which destroys all living vegetable matter. The latter deposits its eggs in the form of a honey-comb, which was regarded as a delicious dish by the Indians. It is said there are three hundred varieties of the butterfly in the island, and as many different kinds of flies. Among the latter, the fire-fly is celebrated for its jewel-like beauty, and is often worn by Cuban belles to ornament their dresses.

Classes and Character of the Inhabitants, Etc.

The present inhabitants of Cuba are nearly all of Spanish and African descent. For some time after the conquest none but Castilians were permitted to settle in Cuba; but the restrictions being removed, colonists came from all the other provinces, and from the Canary Islands, so that all these classes of Spaniards are now represented in their descendants. In the eastern portion of the island there are traces of the French emigration from San Domingo, at the time of the revolution, while in Cardenas the influence of the North Americans is seen, even in the shape of the buildings. The offspring of foreigners, whether white or black, are called "criollos," or creoles, and the children of creoles are called "riollos." A few families of the aborigines still exist near Santiago, having preserved their race in its purity by intermarrying, like the Jews.

The Spaniards and creoles cordially hate each other, collectively and politically, and nothing in the nature of congeniality has ever existed between them. The creoles are, in fact, a superior race, produced by intermixture with the other races of the world. They are distinguished by their intelligence, hospitality, and conscientiousness; and before the beginning of the war they owned the principal sugar estates, houses, lands, etc., while the Spaniards were generally engaged in commercial pursuits. The latter also monopolized all the offices, which were generally conferred upon them as rewards for political services.

The Havana tobacco, so celebrated all over the world, is grown on the south coast, at the extreme west end of the island, on a strip of country about

eighty miles long by twenty wide. Other sections also produce fine tobacco, but not so highly esteemed as the Havana.

There is practically no public school system in the island, and the people, like the native Spaniards, have been allowed to grow up in the most abject ignorance. Less than thirty per cent. of the native population can



SPANISH FAMILY AND THEIR CUBAN HOME.

read and write. All this will be changed as soon as a liberal government is established.

The Struggle for Liberty.

In 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from Cuba, and under the liberal administration of Las Casas, which began in 1790, the island made rapid progress in commercial prosperity and public improvements. He permitted the establishment of newspapers, fostered patriotic societies, and developed all branches of industry. By his wise and judicious measures he preserved the tranquillity of the island during the time of the revolution in Santo Domingo; and when

Napoleon deposed the royal family of Spain in 1808, the Cubans proved their loyalty by numerous subscriptions to the cause of the crown, by the publication of vehement pamphlets, and by sending their sons into the army to fight for the fatherland. Many fair promises were made to them at the time, very few of which were ever fulfilled. Since then the island has been ruled by a succession of captains-general from Spain, some of whom have tried to advance the interests of the people, but most of them have done little



BETTER CLASS RESIDENCE IN THE INTERIOR OF CUBA.

else but enrich themselves at the public expense. Previous to 1810 no one had ever been executed in Cuba for a political offense, but during that year an emissary of Joseph Bonaparte, named Aleman, was hanged in Havana. There has been more or less discontent in Cuba since the beginning of the present century, but there was no proposition for annexation to the United States until after the French republic was proclaimed in 1848. Fears were entertained by our government that the island might fall into the hands of

the English or French, and those nations were notified that such an arrangement would never receive the consent of the United States. Our government at that time expressed a willingness that the island should remain a Spanish colony, but stated emphatically that we would never consent for it to pass into other foreign hands, on account of its contiguity to our coast and its position as the key to the Gulf of Mexico. Acting upon this declaration, our government opposed the contemplated invasion by General Bolivar, and urged Spain to make peace with her revolted American colonies in order to save Cuba. In 1848 President Polk authorized the American Minister at Madrid to offer one hundred million dollars for the island, but the proposition was rejected in the most preeminent manner.

The Lopez Expeditions.

The first attempt to revolutionize Cuba was made in 1848, by Narcisco Lopez, a native of Venezuela, but who had served as an officer in the Spanish army in Cuba for a number of years. His efforts were something in the nature of a comic opera with a tragic ending.

The life of General Lopez had been one of honor and adventure, and when he gave up the position of Governor of the Province of Valencia to come to Cuba, he was received with distinction by the generals of the army of occupation. But Lopez wearied of honor and his mind became fired with one great aim—to liberate Cuba and stand to the world as one who had, without any hope of position or emoluments to result, by his own power made an oppressed people free. His puny conspiracy against the government in Havana was detected, and Lopez fled to the United States to band together the first expedition of filibusters and proceed against the army in Cuba.

He had succeeded in getting up a party in 1849; and was about to sail from the port of New York when President Zachary Taylor heard of his plan and stopped the vessels while they were leaving the harbor. Deputy marshals made it impossible for Lopez to move from the harbor, and his men were disbanded, and the leader began a trip through the south and west, gathering recruits from Kentucky and Missouri and the more southern States. By his own efforts he secured money and provisions, and when the time was ripe for his expedition a motley band of recruits met at New Orleans and three steamers were secured. In the five hundred that rallied under the proposed liberator's flag there were men of every station. Soldiers from the Mexican war, jail birds and criminals, men from the banks and warehouses, all fired with their leader's spirit for adventure and honor. Lopez promised each of them the same pay as was given to United States soldiers, and in addition he promised each \$4,000 if he served under him for one year, or if

the expedition was successful. There were many bright and capable men in the band. Lopez's right-hand assistant was Major John T. Pickett, a soldier and organizer of great ability. Senor Gonzales, a Cuban student, was adjutant, and many soldiers allied their fortunes with those of Cuba.

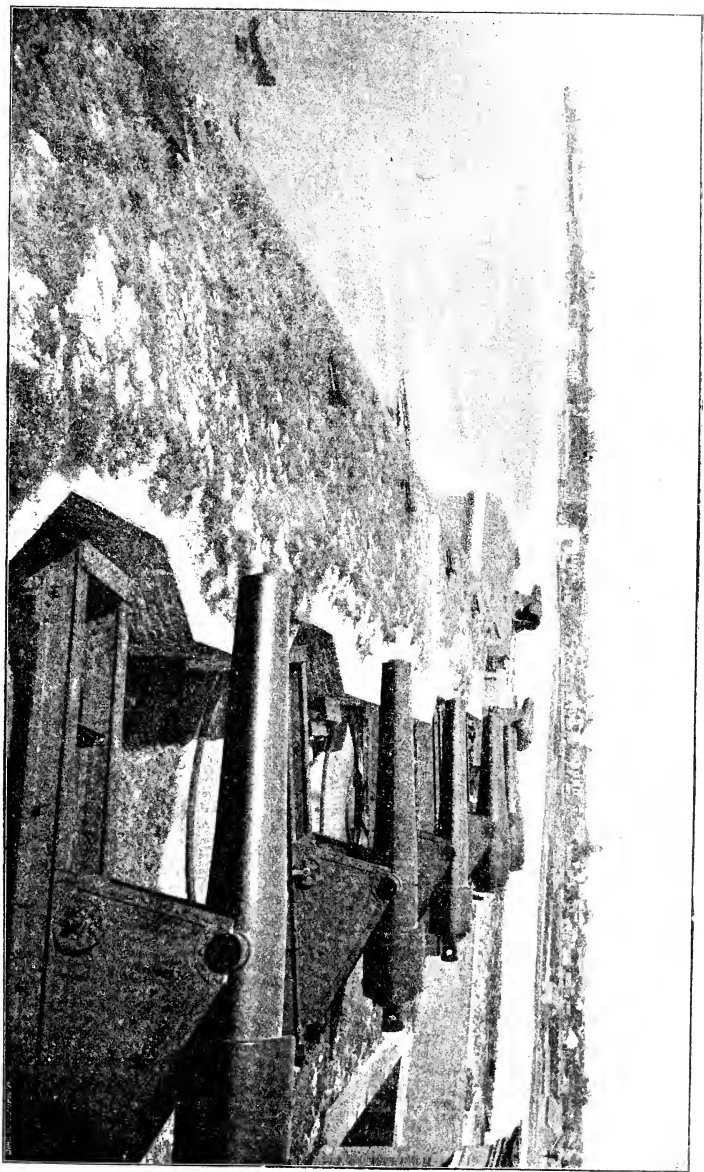
The filibusters gathered at New Orleans, and on April 25, 1850, the first detachment of two hundred and fifty men sailed on the *Georgia*, under Major Theodore O'Hara, with the aim of rendezvousing on the island Minigeres. This commander was a brave and cool man, worthy of a better leader than Lopez. His literary work made him as well known as many of the



GROUP OF LOPEZ'S FILIBUSTERS.

poets and authors of that day, among his poems being "The Bivouac of the Dead," which still lives.

The detachment finally landed and were joined three weeks later by the second division under Lopez, four hundred and fifty men being with the latter. The entire force was transferred to the *Creole* and set sail for Cuba. Sleepy Spanish officials had not received news of the expedition, so that their coming was unknown. Cardenas was selected as the point for the first attack, and into the harbor of this city the expedition sailed one dark night, with no sentinel to challenge them, and not even a pilot to show the way. Quietly up to the dock the vessel was steered, fifty men under Pickett landed, and the Lopez expedition began its brief career of Cuban liberation. Through



THE FORT AT KEY WEST.

the sleeping town a detachment marched and took possession of the railroad station. Under Lopez the main body marched through the streets to surprise and capture the garrison in the quarters. Never did an invading army enter a city so easily. Never was an attack started so auspiciously, and never would a conquest have been so easy had not a sleepy sentinel fired at the invaders in his terror, and out poured the soldiers from the garrison, half-dressed and half-armed. Then the city was in an uproar and the battle began. Always in the front rank, where the fighting was thickest, Lopez urged his men to victory. The motley crew fought with the ardor of pirates, and the Spanish soldiers were routed. O'Hara was injured and was carried from the scene, and at the same time the Spanish soldiers threw down their arms, defeated, and took up the cry, "Lopez and liberty!"

Then Lopez, full of joy for the victory, called upon the townspeople to join his army; but the cry went unheeded and none stepped forth to join the liberator. Meanwhile, the news of the conflict had reached the nearest army post, and the roar of troops became evident as the Spanish Lancers came thundering to rescue their comrades. Hurrying to the quay, Lopez built a barricade of hogsheds and packing cases, and succeeded in embarking his men; and within a few hours from the time the expedition had landed the filibusters sailed away from Cuba with all Lopez's hopes overthrown and his army defeated. But they were not to get away in peace, for scarcely was the ship out of sight of land when the smoke of a pursuing steamer became noticeable on the horizon. Then began the race for life. Men rolled casks of bacon and provisions into the engine-room to cram the furnaces and get the boilers to the highest power—better death in an explosion than a garrote in Havana. Shirts were torn from men's backs to feed the flames. Then, as the Spanish ship was almost in striking distance, the beleaguered filibuster steamed into Key West harbor, safe. The Spanish captain would have fired on the filibuster, but the crew of Lopez's ship hurried to the fort close by, and the angry frown of the guns, manned by the liberators, frightened him away. Then the little army broke up and went sadly tramping to their homes, and the first effort to free Cuba was over and a failure. Lopez had lost fourteen men and fifteen had been wounded, while the Spanish had lost one hundred and had almost as many injured.

Within a few months Lopez led another expedition to free Cuba, and with a strong force landed on the west coast of the island. His force was soon scattered and fled into the interior, and the brave old commander was captured and taken in chains to Havana. The Spanish did not give him the benefit of a military execution, and he was garroted like a common criminal. Fifty men who were with him were shot after a brief trial.

And such was the tragic ending of the Lopez expeditions.



SUGAR PLANTATION OF GENERAL CESPEDES.
(Scene of the Organization of the Revolution of 1868.)

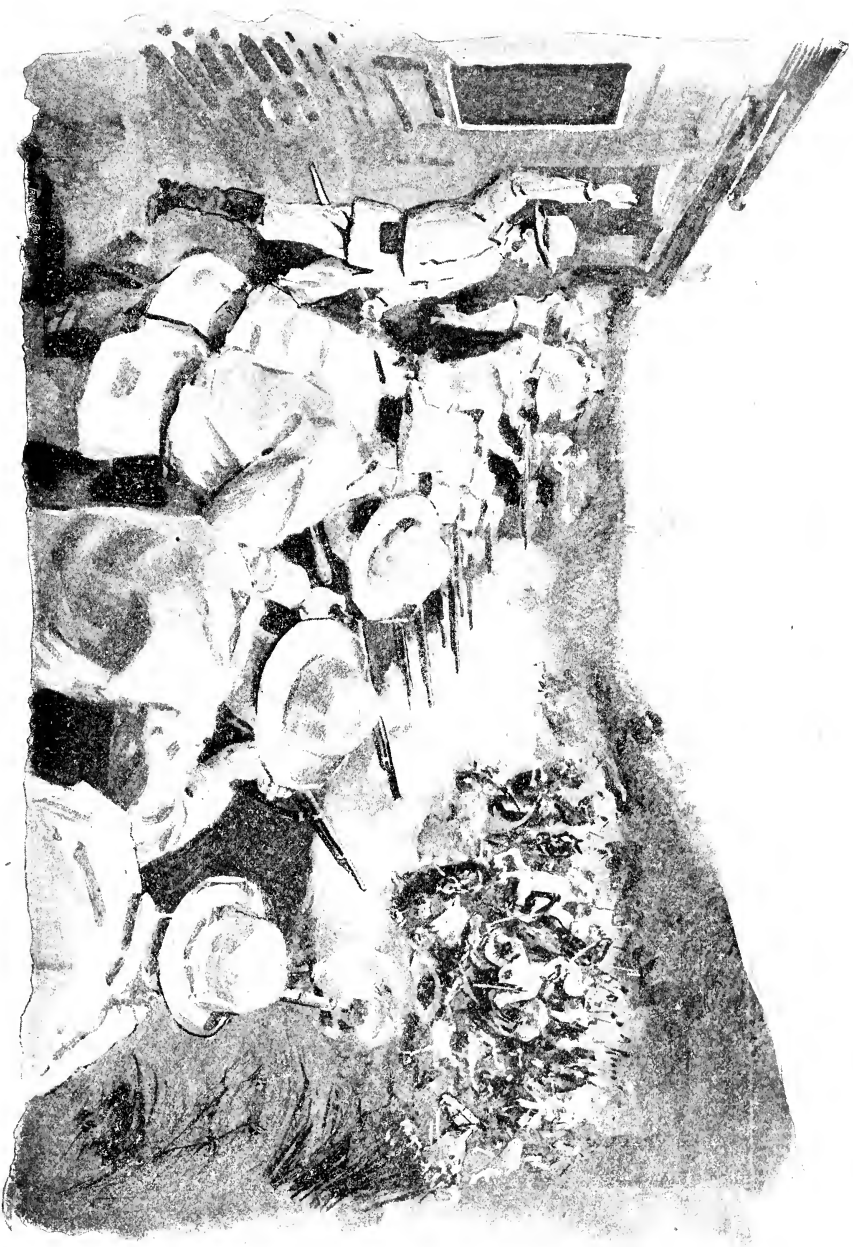
Contemplated Revolution of 1854.

In 1854 the Cuban Junta, of New York, enrolled and drilled a large body of men with the purpose of invading the island, where they expected to be assisted by an uprising of the creole population; but their object becoming known to the Spanish authorities, Gen. José de la Concha instituted energetic measures for their defeat. He threatened to Africanize the island, and, as a preliminary to that purpose, he organized and drilled a number of battalions of black troops, armed the native Spaniards, and disarmed the entire creole population. These circumstances becoming known to the Junta, they disbanded their forces and gave up the idea of the invasion. General Concha was created Marquis of Havana for his services, and during the succeeding ten years there were no further attempts at revolution.

The Great Uprising of 1868.

On the 2d of August, 1867, a meeting took place at the house of Francisco Maceo Osorio, in the town of Bayamo, which was destined to become historical as the initiatory movement in the first great Cuban revolution. There were present at this meeting, besides Osorio, Manuel A. and Francisco V. Aguilera, men of influence among the anti-Spanish population; and these three leaders effected at that time an organization which resulted in a ten-years' war for the freedom of Cuba. The revolutionary movement spread rapidly throughout the eastern provinces, and the adherents became so numerous and were so filled with enthusiasm and hatred for their Spanish masters that the leaders experienced much difficulty in preventing a premature outbreak. The movement was delayed, however, until September, 1868, when delegates representing all the revolting provinces met in a preliminary congress. A majority of these delegates were in favor of postponing active operations for six months, while an enthusiastic minority insisted upon immediate action. No conclusion was reached at this meeting, and another consultation was held on the 3d of October, at which Francisco Aguilera urged a delay of sixteen days; and it was finally agreed that the first blow should be struck on the 14th. Carlos Manuel Cespedes was chosen leader of the movement, and a complete organization was entered into. Meanwhile, news of the intended uprising had reached the Spanish authorities, and on the 9th of October a letter carrier was arrested at the sugar plantation of Cespedes, upon whose person was found a written order for the arrest of the conspirators. This incident precipitated immediate action. On the following day Cespedes, at the head of only two hundred badly-armed men, issued a declaration of independence on the field of Yara. This place, however, was garrisoned by a Spanish force too strong for the revolutionists, but four days later simultaneous attacks were made on Las Tunas, Cauto Embarcadero, Jiguani, La

SLAUGHTER OF SPANISH CAVALRY BY CUBAN RIFLEMEN.



Guisa, El Datie, and Santa Rita, and on the 18th Bayamo was captured by assault. Thus almost at one stroke the revolution was precipitated, and a war inaugurated that was to devastate the island for the succeeding ten years. A Spanish force numbering eight hundred infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, which had been hurriedly despatched to the relief of Bayamo, was met by the insurgents and totally defeated. A republican government was organized, with Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, Marquis of Santa Lucia, and Ignacio and Eduardo Agramonte at its head. The war continued with varying successes for the contending parties, and the usual Spanish atrocities, until 1878, when the insurgents were induced by specious promises, which were never fulfilled, to lay down their arms. At the commencement of hostilities there were about 20,000 Spanish troops of all arms in the island, and before the close of 1868, 20,000 more were sent from Spain. During the continuance of the struggle 12,000 guerrillas were organized and set at their devilish work of arson, murder and rapine, and over 40,000 Spanish volunteers were enrolled for the defense of the cities. More than 100,000 regular troops were sent from Spain at various dates during the progress of the war, and it is asserted that less than 12,000 of them lived to return home. Fearful atrocities were committed in Havana and other places by the volunteers, who indiscriminately murdered men, women and children. General Valmaseda issued a proclamation decreeing that every male over fifteen years of age, found in the country away from his home, without justifiable reason, should be shot; that every house on which a white flag was not displayed should be burned; and that all women and children found alone on their farms should be removed, willingly or by force, either to Bayamo or Jiguani. This was the initiatory of Weyler's infamous concentration measures during the present war. During the war of 1868-78, Gen. Thomas Jordan, a graduate of West Point, and an ex-officer in the Confederate service, landed at Mazari with a force of one hundred and seventy-five men, ten pieces of artillery, and arms and ammunition for 2500 men. He marched immediately to join the insurgents, was attacked twice on the way by largely superior Spanish forces, which he completely routed in both instances, and marched into the camp of the revolutionists in triumph. He was immediately placed in command of the army of the Oriente, and soon afterward raised to the position of commander-in-chief by the Cuban Congress. During the progress of the war it is estimated that more than 20,000 Cubans were killed in battle, and the Spanish authorities admitted the killing of more than 50,000 prisoners, a record that is both appalling and infamous. The famous General Maximo Gomez was commander-in-chief of the Cuban army during the latter part of the ten years' war, as he has been throughout the present contest.

The Revolution of 1895.

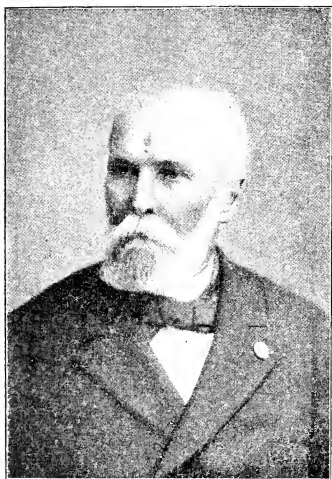
On February 24, 1895, an insurrection broke out in three of Cuba's six provinces. The rising had been planned long beforehand, and it was arranged to take place in all the provinces simultaneously, but was prevented in half of them by several causes—the delay of the local insurgent leaders, the non-arrival of the expected arms, the discovery of the plot by the government, and other reasons. The insurrection took place in Matanzas, Santa Clara and Santiago, but Pinar del Rio, Havana and Puerto Principe did not rise. Nevertheless, this rising of February 24, 1895, was destined to differ widely from all the rebellions in Cuba which preceded it. It was not a revolt, it was a revolution.

Ever since the close of the rebellion of 1868-78 the Cuban chiefs had been preparing for another insurrection. Spain had refused to grant the reforms which had been promised at the meeting of the insurgent leaders with Campos, the Governor General of Cuba, at Zanjón, in February, 1878. It granted some of them. Slavery was abolished, and a concession was made to Cuba in the direction of self-government. The latter, however, was only the shadow of the reform which was promised, and both these concessions were long delayed. But if Spain had granted all the reforms which had been pledged, and had granted them immediately, the revolution would have been merely postponed and not averted.

Aside from these concessions, all the abuses which existed before the rebellion of 1868-78 existed at the beginning of 1895, and some of them had grown worse. The debt fastened on Cuba by Spain was \$200,000,000, which was about \$125 for each man, woman and child in the island. The tariff and internal taxes saddled upon Cuba bore upon her populace with a weight undreamed of by the people of the United States in the height of the war taxation of 1861-65. The extortions and impositions perpetrated by Spain with the object of raising a revenue in the island seem incredible to the average outsider when learning of them for the first time. Coupled with these outrages there were an insolence, a corruption, and a general shiftlessness and incapability on the part of the Spanish officials, which inspired among the Cubans contempt as well as hatred. The colonial system of the seventeenth century, under which colonies existed for the sole benefit of the mother country, regardless of the colonists' welfare or wishes—a system which had been discarded by every other civilized nation on the globe—was in practice in Cuba, with all the rigors and brutality of two hundred years ago, when the Cubans, in 1895, again raised the banner of revolt.

Sunday, among some of the Latin races and their offshoots, is a day for enterprises of great pith and moment. Sunday, the 24th day of February, 1895, the banner of freedom was raised in Cuba, and this time it was destined

to stay raised. Manuel Garcia, a chieftain of the previous war, gave the signal for revolt in Matanzas, but was betrayed and killed. Other bands of insurgents, however, uniting with Garcia's men, fled to the mountains and became the nucleus of rebel parties which collected from all quarters of the province. A planter named Brooks, who was subsequently killed, headed the largest of the bands in Santiago Province, which rose on the 24th. These, and a few scattered parties which appeared in Santa Clara Province, constituted the rebels who took the field on that fateful February Sunday. Nearly all fled to the swamps or mountains immediately, so as to consolidate,



GENERAL CALIXTA GARCIA.

organize and form plans of campaign. They grew rapidly in numbers in the first few weeks. At some points the government troops attacked and chased the insurgents, but these, in most instances, easily eluded their enemies. Occasionally desertions would take place from the government troops, chiefly the militia, to the insurgents. At one point in Santiago Province, in the spring of 1895, the greater part of a force of five hundred of these soldiers went over in a body, carrying their arms and ammunition with them. Early in March there were about 5000 insurgents in the field in the three provinces named, and these made raids on plantations of Spaniards, capturing cattle, horses, food, and sometimes extorting money. Before the Spanish government, with all its elaborate system of espionage, and notwith-

standing the revelations made to it by Cuban traitors, could grasp the situation, it had a rebellion on its hands which was far more extended and formidable than any of the previous insurrections.

"No hatred in the world can be compared to that of the Cuban for Spain and everything Spanish," wrote the Italian Mariotti, in his book, "The Pearl of the Antilles," in 1873, near the middle of the ten years' war. This hatred was intensified after the close of that struggle by Spain's treacherous betrayal of the confidence of the Cuban leaders in their acceptance of the compromise of Zanjón—a betrayal, however, not chargeable to Campos, but to the Cortes, incited by the Spanish populace. "The Spanish settlers," said the same writer, "own very nearly the mass of the landed property and of the movable wealth of the country. They have largely the trade of Havana in their

hands, partly in consequence of their superior thrift and activity, but in a great measure owing to the privileges and monopolies awarded them by a partial, grasping and unscrupulous administration." This is a very mild statement by a writer partial to Spain of the hatred of Cubans for the Spaniards, and of one of the reasons therefor, and this is not the principal reason. There is, and always has been, a broad line of demarcation between the two great elements of the Cuban population—the creoles and mulattoes on the one hand, and the Spaniards on the other—between the insulars and the peninsulars. Though the insulars are largely in the majority, the peninsulars are the dominant element, and have run the island without any regard for the interests or desires of the natives. Cuba's political system was, when the present revolution started, government of the Spaniards, by the Spaniards for the Spaniards.

About 1875 the Cuban chiefs of the ten years' war, who had fled to various countries, began making preparations for a new conflict. In 1890 the preparations took practical shape by the organization of revolutionary clubs in various countries on this continent, but particularly in the United States. The most active spirit in this work from 1890 onward was Jose Marti, who, as a youth, was put in chains by the Spaniards near the end of the war of 1868-78 for sympathy with the Cuban rebels expressed in some newspaper writings attributed to him. At the beginning of 1895 the number of these clubs in the United States, Mexico, Cuba and Central and South America was estimated at over one hundred and fifty. The clubs collected war subscriptions, bought arms, some of which were stored in the fastnesses of the insurgents in the ten years' war; enrolled and drilled volunteers, and set out intelligently and systematically to correct the mistakes of the earlier revolts, and to organize a rising which would bring success. It was figured that at the end of 1894 the Cuban revolutionary clubs had in their possession a war fund of fully \$1,000,000, and arms, some of which were secreted in Cuba, for 8000 men, part of which arms were of the best modern make.

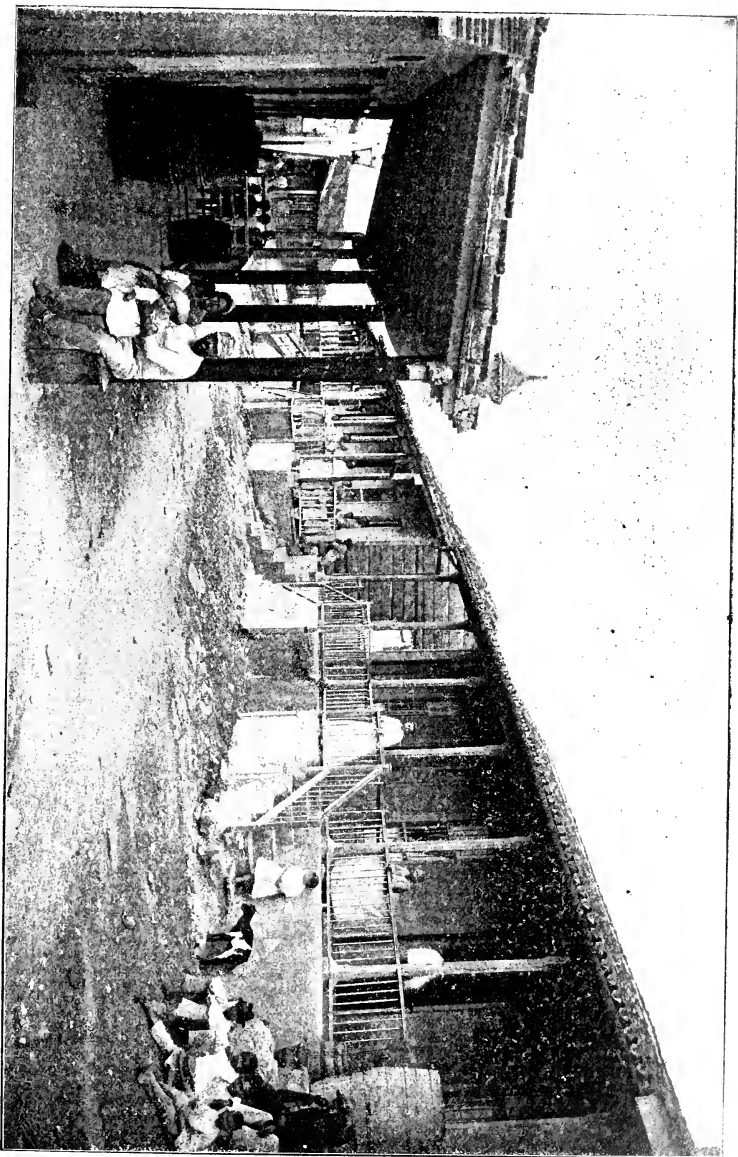
All that the insurgents now needed were leaders and an intelligent plan of harmonious action. The former they soon got, and these quickly devised the latter. Antonio Maceo, the most dashing of the rebel chieftains of the



THE LATE GENERAL ANTONIO MACEO.

ten years' war, landed in Cuba on March 31, a little over a month after the rising took place, and with him were his brother, José Maceo, Frank Agramonte, Flor Crombet, one of Antonio Maceo's old companions in arms, a few other veterans, and about one hundred younger volunteers. They arrived with an expedition from Costa Rica, and brought with them a quantity of rifles and some cannon. Maximo Gomez, the commander in the latter part of the war of 1868-78, landed on April 13th with an expedition of one hundred men from Hayti, one of whom was José Marti, the chief organizer of the present rebellion, and most of their companions were veterans of Gomez's earlier struggle. About the time of Gomez's arrival, a provisional government was formed by the insurgents, with Palma as President, José Marti as Secretary General and diplomatic representative abroad, and Gomez as General-in-Chief. Antonio Maceo was subsequently made second in command, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

A glance will now be taken at the Spanish forces. At the time the rebellion began, Calleja was Captain General of Cuba and commander of Spain's army on the island. Calleja had 9000 troops capable of taking the field, though, on paper, the number on the island was estimated at 24,000. From Porto Rico 2000 troops were shipped to Cuba early in March, 7000 were sent from Spain, and 5000 volunteers were raised on the island. Calleja, at his own request, was removed from the post of Captain General, and Campos, who commanded in the island during the latter part of the war of 1868-78, was put in his place. Campos' work in inducing the rebels to surrender in 1878 by the treaty of Zanjón, in that year, gave him great prestige in Spain, and his comparative mildness in conducting that war had won him the regard of his old foes. Campos arrived in Havana on April 14, 1895. A few days afterward 20,000 additional troops landed from Spain. The 7000 troops sent from Spain in March and the 20,000 in April were the beginning of the inflowing stream of soldiers which continued, with short intervals, for the next three years, the last contingent arriving about the middle of April, 1898, a few days before the commencement of the blockade of Cuba by the American navy. Including the troops in the island at the beginning of the rebellion, Spain sent 245,000 soldiers to Cuba from early in March, 1895, to the time in which its ports were shut up by American ships. Of this vast number 150,000 have died from insurgent bullets, the machete, or from disease, or have been shipped back to Spain physically wrecked. Equally unfortunate were Spain's commanders. Calleja was displaced by Campos on April 14, 1895, Campos gave way to Weyler on February 10, 1896, and Weyler, through the pressure of the American government, was removed October 2, 1897, and Blanco put in his place on October 30th. It is estimated that the rebellion, up to the beginning of Blanco's service, cost Spain \$230,000,000.



STREET IN MATANZAS, RECENTLY POMBARDED BY THE AMERICAN WARSHIPS.

Campos, immediately after arriving in Cuba, began vigorous work to restore peace. He carried the olive branch in one hand and the sword in the other. Reforms on the line of those promised in the treaty of Zanjón of 1878, but not carried out by the Spanish Cortes, were pledged, and new concessions were offered. Pardon, too, was extended to all the insurgents who would lay down their arms, except to the leaders. If those terms were rejected, the campaign was to be pushed actively along the whole line and the rebellion crushed. Neither threats nor blandishments availed, and the great pacificator met with rebuffs and reverses from the start. Nearly all the rebels were in the eastern provinces of the island when Campos arrived—in Santiago, Puerto Principe and Santa Clara—but during the rainy season, in the summer and early fall of 1895, the insurgents worked their way into the Provinces of Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio, making a demonstration in the outskirts of the city of Havana in December of that year. Fights, except in the rainy season, were of almost daily occurrence somewhere in the island, but most of them were skirmishes of a few dozen or a few score combatants, and had no perceptible effect one way or the other. During that year, and ever since, the insurgents often received re-enforcements of men and supplies of munitions of war from the outside world, principally from the United States, although our government had several vessels constantly on the lookout to head off filibusters. All the important Cuban ports were in the Spaniards' hands from the beginning, but the 1500 miles of coast could not be guarded by Spain's few and inefficient vessels, and scores of landing places were found by the filibusters, which were not marked on the ordinary maps, but which were well known to the insurgents, and convenient for them.

Some heavy fighting was done in the Province of Santiago in May, 1895. The two Maceos, with 1200 men, surrounded and almost annihilated four hundred Spaniards, near Guantanamo, on May 14th. An escort of six hundred Spaniards accompanying a provision train to Bayamo were dispersed by eight hundred insurgents on May 15th, and their train captured. May 19th, near Dos Rios, Jose Marti, with fifty men, was decoyed into a narrow ravine by a traitor. Colonel Sandoval, with eight hundred Spaniards, was led to the spot, and in attempting to cut their way out, Marti and nearly all his men were killed. Gomez, with seven hundred cavalry, arrived on the scene just as Marti was killed, and he, too, was defeated. Flor Crombet, one of the chieftains of the ten years' war, was killed near Palmerito five weeks before Marti, on April 13th. He commanded three hundred men, part of Maceo's force, and was surrounded by 2500 Spaniards. His loss, like that of Marti, was due to treachery, though in a different form, as Crombet was killed by one of his own men, who escaped in the fight, but was caught after-

CTBANS AMBUSHING SPANISH CAVALRY.



ward by Maceo and hanged. The loss of Crombet and Marti was the severest blow dealt to the insurgents until the killing of Maceo, on December 4, 1896.

During the rainy season of 1895 the insurgents pushed their way westward, gaining a few victories and meeting with some defeats in Puerto Principe, Santa Clara and Matanzas. November 17th Maceo, near the city of Santa Clara, in the province of that name, with a force of 1900 men defeated General Navarro, who had 2800 men; and Gomez, on the 19th and 20th of that month, with 3000 men vanquished 4000 Spaniards not far from the same place. The latter was the heaviest and most important battle of 1895, except the one fought on December 23d, in which Campos himself was defeated. Pushed steadily backward by the advancing rebels under Gomez, Campos made a stand on that day at Coliseo, in the Province of Matanzas, with a force estimated at 10,000. Gomez's army was said to number 7000. At first the Spaniards were successful, but on the arrival of 1500 insurgents, while the battle was in progress, Gomez charged the Spaniards, set fire to a canefield in which the Spaniards attempted to make a flank attack, and drove them from the field and into Havana Province. This fight of December 23, 1895, was the largest and most important battle of the Cuban war thus far. It gave the insurgents a free entry into the more western provinces, led them to carry the war for a few days to the gates of the city of Havana, created a panic in that place, and was the chief cause of the removal of Campos and the placing of Weyler in command.

In considering the various battles and the numbers engaged on each side, it should be remembered that fully one-half of the insurgents were either unarmed, or supplied only with the deadly machete, which could not be used except in close quarters and charges. Very few of the revolutionists were in possession of modern improved arms, while the Spaniards were fully armed and equipped with the most effective and deadly weapons of modern warfare. In estimating the relative strength of the contending parties, therefore, the Cuban forces should be reduced at least one-half, which makes the results of the fighting on their part absolutely marvelous. It shows the difference between soldiers struggling for liberty and those who fight without its stimulating effects.

The year 1896 opened hopefully for the insurgents. The residents of the city of Havana were startled by the report of Gomez's cannon shortly after the defeat of Campos, and were terrified by the light of burning houses belonging to loyalists, which Gomez's men had fired. Gomez and Maceo captured large quantities of arms in Havana and Pinar del Rio Provinces early in January, 1896, and these successes incited a strong movement in the United States to grant the insurgents belligerent rights, but this was

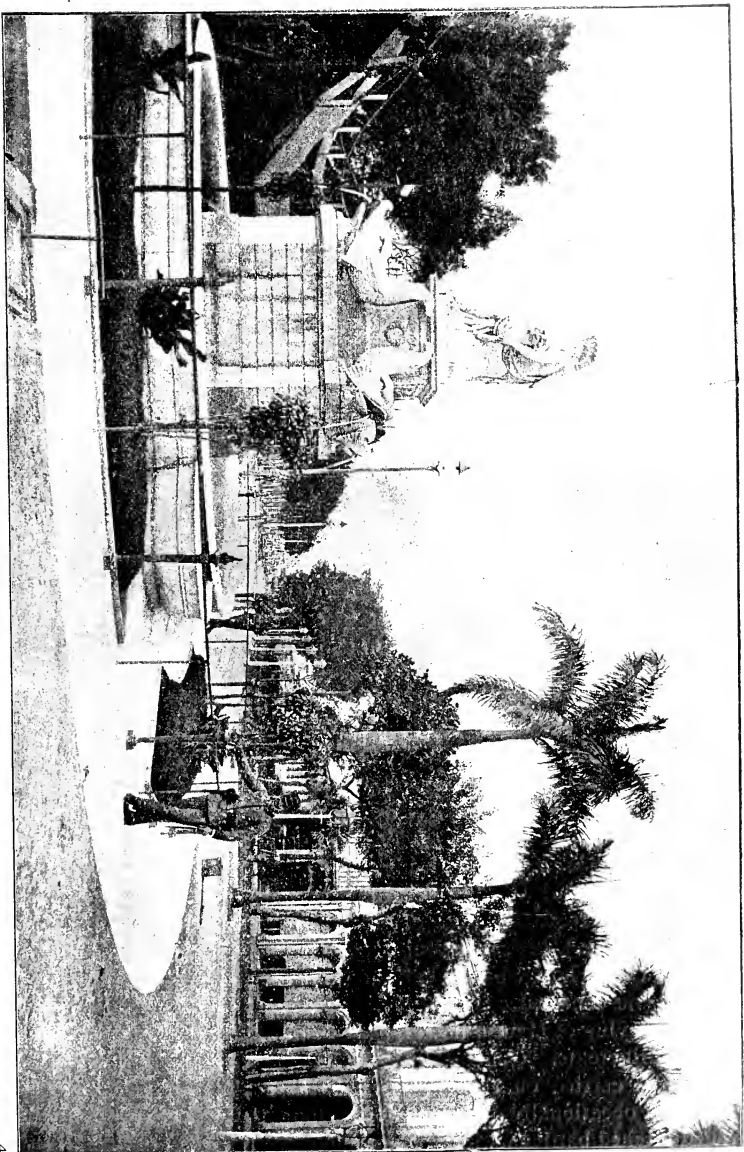
DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY WHYTE'S ORDERS.



opposed by the then President, as it was subsequently by President McKinley. A new and far more barbarous aspect was given to the war on the Spanish side after the arrival of Weyler, who succeeded Campos. "Popular opinion," said Campos, just after his removal, "believes that a mild policy should not be continued with the enemy, while I believe that it should be. These are questions of conscience." The "mild policy" ended when Campos left the island. Weyler reached Havana from Spain on February 10, 1896, and 18,000 troops arrived soon afterward. The Spanish forces in the island then numbered 130,000, with 80,000 volunteers raised in the island. It was estimated, however, that 40,000 of the regulars were unfit for duty. The insurgent forces at the beginning of 1896 were put at figures ranging from 25,000 up to 40,000.

On February 17th Weyler issued two proclamations. One of these enumerated certain classes of offenses to which a penalty of life imprisonment or death was attached. The other required all the inhabitants of the Provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe and the district of Sancti Spiritus to go to the army headquarters and get documents proving their identity, forbade any person from going into the country without a pass from a military commander, and revoked all the permits previously given. This was the beginning of a series of decrees which established the barbarous concentration and starvation policy that awakened the world's indignation, provoked the wrath of the United States, caused the pressure by President McKinley on the Madrid government which forced Weyler's downfall, and created the public sentiment in the United States that forced the hesitating and vacillating administration into vigorous action.

Weyler's first important military act was to establish a trocha, which was a line of obstruction and defense stretching across the island from north to south. Campos had established two trochas, both running north and south, but neither appeared so formidable as Weyler's, or was relied on, both in Madrid and Havana, to accomplish so much. One coincided closely with the boundary between the Provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe, and the other was close to the line separating Puerto Principe from Santa Clara. The first was intended to isolate the rebels and confine them to Santiago, Cuba's easternmost province. The second was designed to keep the rebels, who had crossed from Santiago into Puerto Principe, from getting into Santa Clara Province. Neither barrier was effective. Weyler's trocha was in the western end of the island, and extended from Majana to Mariel, near the dividing line between the Provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio. This trocha, which was established in the latter part of March, 1896, was for the purpose of preventing a junction between Maceo and Gomez, Maceo being in Pinar del Rio at the time, and Gomez and the main body of the



INDIAN STATUE, EL PRADO, HAVANA.

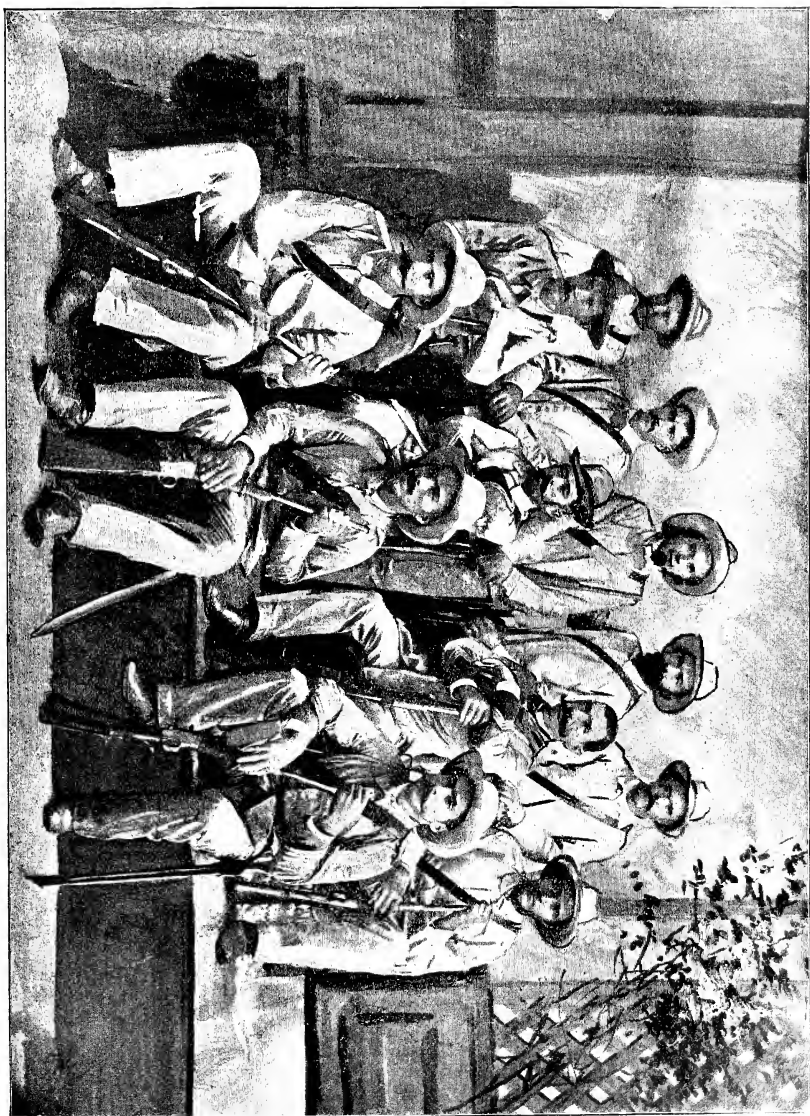
insurgents being in the provinces east of that line. Between Majana and Mariel the island is at its narrowest, or less than thirty miles wide. Block-houses, small forts and earthworks were erected at the intersection of roads, barbed-wire, in lines eight or ten feet high, was stretched across the fields, and at important strategic points were trenches and batteries of artillery, with 1000 or 1500 men, all the posts being in communication with each other. About 40,000 men were stationed along the trocha, and 10,000 more troops, divided into bodies of from 1000 to 2500, principally cavalry, scoured the Province of Pinar del Rio in search of Maceo.

Weyler's trocha, however, was not much of an obstruction. Bands of Maceo's men crossed it backward and forward several times, and some of Gomez's immediate command did this more than once. Maceo, on April 11, 1896, with 3000 men, crushed one of Weyler's columns which was in search of him. So many Spaniards were tied up defending the trocha and looking for Maceo that Gomez and the other chiefs east of that barrier had practically a free hand for a large part of 1896, gained many victories and were in virtual control of three-fourths of Cuba outside of the seaports and of a few important interior cities. Gomez won a battle at Najasa, in Puerto Principe, on July 9-11, after a fifty hours' fight. Alternate victories and defeats for the insurgents in the central provinces occurred throughout the latter half of 1896, the victories largely predominating, however.

Weyler's chief efforts were made to capture Maceo, who was shut up in the western province, Pinar del Rio, and, after the defeat of several of his commanders, he took the field in person in October, 1896. In a series of attacks on Maceo's fortified positions in the mountains, beginning on November 11th, the Spaniards were repulsed, Weyler retired to Havana, and the inhabitants of that city were disheartened, especially as bands from Gomez's command raided Havana Province up to the city's gates.

Something occurred now to give joy, although the joy was but momentary, to Havana and Madrid. This was the death of Antonio Maceo. On December 4, 1896, Maceo, with his staff and a small force, crossed the trocha for a conference with Gomez. Near Punta Brava Maceo's force was ambushed—through the treachery of one of his men, it was said at the time—and forty of the force were killed, including Maceo. There was rejoicing in Weyler's camp and throughout Spain when the news of the death of the Cuban Phil Sheridan was reported.

The slaying of Maceo, however, made no physical change in the fortunes of the belligerents. General Ruiz Rivera, a veteran chieftain, succeeded Maceo, and carried on the campaign on Maceo's lines. He harassed the Spaniards, occasionally destroyed forts along the trocha by dynamite, and evaded pitched battles with the more numerous bodies of troops sent against



GROUP OF WEYLER'S GUERRILLAS.

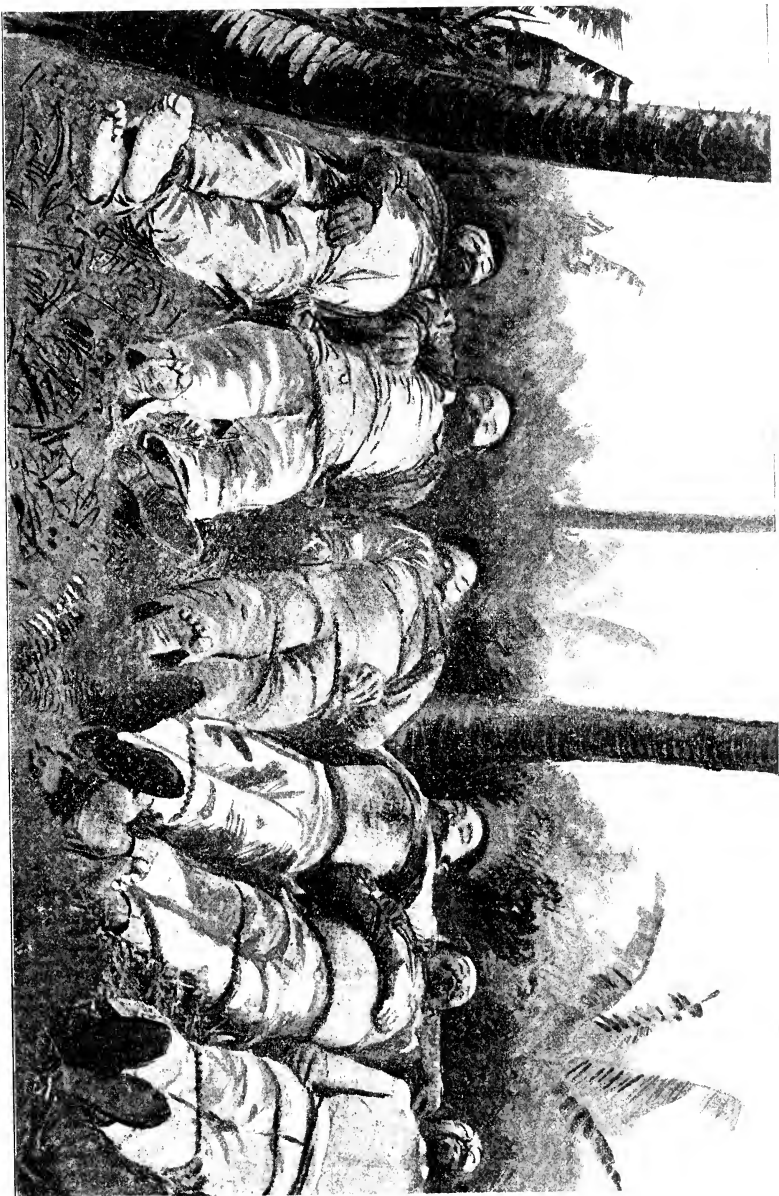
him, but was captured on March 28, 1897. On the east side of the trocha Gomez and the other insurgent leaders kept up their forays into and through Havana Province to the end of the year. Despite Weyler's proclamations from time to time that the central provinces were "pacified," the rebels were stronger and more confident at the close of 1896 than they had ever been before.

The year 1897 opened hopefully for the Cubans. At the same time Weyler's forces showed considerable vigor during the early months, intending to end the rebellion before the rainy season began, if possible. Campos had said about this time, in an interview in Spain, that unless the rebellion was soon crushed the United States would intervene. A desire for intervention or the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents, or both, became strong among the people of the United States, and it found vigorous expression in the newspapers and in Congress. Concurrent resolutions for the recognition of Cuban belligerency passed the Senate on February 28, 1896, and went through the House on April 6th by a large majority in each case, both Houses being at that time Democratic; but the executive defeated the will of the people by failing to act upon the resolutions. Recognition sentiment among the people was still more pronounced in 1897. Thinking that President McKinley and the Republicans would take a strong position against Spain, Weyler made a supreme effort to end the rebellion before March 4, 1897. Failing in this, he was determined to put it down before December, when the regular session of Congress was to begin, but he was baffled at every point.

Resolved to carry the war into Africa, Weyler entered Santiago Province, the insurgents' earliest fastness, in June, 1897, with a strong force of infantry and cavalry, but the rebels evaded his superior force, harassed the country in his rear and made a dash into Havana Province. Falling back in July, Gomez laid a trap to capture Weyler, but the latter escaped.

Weyler's Cuban career, however, was near its end. Premier Canovas, who had appointed him, and who indorsed his policy, including concentration and all its atrocities, was assassinated on August 8, 1897, and the Sagasta Liberal Ministry, which succeeded the Conservative Cabinet, in response to pressure from President McKinley, removed Weyler. He was recalled on October 2d, and Blanco took his place in the latter end of the month.

Under Blanco's *regime* an attempt was made to return to the milder policy of Campos, but it was not carried out. Some of the rigors of the concentration barbarity were abated, but very little perceptible difference was made in the actual condition of the people affected. Deaths from starvation and disease continued at about the same rate as under the Weyler administration. It is estimated that the mortality from these sources alone, to the beginning of 1898, exceeded 200,000; and by some reliable authorities the number is

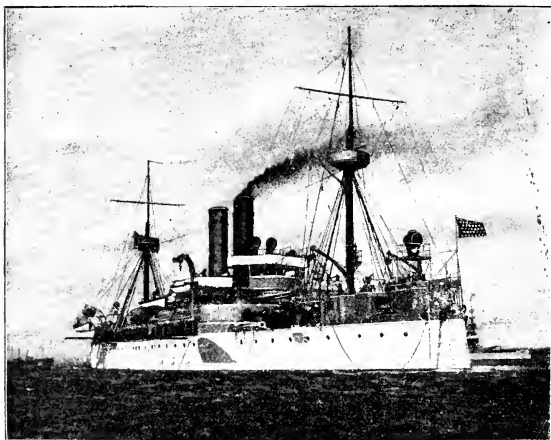


HORRID EXAMPLES OF WEYLER'S MODE OF WARFARE.

placed as high as half a million, up to the time of the commencement of hostilities.

The rest of the story of the events in connection with the rebellion, since Blanco assumed control last October, may be quickly told. Blanco's military efforts were as unsuccessful as those of his three predecessors—Calleja, Campos and Weyler. November 27, 1897, the Madrid government officially published a decree granting autonomy to Cuba, but the insurgents rejected it; and Minister de Lome, in a private letter which got to the public in February, 1898, confessed that it was a sham.

A few days after the letter was made public, or on February 15, 1898, the United States



THE "MAINE," AS SHE LAY IN THE HARBOR AT HAVANA.

battle-ship *Maine*, anchored in the harbor of Havana, was blown up, and two hundred and sixty-six lives were lost. This horrible incident of Spanish treachery hastened decisive action in the United States; although the action was far from being precipitate, or as vigorous as the impatient people would have liked. It took concrete shape by the passage on April 19th

of resolutions demanding that Spain should get out of Cuba, or the United States would force her out. Spain, refusing to get out peaceably, the United States started in to carry out its promise. Cuba was blockaded by American warships on April 22d, the President called out 125,000 volunteers on April 25th, and a formal declaration of war against Spain was proclaimed the same day.

Thus, three years, two months and one day after that historic Sunday on which Gomez's, Maceo's and Marti's men raised the banner of revolt, their rebellion became a revolution.

The enmity of Spain against the United States dates back much further than the Cuban war. It was the example of the freedom enjoyed by the United States that incited the Spanish-American nations to strike for free-

dom. All of them became republics on the model, theoretically, of their great northern neighbor, who was the first to recognize their independence and to welcome them into the family of nations. Spain would have a profound hatred of the United States, even if there had been no Cuban rebellion.

The history of the past three years in Cuba has been a history of barbarism. The treatment of the pacificos by Weyler is not war. Three centuries of misrule have proved the inability of Spain to govern well and wisely. The crimes committed by the Spaniards have forever ended their rule in the New World. Church and state are alike ruled by a foreign aristocracy; the civil offices are filled by Spaniards imported for the purpose; the Bishops and the higher clergy are, almost without exception, Spaniards looking with Spanish *hauteur* upon their flocks. The autonomy offered by the present government was but a sham autonomy. The issue is, as Senator Proctor stated it, between 1,400,000 Cubans and 200,000 Spaniards. American sympathy must be, and ought to be, with the Cubans.

The events of the war will be fully recorded, in their regular sequence, in the pages that follow.

FACTS ABOUT SPAIN.

The area of the Spanish Kingdom, including the Canary and Balearic Islands, is about 197,670 square miles. The State of Texas has an area of 262,290 square miles. This comparison will give a good idea of the relative size of the two political divisions. New York, New Jersey, and all of the New England States combined have an area of 162,065 square miles, being a little less than Spain's total area. The population of Spain, including the islands above named, is estimated to be about 17,650,000.

Besides the Canary and Balearic Islands, Spain holds the colonies of Cuba, area 41,655 miles, population before the war, 1,631,687; Porto Rico, area 3500 square miles, population 806,708. Total area and population in America, 45,205 square miles and 2,438,395 persons respectively. Her possessions in Asia are: The Philippine Islands, area 114,326 square miles, population 7,000,000; the Sulu Islands, area nine hundred and fifty square miles, population 75,000; the Caroline Islands and Palaos, area five hundred and sixty square miles, population 36,000; the Marianne Islands, area four hundred and twenty square miles, population 10,172. Total area and population in Asia, 116,256 square miles and 7,121,172 persons. Her possessions in Africa are Rio de Oro and Adrar, area 243,000 square miles, population 100,000; Ifui (near Cape Nun), area twenty-seven square miles, population 6000; Fernando Po, Annabon, Corisco, Elobey, and San Juan, area eight hundred and fifty square miles, population 30,000. Total area and population in

Africa, 243,877 square miles and 136,000 persons. The total area of Spain's foreign possessions is 405,338 square miles. The total population is 9,695,567 persons. So that her foreign possessions have an area more than twice as large as her own, and a foreign population nearly half the size of her own. When she loses Cuba her foreign area will be reduced one-ninth, and her foreign population, if the loss of garrison is considered, reduced nearly one-sixth.

Census returns show that a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Spain are illiterate. Nearly 12,000,000 in the kingdom can neither read nor write. In the whole of Spain it was found that but 5,004,460 persons could read and write, 603,005 persons could read only, and yet Spain supports 24,529 public and 5576 private schools. A law making education com-



SPANISH HELIOGRAPHIC CORPS.

Spain gets its revenue by a system of direct and indirect taxation, stamp duties, government monopolies, etc. Direct taxes are imposed on landed properties, houses, live-stock, commerce, registration acts, titles of nobility, mortgages, etc.; the indirect taxes come from foreign imports, articles of consumption, tolls, bridge and ferry dues. Her revenue for 1896 and 1897 was £30,771,450; her expenditures £30,456,584. She had beside this, however, an extraordinary expenditure of £9,360,000. Her public debt is now over \$1,700,000,000, including over \$350,000,000 incurred in Cuba.

Spain is an agricultural country. In the early part of the century the country was owned by landed proprietors who had acquired great tracts of land, but in recent years these tracts have been divided and have passed into the hands of small farmers and fruit growers. The grape is the most

pulsory was passed in 1857, but it was never enforced, partly for political reasons and partly because of the wretched pay of the teachers—fifty to one hundred dollars a year being a usual fee. In higher education Spain is not behindhand. She has ten large universities, carrying an enrollment of 16,000 students.

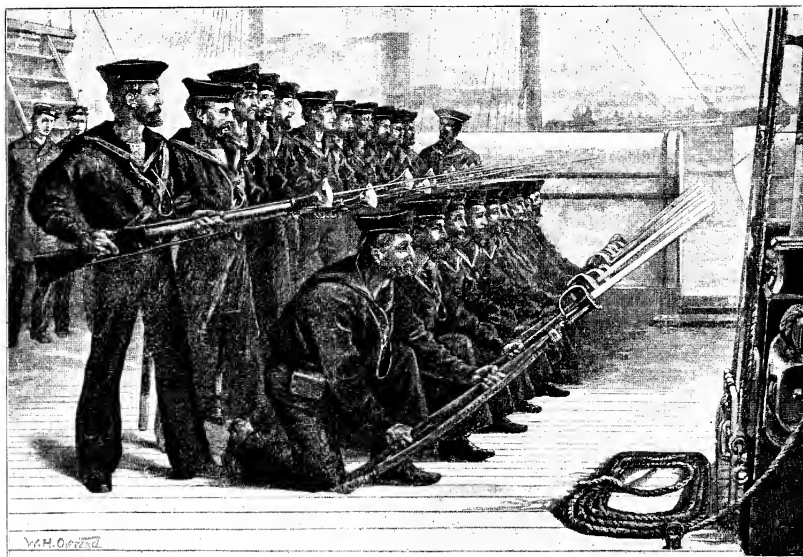
important culture, but large quantities of oranges, raisins, nuts and olives are exported every year. Spain is rich in minerals, the annual value of her mineral exports being about £6,640,000. She also manufactures cotton goods. She has nearly 70,000 looms. Her imports for 1896-7 amounted to £29,366,906. Her exports brought her in £34,890,400. The most primitive condition prevail in many parts of Spain, and in some parts life is almost as it was when Columbus traveled the country roads on foot leading his little son by the hand. This is due to the meager means of communication, there being only 7548 miles of railroad in the whole country. This is only 3.9 linear miles of road for every one hundred square miles of territory. New England alone has as many miles of railroad as has Spain, and her territory is not nearly as great. The same area as Spain picked out of the upper eastern United States has nearly 30,000 miles of road. But the people of Spain still adhere to their gaily-caparisoned mules, which, perhaps, make up in worn-out romance what they lack in speed.

Spain maintains a permanent army. She also has what is known as an active reserve and a sedentary reserve, each of which could be relied upon for support in time of war. Any Spaniard above the age of nineteen is liable to be called upon to serve in the permanent army for three years. From this part of the army the soldier passes to the active reserve for three years' service, and from thence to the sedentary reserve for six years' service. By paying 1500 pesetas any one may escape service. The colonial army requires every able-bodied subject to serve eight years in the various reserves. Thus most of the king's subjects are militiamen; and it is estimated that in time of need Spain could easily mobilize an efficient army of 1,083,595 men. The standing army numbers about 70,000 men, although recent levies make this number nearer 100,000.

Spain is not, after all, a modernized nation in the sense that other nations are modernized. Her people are governed by the spirit of Quixotism that caused Isabella to pledge her jewels so that Columbus might start westward; that caused Ferdinand and his consort to move their throne chairs up to the very walls of the Moorish strongholds, that the example might incite the chivalrous bravery of their followers; that caused the houses of Urena and de Leon to pledge their estates that the Moors might be driven from the Alhambra. The memory of that period, the most romantic and brilliant in Spanish history, when half the world was theirs, never dies in their breasts, and it, more than anything else, would sustain them in a war of nations. This pride of race, however, is not what they would fight for. Out of the ruins of their past greatness have risen beautiful monuments—Madrid, the capital city, with its palaces and its 470,000 worshipers of the ancient throne; Barcelona, with its quarter of a million, mostly eager for war, and blind to

all but its romance; Malaga, with its 100,000, who daily have the remains of Moors to teach them what manner of fighters were their ancestors; Cartagena, Cadiz, Valencia, Seville, and Grenada, where memory stops, and the grotesques and arabesques of the great Moorish temple lift one out of the nineteenth century and carry one back to the time when war in Spain meant honor, valor and glory.

Spain will lose in the Philippines a greater possession than Cuba. The group of islands numbers over six hundred, and the largest contains 40,000 square miles. Four months of rain give the tropical vegetation great luxu-



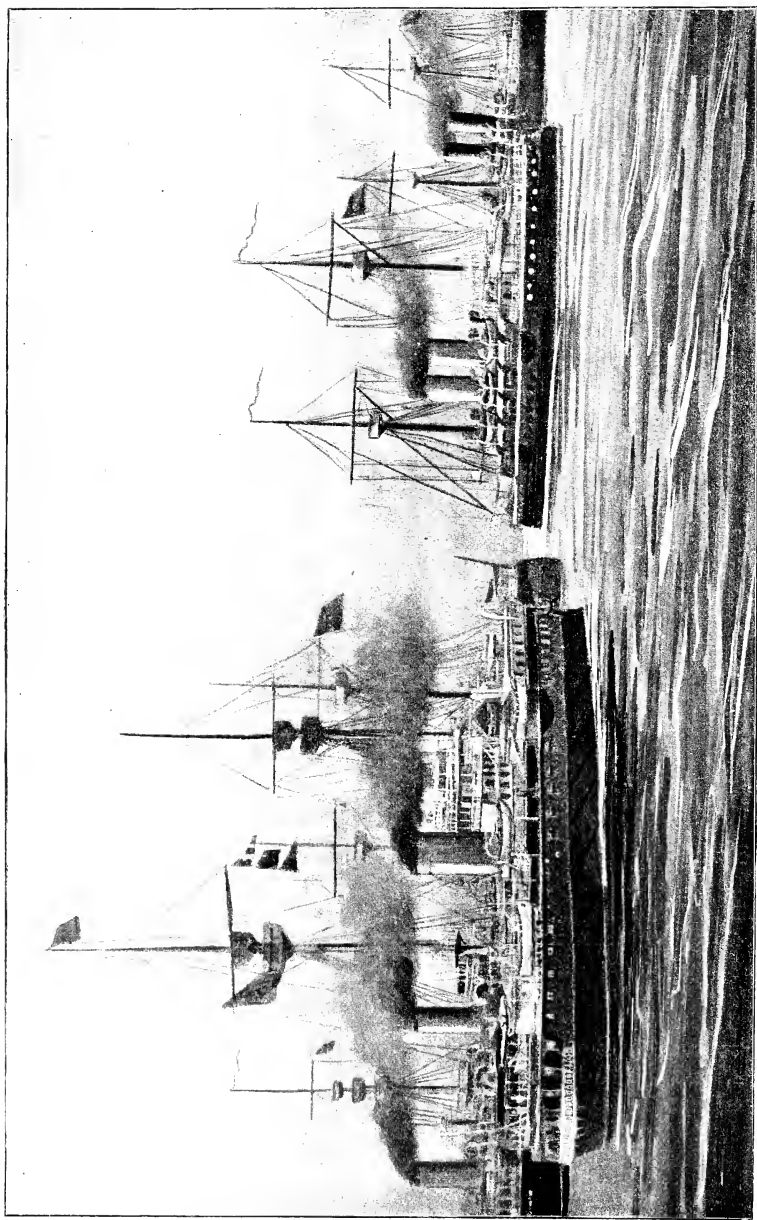
MUSKET DRILL, ON BOARD SPANISH WARSHIP.

riance, and trees three hundred feet high are common. The population is 7,000,000, embracing two hundred tribes, some of which, in the interior, are in a state of naked savagery and have never been visited by white men. Poverty is almost universal among the natives, whose wages are seldom more than five cents a day. Yet the Spanish exact from all who can be reached, from \$1.50 to \$25 for a document of personal identification. A horde of Spanish officials are maintained in all the ports, and they are even more corrupt than in Cuba. A Spanish Governor expects to make a fortune in two years. One of the sources of his income is money paid by brigands for toleration.

Spanish taxes in the Philippines are laid on cocoanut trees, beasts of burden, slaughtered animals, machinery of all kinds, weights and measures, the simple amusements of the natives, and on innumerable other things. Delinquent taxpayers, women included, are tied to a post and whipped. If this is not effectual, the punishment is deportation until the debt is worked out at the rate of six cents a day, with a charge for board of five cents a day, the prisoner providing his own clothes and shelter. The condition of the Philippines is emblematic of Spanish colonial rule, and those who expect anything better under that flag forget all the teachings of history. Spanish greed in a colony is limited only by the possibilities of the case. The whole colonial system of Spain is falling to pieces through its own rottenness. The state of affairs in the Philippines is even more chaotic than that in Cuba.

In 1800 Spain comprised not far from half of North America, and nearly all of Central and South America. She owned the whole of the region west of the Mississippi, from the Canadian line south to the Gulf of Mexico, including Mexico, and the whole of the continent from this country southward to Cape Horn, except Brazil. In addition, she had Florida and a strip of territory north of the Gulf of Mexico, extending from the present State of Florida west to the Mississippi. The boast that the sun never set on her dominion was true. But all of that immense domain has broken away from her since then, except a few fragments.

Spain alone, of all the nations which have filled a large place in the world's history, is weaker to-day than it was when the century began. Her decline is seen not alone in her territorial losses. Her population during the Roman Empire has been estimated to have numbered 40,000,000. From the time of the union of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile dates the history of Spain as a united state. The queen and the Pope ruled the land. The church was the center round which the whole society moved. In this fact we see foreshadowed much of the future of Spanish history, the supremacy of ecclesiastics, and the extraordinary powers of the Inquisition. It had from the first its evil side, shown in tendencies toward bigotry and persecution, but it was at the same time the means of giving Spain laws which in many respects were rational and humane, often combining the wisdom of old Rome with the kindly spirit of Christianity. It is a belief and a truth with the Spaniard that his throne rests on his religion. It will be remembered that recently, in connection with mediation between Spain and the United States, the Pope was mentioned as having unquestioned influence with the Spanish crown, being godfather of the king. And this is significant of the Pope's near relation to Spain. After the union of Aragon and Castile, when the church was supreme, all other forces had been made subservient to that. With the advancement of the church came the persecution of the Jew, and



VITORIA.

PELAYO.

SPAIN'S PRINCIPAL WARSHIPS.

OQUENDO.

VIZCAYA.

the Spaniard, fired with religious zeal, triumphed over the Moslem as well. Immediately Spain became restless and arrogant. The peninsula was too confined for her ambition. Then was inaugurated that policy of discovery and conquest, and Columbus was sent in search of a new world. At this time Spain was the greatest continental power, and the treasures acquired by her generals and admirals made her the richest, as well. This period of outward prosperity, however, was also that in which the seeds of decline were planted, and which, later, brought her untold humiliation, and from which she still suffers. Excited by the hope of rapidly-acquired wealth and the love of adventure, the more enterprising spirits embarked upon voyages of discovery, and agriculture and manufacturing fell into contempt. Religious persecutions continued until they culminated under Philip III., and became so barbarous that the historian Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horror." He continued in his American provinces the hideous reign of murder and treachery which, under his predecessors, had been carried out by such instruments as Pizarro and Cortez. These are the causes of the fall of Spain from the position of primacy among the nations in the seventeenth century to that of a third-class power in the nineteenth. These causes brought this consequence because the causes have endured. History can present few parallels, even from the annals of savagery, of the treachery and cruelty of the different kings.

The beginning of the end of Spanish dominion in the New World commenced in 1810, when Buenos Ayres drove out the Spanish Governor and the colony declared itself independent. Then the fires of revolution were kindled in almost every Spanish dependency on this continent. The blaze extended from the city of Mexico to Cape Horn. In all of them Spain was eventually beaten. She was driven from all her possessions except Cuba and Porto Rico, and these fertile islands will now soon pass out of her cruel and mercenary grasp. Spain is one of the "dying nations," and we must no longer tolerate her on the Western hemisphere. Her place is in the shadows and darkness of the mediæval past.

RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF FAMILIAR SPANISH NAMES.

The pure Spanish pronunciation is that of Castile, and is used, as a rule, by educated Spaniards. But the Spanish of Cuba is that of Southern Spain, which differs from the Castilian mainly in the cases of the *c* and *z*. *C*, before *e* and *i*, in the Castilian, is pronounced as "th" in "theft" and "thin." In the Cuban, it has the English sound of *c*. Thus, Barcelona, in Castilian, is Bar-the-lo-na; but in Cuba it would be pronounced in the Anglicized form of Bar-se-lo-na. *Z* in Castilian has the sound of "th" in "thimble," "thirst" and "thorn." Thus, the Castilian would pronounce that word Vizcaya, the

sight of which has become fairly familiar to us, Veeth-ki-ya, accenting the second syllable. What we call Ca-dis, accenting the last syllable, the Castilian calls Ca-deeth. But both of these words are pronounced by many, if not most of the Cubans, in the course of every-day conversation, in the Anglicized form of Ca-dis and Vis-ki-ya.

In Spain a man takes the names of both parents, that of the father leading and joined to the other by the letter *y* (pronounced "e"), meaning "and." Thus, the father of the Spanish Minister to the United States had the name Polo, and the mother Bernabe. So the Minister is named Polo *y* Bernabe, meaning Polo and Bernabe.

Don and Senor mean about the same now, each standing for "sir" or "mister." They are often used together. Don, formerly, however, was a mark of distinction and aristocracy; hence the expression, "the Dons."

In rendering the Spanish pronunciation into English in the following list, "a" everywhere is equivalent to the sound of our exclamation "ah!"; "e" is equivalent to "a" in our word "fate," and "ee," wherever it occurs, is pronounced as in "bee"; "an" is pronounced as "an" in "chance" as the English sound it—that is "chawnce."

Naval Names.

Acevedo—A-the-ve-do.	Emperador Carlos V.—Em-pe-ra-dor Kar-los Keen-to.
Aire—A-ee-re.	Fernando el Catolico—Fer-nan-do el Ka-to-lee-co (accent second syllable last word).
Almirante Oquendo—Al-mee-ran-te O ken-do.	Filipinas—Fee-lee-pee-nas.
Alvarado—Al-va-ra-do.	Furor—Foo-ror (fury).
Aragon—A-ra-gone.	Galicia—Ga-lee-thea.
Ariete—A-ree-e-te.	General Concha—He-ne-ral Kon-tcha.
Audaz—A-oo-dath (audacity).	General Lezo—He-ne-ral Le-tho.
Azor—Athor.	Halcon—Al-kon.
Barcelo—Bar-the-lo (little boat).	Hernan Cortez—Er-nan Kor-teth.
Bustamente—Boos-ta-men-te.	Infanta Maria Teresa—Een-fan-ta Ma-ree-a
Cardenal Cisneros—Kar-de-nal Thees-ne-ras (accent second syllable).	Te-re-sa.
Castilla—Kas-teel-leea.	Isla de Cuba—Ees-la de Koo-ba.
Cataluna—Ka-ta-loo-na.	Isla de Luzon—Ees-la de Loo-thong.
Conde de Venadito—Kon-de de Ve-na-dee-to.	Jorge Juan—Hor-he Wan.
Christobal Colon—Krees-to-bal Ko-lon.	Julian Ordenez—Hoo-leean Or-don-neth.
Don Antonio de Ulloa—Don An-to-nee-o de Oo-leeo-a.	Lepanto—Le-pan-to.
Don Juan de Austria—Don Wan de A-oos-tree-a.	Magallanes—Ma-hel-leean-nes (accent next to last syllable).
Dona Maria de Molina—Do-nee-a Ma-ree-a de Mo-lee-na.	Marquis del Duero—Mar-kes del Doo-e-ro.
Ejercito—E-her-thee-to (accent second syllable).	Marques de la Ensenada—Mar-kes de la En-se-nee-a-da.
Elcano—El-ka-no.	Martin Alonzo Pinzon—Mar-ting A-long-tho Peen-thoong.
	Navarra—Na-var-ra.
	Nueva Espana—Nooe-va Es-pa-nah.

Numancia—Noo-man-theea.
 Orion—O-ri-one.
 Osado—O-sa-do (daring).
 Pedro de Aragon—Pe-dro-da-ra-gone.
 Pelayo—Pe-la-eco.
 Peral—Pe-ral.
 Pizarro—Pee-thar-ro.
 Pluton—Ploo-tone.
 Ponce de Leon—Pon-the de Le-on.
 Princesa de Asturias—Preen-the-sa de As-
 too-reas (accent second syllable).
 Proserpina—Pro-ser-pee-na.
 Puig-Cerda—Pweeg-ther-da.
 Quiros—Kee-ros (accent first syllable).
 Rapido—Ra-pee-do (accent first syllable).
 Rayo—Ra-eco.
 Reina Mercedes—Re-ee-na Mer-the-des (ac-
 cent second syllable).

Reina Christina—Re-ee-na Krees-tee-na.
 Retamosa—Re-ta-mo-sa.
 Rigel—Ree-hel.
 Sandoval—San-do-val.
 Seza—Se-tha.
 Temarario—Te-ma-ra-reco.
 Vasco Nunez de Balboa—Vas-co Noo-nee-
 eth de Bal-bo-a.
 Velasco—Ve-las-co.
 Velasquez—Ve-las-keth.
 Veloz—Ve-loth.
 Villalobos—Veel-leea-lo-bos (accent next to
 last syllable).
 Vincente Yanez Pinzon—Veen-then-te Eea-
 neth Peen-thon.
 Vizcaya—Veeth-ka-eea.
 Vitoria—Vee-to-reea.

Names of Persons.

Aguilera, Antonio—A-gee-le-ra, An-to-nee-o.
 Aleman, Jose B.—A-le-man, Ho-se (accent
 last syllable) B.
 Alverdi, Nicolas M.—Al-ver-dee, Nee-ko-
 las M.
 Arango—A-ran-go.
 Artemisa—Ar-te-mee-sa.
 Ayilla, Ciego de—A-vee-la, Thee-e-go de.
 Azcarraga—Ath-kar-ra-ga.
 Baldasano y Topete—Bal-da-sa-no ee To-
 pe-te.
 Bermejo—Ber-me-ho.
 Blanco y Arenas—Blan-ko ee A-re-nas.
 Camagey—Ka-ma-ge.
 Campos, Martinez de—Kam-pos, Mar-tec-
 neth de.
 Canovas del Castillo—Ka-no-vas (accent
 first syllable) del Kas-teel-leeo.
 Capote, Domingo Mendez—Ka-po-te, Do-
 meen-go Men-deth.
 Cardenas, Rafael de—Kar-de-nas, Ra-fa-el de
 Cisneros, Evangelina Cossio—Thees-ne-ros
 (accent second syllable), E-van-he-le-na Cos-
 see-o.
 Cisneros, Salvador—Thees-ne-ros, Sal-va-
 dor.
 Correa—Kor-re-a.
 Diego, Arcos de—Dee-e-go, Ar-kos (accent
 first syllable) de.
 Enomorado—E-no-mo-ra-do.
 Garcia, Calixto—Gar-thee-a (accent first
 syllable), Ka-leeks-to.

Gomez, Maximo—Go-meth, Mak-see-mo
 (accent first syllable).
 Gullion—Goo-lee-one.
 Lome, Dupuy de—Lo-me, Doo-pwee (accent
 last syllable) de.
 Losada—Lo-sa-da.
 Maceo—Ma-the-o.
 Masso, Bartolomo—Mas-so, Bar-to-lo-mo.
 Moran—Mo-ran.
 Palma, Thomas Estrada—Pal-ma, To-mas
 Es-tra-da.
 Pando—Pan-do.
 Pierra, Fidel G.—Pee-er-ra, Fee-del G.
 Polo y Bernabe—Po-lo ee Ber-na-be (accent
 first syllable).
 Querelta—Ke-rel-ta.
 Quesada—Ke-sa-da.
 Rascon—Ras-kone.
 Rivere, Juan Ruis—Ree-ve-ra, Hwooung
 Roo-es.
 Romero, Robledo—Ro-me-ro, Ro-ble-do.
 Ruiz, Ricardo—Roo-eth, Re-kar-do.
 Sagasta, Praxedes Mateo—Sa-gas-ta, Praks-
 e-des Ma-te-o.
 Samarones—Sa-ma-ro-nes (accent third syl-
 lable).
 Sanguilly, Julio—San-gee-lee, Hoo-leco.
 Sobral—So-bral.
 Torre, Andres de la—Tor-re, An-dres de
 la.
 Trujillo—Troo-hee-leeo.

Geographical Names.

Bahia Honde—Ba on-de.	Jucaro—Hoo-karo.
Bahia de Jagua—Ba de Ha-gooa.	Madrid—Mad-reed.
Barasoa—Ba-ra-ko-a.	Matanzas—Ma-tan-tha (accent second syllable).
Barcelona—Bar-the-lo-na.	Manzanillo—Man-tha-neel-leeo.
Bayamo—Ba-eea-mo.	Maysi—Me-zee.
Cabanas—Ca-ba-nees (accent second syllable).	Mont Juch—Mont Hooch.
Cadiz—Ca-deeth.	Nipe—Nee-pe.
Calleja—Cal-lee-e-ha.	Pinar del Rio—Pee-nar del Ree-o.
Cabo Cruz—Ca-bo Krooth.	Puerto de Cabanas—Poo-er-to de Ka-be-nees (accent second syllable).
Cartagena—Kar-ta-he-na.	Puerto del Padre—Poo-er-to del Padre.
Casa Blanca—Ka-sa Blan-ka.	Puerto Principe—Poo-er-to Preen-thee-pe (accent first syllable of last word).
Cauto—Ka-oo-to.	San Sebastian—San Se-bas-tee-an.
Cienfuegos—Thee-en-foo-e-goes (accent next to last syllable).	Santander—San-tan-der.
Ciudad Real—Thee-oo-dad Re-al.	Santiago—San-tee-a-go.
Concepcion—Kon-thep-thee-ong.	Sierra del Cobre—See-er-ra del Ko-bre.
Cuba—Koo-ba.	Victoria de las Tunas—Yeek-to-reea de las
Cubitas—Koo-bee-tas (accent second syllable).	Too-nas (accent first syllable of last word).
Guamarillo—Gooa-ma-reel-leeo.	Vuelta de Abaja—Voo-el-ta A-ba-ho.

Newspaper Names.

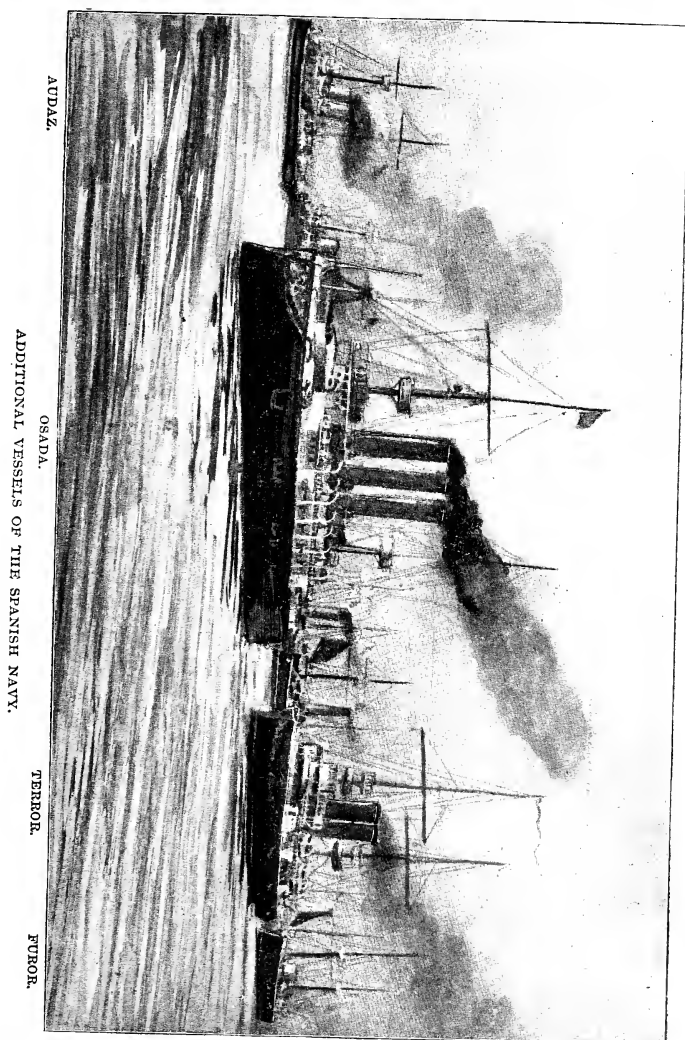
Diario de la Marina—Dee-a-reeo de la Me-ree-na (daily of the navy).	Epocha—E-po-ka (accent first syllable).
El Correo—El Kor-re-o.	Imparcial—Eem-par-thee-al.
El Heraldo—El E-ral-do.	La Discusion—La Dis-koo-see-one.
El Liberal—El Lee-be-ral.	La Lucha—La Loo-tcha (the struggle).
El Pais—El Pa-ees (the country).	Nacional—Na-thee-on-al.

HORRORS OF THE SPANISH OCCUPATION OF CUBA.

When the Cuban Spaniards published their specious protest against the interference of foreigners, the patriot Vargas exposed the source of their loyalty, and wound up his counter-arguments with the remark that it would have been "as well for the West Indies, if four hundred years ago their shores had been invaded by 1,000,000 tigers."

That assertion was quoted by the Madrid press as "a specimen misrepresentation of the bushwhacker Junta," but is really an understatement of the horrible truth. The lack of other food resources would have compelled the four-footed invaders to prey on two-legged game, and for a year or two the natives would have had frequent occasion for indignation meetings in the tree-tops. They would have been driven to the mountains and run fatal risks by visiting the debatable ground of the foot-hills; but at an altitude of 6000 feet they would have been safe. The Bengalese immigrants would have stuck to the coast jungles, trying to subsist on manatees and bush-rats, and pining away with homesickness.

Besides, the Cubanos would soon have got over their first panic and surrounded their reservation with a ring of pitfalls, or even attacked the man-



AUDAZ.

OSADA.

ADDITIONAL VESSELS OF THE SPANISH NAVY.

TERROR.

FUROR.

eaters in their jungle lairs, after the manner of the Sumatra spear hunters. But spears and pitfalls did not avail them against the two-legged ogres

who fell upon their wigwams in ever-increasing numbers. As early as 1520—*i. e.*, less than thirty years after the landing of the first discoverers—the Lucayans, or aborigines of Haiti and Cuba, had abandoned their villages and sought salvation in migratory habits, roaming from hill to hill, like hunted deer.

All that could be caught had been put to work in the placer mines, where they could avoid torture only by raking up the stipulated quantum of nuggets, and, consequently, toiled away, like coal miners after an explosion of fire-damp, till they were driven to their slave pens to receive their one daily meal of parched corn and dish-water.

A few survived that sort of treatment for a year; the plurality perished before the end of the first three weeks. Their hope that matters would mend after the exhaustion of the gravel mines was cruelly disappointed. The survivors were sent to the uplands, where veins of gold and copper had been discovered in the Sierra rocks; plantations sprang up; sugar-cane fields in the sweltering coast plains and yam patches in the terrace lands; the crack of the slave driver's whip could be heard all along the coasts and river shores of the Antilles.

Adventurers who had no taste for agriculture, even by proxy, found an employment that reconciled them to the lack of four-footed game—they turned man hunters, and with the aid of trained blood-hounds tracked the native refugees to remote thickets of the mountain forests. "Condestables" ("Constables") the leaders of these mastiff brigades called themselves, as if the fleeing natives had been fugitives from justice. To save trouble they generally brought an interpreter along, who challenged the refugees of a mountain cavern to come out at once if they would avoid death by suffocation.

An outlaw in the tree-top was given five minutes to effect his descent and surrender at discretion, in which case he would be conducted to the next coolie rendezvous and draw regular rations pending the arrival of a plantation agent. Those who declined to condescend or evinced hesitation were warned that further delay would result in a volley of small shot, with a suggestive crack of a bull whip.

In nine out of ten cases the refugees did surrender, trusting to eventual opportunities for escape; but their slave pens were guarded by blood-hounds. A jail-breaker with ingenuity enough to foil the vigilance of a dozen sentries was baffled by the instinct of these cursed four-footers; and ten or twelve mastiffs on picket guard around a stockade were generally so well trained that half a dozen of their champion racers took up the trail of a runaway, while the rest attended to the functions of a home guard reserve.

Fugitives from inhuman overwork were either burned alive or flayed with manatee knouts, and not one in a hundred could hope to run a mile before the hounds had him up a tree.

Suicide, in fact, remained the only refuge from the dismal alternative of cremation or death from overwork; and history presents only few examples of similar epidemics of despair overcoming the terrors of annihilation. In the course of the Roman conquest of Spain, two cities were besieged till the inhabitants committed suicide *en masse*; and, under the reign of the Ptolemies, a combination of hard times and sickening siroccos impelled some 15,000



DESCENDANTS OF ORIGINAL INDIAN STOCK.

peasants to seek the peace of eternal sleep in the bed of the Nile. But the number of suicides among the natives on the three islands of Cuba, San Domingo and Puerto Rico has been estimated at a yearly average of 100,000—a full third of the number of those who succumbed to excess of toil.

There were exceptions, no doubt: men like Las Casas, who urged the colonists—not to renounce slavery, for he might as well have asked them to

liberate their horses and mules, but to import human beasts of burden with less fragile backbones and a less pronounced penchant for a method of self-help that no vigilance could prevent. There were also humanitarians like Governor Valdez and a few planters, who would sooner work their lands at a mere living profit than get rich by starving their slaves; but the horrid fact remains that in the fifty years from 1510 to 1560 the population of the West Indian archipelago was reduced eighty-five per cent., and almost wholly exterminated before the end of the sixteenth century.

The original population of Cuba can only be indirectly inferred from the statistics of the smaller islands (Puerto Rico, 750,000; Jamaica, 500,000), but it probably equaled that of modern Java. In 1620 the last representatives of the aboriginal race had succumbed to the Spanish death.

An epidemic of the Oriental plague would have been a lesser evil: and in comparison with the actual consequences of the conquest, the worst possible results of De Vergas' hypothetical invasion of tigers would have been a blessing worth a century of thanksgiving to the beneficent gods.

In Yucatan, Mexico, where the Spaniards maltreated the native Mayos till hundreds made their own quietus with poisonous plants, a committee of planters conferred with a Mayo convert on the best means of reducing the constantly increasing death rate. "How would it do," suggested the Commissioners, "to tell those rascals that the soul of every suicide goes straight to pot."

"Don't," said the Mayo; "credulity has its limits. People who have been at work on your plantations cannot be made to believe in the possible existence of a worse place."

The Cubans would have been justified in entertaining similar doubts. The life of a laborer was valued far below that of a dog. While the coolie depots could be refilled with raids upon the neighboring Sierras and multitude of small islands, successive gangs of plantation slaves were worked to death without scruple, and the risk of conspiracies was obviated by murdering the native chieftains under any pretext suspicion and malice could devise. The Roman proconsuls were not very scrupulous in their methods of ruining an obnoxious vassal, but it might be doubted if the history of all antiquity could furnish an instance of as unchivalrous a stratagem as that mentioned in the chronicle of Pedro Ovanda, who had reasons to suspect that the queen of an oppressed native kingdom intended to report him to his superiors. "Under pretext of going to arrange a compromise of the excessive tribute, he assembled four hundred well-armed soldiers, seventy of whom were steel-clad horsemen. Anacaona, the sister of the late Caicque, came forth to meet him, according to the custom of her nation, attended by her most distinguished subjects and a train of damsels waving palm branches, and, after treating her guests to a magnificent banquet, was invited to witness a tilting match by the cavalry

in the public square. When all were assembled and the square crowded with unarmed Indians, Ovanda gave a signal, and instantly the horsemen rushed into the midst of the naked and defenseless throng, trampling them under foot, cutting them down with their swords, transfixing them with their lances, and sparing neither age nor sex. Above eighty chieftains had been assembled in one of the principal houses. It was surrounded by troops, the chiefs were bound to the posts which supported the roof and put to cruel tortures,



CREOLE HUT, INTERIOR OF CUBA.

until agony made them admit the truth of all and any charges. When self-accusation had thus been extorted, a horrible punishment was inflicted on the spot. Fire was set to the house and the captives perished miserably in the flames."

The murder of a native at least ceased to occupy the attention of judges busied with more important affairs. The West Indian courts of justice had to investigate land claims and tithe quarrels, and could not afford to waste time on such trifles as the massacre of a Lucayan family whose protector had

resented the impudence of a Spanish muleteer. Crippled slaves often were killed to save the trouble of nursing them. "When a consignment of merchandise was sent to the interior," says Las Casas, "and one of the wretched cucolader Indians broke down under the intolerable burden heaped upon him, his head was immediately chopped off and the burden heaped upon another."

The rumor of such deviltries now and then induced the Spanish sovereigns to appoint a commission of inquiry, but the expense of such commissions had to be deducted from the net profit of the colonies, and the Governors of the West Indies soon learned to forestall the risk of the necessity to answer inconvenient inquiries. "Steal enough to have something to spare for the Pasha," was the advice of a Turkish highway robber. The Court of Castile swarmed with lobbyists who sold their influence to the highest bidder, and who for a yearly dividend of plunder would undertake to guarantee a colonial satrap *carte-blanche* for the commission of all the crimes mentioned in the catalogue of Peter Lombard. And after that system of blackmail had once become firmly established, a would-be reformer risked something more than the loss of his license.

Diego Valdez, who braved that peril in 1610, was at once denounced as a dangerous innovator, "a demagogue who wished to curry favor with the mob in order to smooth his way to the throne of Cuba, or even of all New Spain, an unscrupulous intriguer, enemy of the scepter and the cross, a masked rebel of the most dangerous type," etc.; all because he had forwarded a memorial setting forth the gross abuses tolerated by his predecessors, and added injury to insult by refusing to pay the due installment of blackmail.

Forged letters of the alleged conspirator were circulated; a junta of corruptionists issued a protest abounding with loyal sentiments. Valdez replied with additional memoranda, but, as a friend of Governor Pingree was compelled to remark, "The opponents of reform have personal interests at stake, while its sympathizers are actuated only by such mild stimulants as honesty and patriotism." Valdez renounced his hopes of reform, but the matter did not end there. The infuriated boodle sharks pushed their advantage, and the would-be innovator was impeached for high treason and dragged to Santiago, where he died in prison under circumstances justifying the suspicion of foul play.

That suspicion at last became certainty, but who cared? His successor forwarded the time-honored assessment, with a premium by way of peace-offering, and for the next ten years could have heated his copper smelters with the skeletons of malcontents, or baited Indians in a public arena.

Race domination is not limited to the Spanish West Indies, but in Cuba alone the system of oppression has been carried to the length of reserving government patronage for new-comers, for greedy, unscrupulous, ignorant office-seekers, newly-arrived with all the prejudices of their native land.

Blue blood fails to redeem the demerits of a native Cuban; the moment a Spaniard decides to marry a creole and make the island his permanent home, he is dropped from the list of trustees; the government suspects all who have come to acquire some actual knowledge about the colonial state of affairs.

For the protests of the natives the charge of mutiny and its sanguinary consequences has long been the only answer; and in the course of the present century alone the demand for reform has cost the lives of 850,000 West Indians, at least two-thirds of them of Caucasian descent.

No wonder that those demands have at last taken the form of a vendetta clamor, declining every compromise between annihilation and absolute independence.

THE CLASS OF MEN WHO COMPOSE CUBA'S ARMY.

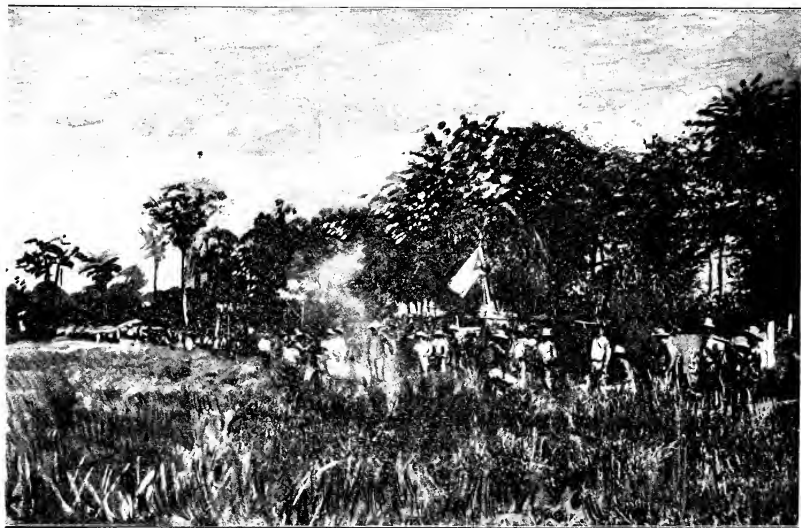
A distinguished American who served for some months with General Gomez, thus describes the rank and file of the patriot army in Cuba:

"Half of the enlisted men as you saw them together were negroes, with here and there a Chinaman. Occasionally, a man was pointed out as a Spanish deserter; and in every case he appeared on an equality with the others. The officers were of all classes—planters or planters' sons, professional men and peasants of the more intelligent order, with a trifling percentage of negroes and mulattoes. The prevailing tone of these forces was distinctly aristocratic; in fact, they were just such troops as Georgia and the Carolinas would have sent to the field early in this century. The discipline was good, and the men, though one missed many of the formalities that distinguish regular soldiers, were conspicuously willing and obedient. I was surprised to find that, by a recognized but unwritten law, a professional man in good standing, or one holding the degree of bachelor of arts, was entitled to a lieutenant's commission and a servant. Occasionally, officers so appointed failed to develop the slightest military capacity; some even suffered from the hardships of camp life: yet I never knew an instance of dissatisfaction at the system by the humbler rank and file. All of these men, officers and buck-soldiers alike, served absolutely without pay and on pain of death, if captured, such as our frontier soldiers were accustomed to meet when taken prisoners by the Apache Indians."

Dr. Joaquin Demetrius Castillo, a Cuban by birth, was in active service for twelve months under Maceo and Gomez. He was, also, for three years assistant surgeon in the United States navy, and participated in the famous Jeannette relief expedition. He is also second in authority of the Cuban Junta in New York. In appearance he is still young, handsome, and manly, with piercing eyes, and jet-black hair and mustache. When asked how the soldiers of the United States would be received in Cuba, he exclaimed:

"They will be welcomed with open arms by the Cuban people, you may be sure. More than ninety-five out of every hundred are, heart and soul, in favor of the Cuban republic. The American people are our best friends. We know and trust them. The inspiration of freedom and enlightenment makes the whole liberty-loving world kin.

"First of all," exclaimed Dr. Castillo, in a burst of enthusiasm, "the American army should take at least 50,000 rifles and a large quantity of fixed ammunition for distribution among the Cubans. As a war measure, this is of the very highest importance. The Cubans do not wish to stand around idly and see the United States soldiers do all of the fighting to free



A CUBAN CAMP.

the island. Liberty is so precious that every man in Cuba wants to have a hand in its establishment. It would be a grave mistake not to carry over a big supply of arms for the native population. General Gomez informs us that he can easily muster in at least 50,000 more infantry, provided he has the guns. All Cubans know how to shoot, and while uniforms add picturesqueness to the army and are in every way useful, still our people are perfectly willing to fight for liberty barefooted and in tattered clothes. The boon of freedom is too precious to be postponed an instant for any mere matter of personal appearance. Liberty will be accepted joyously, even in rags. The Cubans now under arms in the island aggregate about 32,000

men. If the wise commander of the invading forces would furnish us with arms to double the army of liberation, all he would have to do would be to look on while we did the rest."

The Doctor dwelt long and eloquently upon the destructiveness of the terrible dynamite guns which have been used against the Spaniards in several engagements. He strongly urges the United States government to send along at least one hundred of these guns, which he thinks will be equal to 10,000 men. These simple-looking but frightful implements of warfare shoot an aerial torpedo which will slay several hundred of the enemy at an explosion, and demoralizes the Spaniards' ranks. Every Don becomes panic-



OFFICERS OF THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.

stricken when he hears the ominous, onrushing shriek of the deadly aerial torpedo, fired from the Sims-Dudley dynamite gun.

"The soldiers in Cuba wear straw hats all the year round," said Dr. Castillo. "I care not what the pictures represent, Gomez's men wear head-coverings made of straw or something similar. Anything heavier will be found too warm for health and comfort. American troops will have no difficulty in marching across the country, if necessary. A tramp from 5 to 8 o'clock in the morning, a rest in the shade during the day, and then an evening march of two or three hours, will seem an easy task, and the men, with proper care, will keep in good condition."

The So-Called Wet Season in Cuba.

A gentleman who has lived for a number of years in Cuba, thus describes what is known as the wet or rainy season:

"It is not as bad as most people think. Bad effects associated with its recurrence are largely due to defective drainage and generally unsanitary conditions of living. There are sections of this country where we have a pronounced rainy season—as, for instance, along the Pacific slope—but its effects do not strike terror into the hearts of the sojourners. The wet season in Cuba may be said to commence about the first of May and run into September; sometimes even into October. During that time there is seldom a day without rainfall, and on the lowlands the fall is very copious. Rain never falls, as a rule, till the afternoon, and in the manner of its coming is very capricious. Sometimes it will rain heavily all one afternoon, and then only shower for a whole week. Rain nearly always ceases at sundown. Rarely did I find any rain in the evening. I would wear mackintosh and rubbers all day, but in the evening I would discard them and go to the theater or for a promenade under the stars. To my mind, the wet season is the most beautiful part of the year in Cuba; but so much has been said about it that tourists visit the island only in the dry season, when everything is dried up and comparatively unattractive. It seems to me that the wet season should count for scarcely anything in the case of an army properly equipped, and with good supplies of food."

A SAMPLE OF SPANISH PATRIOTISM.

The intensity of Spanish patriotism is a theme which now fills the entire European press, which insists that this wonderful traditional patriotism will in a very short time work wonders. This prognostication may turn out to be well founded, but, apart from the fact that with all their patriotism the Spanish army in Cuba is now just about where it was three years ago, the actions of the Spanish at home do not seem to justify very high expectations. In spite of the fact that the loss of Cuba has been staring the Spanish nation in the face for over two years past, there has been very little volunteering for service in the island, as statistics show. It will be remembered that military service is compulsory in Spain, but can be avoided in an individual case by payment of 1500 pesetas, or, for those chosen for service in the colonies, 2000 pesetas. In the year 1894-5, before the Cuban insurrection broke out, the sum raised by this means amounted to 9,000,000 pesetas, but a few months after hostilities began this sum rose to 27,000,000 pesetas, and in the first eight months of 1896-7 to nearly 42,000,000 pesetas. From the 1st of March, 1895, to the 1st of March, 1897, 45,000 conscripts have preferred to buy themselves off rather than serve their country in the field. Does this indicate a particular

intensity of patriotism on the part of the Spanish youth? And if not with the youth of the country, where, then, shall we seek for patriotism and enthusiasm?

Contrast this picture with the one presented in the United States! When the President called for 125,000 volunteers, nearly a million responded, and the rush was so great that the doors of the recruiting offices in all the large cities had to be closed and guarded, and the men formed into line and com-



AMERICA'S RESPONSE TO HUMANITY'S CALL.

pelled to take their turns for examination. And let it be remembered, also, that these eager and patriotic Americans were the very pick and choice of the young men of the land, every one of whom was ready to leave a prosperous business or a good situation and the pleasures of a comfortable home to risk life, health, happiness, bright prospects—everything, to fight for humanity! It is the contrast between civilization and mediæval barbarism!

SPAIN'S CAPTAINS-GENERAL.

It is said that Spain had an admiral for each ship in her navy, and after Dewey got through with them there were not ships enough to go round. She has nine hundred generals, and commissioned officers enough to command all the armies of Europe. At the head of the list are ten captains-general, whose rank is equivalent to that of field marshal in other foreign armies. In several instances this grade is of a purely honorary character. It is held by the young King, who is a boy only thirteen years old, and likewise by his grandfather, the old ex-King, Don Francis of Assisi, the husband of Queen Isabella. Don Francis is a dwarf in stature, and only a little taller than his grandson, the King. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive anything less warlike than the spectacle presented by this little old man when arrayed in the gorgeous gold-embroidered uniform of a captain-general, his squeaky falsetto voice being quite as much out of keeping with the military profession as is his appearance. As regards the boy King, the Queen Regent, who is a sensible woman, has turned a deaf ear to all the suggestions to the effect that he should appear on state occasions in the uniform of a captain-general, and, instead, she has him always garbed in the trim, natty and exceedingly simple uniform of a cadet of the military school of San Idalfonso, which has not an atom of gold lace about it, the only emblem of his royal rank being the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece, which peeps forth from the collar of his tunic. Among the other captains-general are General Blanco, Marquis of Pena Plata, chief in command in Cuba, and who is too well known to need more than passing mention; Martinez Campos, who, as one of his predecessors at Havana, is equally familiar to people in this country; General Primo de Rivera and General Lopez Dominguez. The latter is generally regarded at Berlin, Paris, Vienna and other military centers as the cleverest and strongest of all Spain's generals, and who in any grave emergency is likely to be invested with the chief command of the Spanish army, or else with the portfolio of Minister of War. He has been justly described as a mixture of the celebrated Russian General Skobeleff, and of the French General Chanzy; and, like them, he is the idol of the rank and file of the army to which he belongs. He is a nephew of the late Marshal Serrano, who rose from the humblest beginning to be Dictator, Regent and President of the republic of Spain. He has been the author of nearly all the reforms that have taken place in the last twenty years, and in consequence has come to be looked upon as the soldier's friend. If he has been kept in the background of late years, it is because Ministers and even the Court dread his popularity and his ambition, and fear that the latter in a moment of crisis might lead him to avail himself of the former to secure for himself some such dictatorial power as that repeatedly possessed by his uncle, Serrano. General Primo de Rivera, on the other hand, is a typical Spaniard, the very type of the

polished scoundrel, who by his smooth tongue and talent for intrigue has managed to win to a marked degree the confidence of the Queen. Indeed, she has apparently forgotten the circumstance which led him to be shot at some eight years ago and severely wounded by one of his officers, a major who had been subjected to persecution of the most incredible character at the hands of the General at the instigation of a demi-mondaine whose anger the Major had incurred, and who had the General completely under her sway. The Major, who was driven by desperation to the act, was sentenced to death and executed, leaving a wife and children in a penniless condition, while the Queen seems to think that the General was shot at and severely wounded while in the performance of his duty, and, therefore, possesses a claim upon her good will. Even Weyler, with his brutality, is preferable to Primo de Rivera, for while Weyler will have a man hanged or shot, giving the order for his execution with a gross oath or coarse gibe, Primo de Rivera will order the most fiendish tortures to be inflicted, couching his instructions in the most courteous, suave and gentle language, smiling genially the while. Only those who have been out in the far East and who have knowledge of the atrocities committed by his orders and under his very eyes when he was Viceroy of the Philippine Islands can realize the true character of this man.

Another general who is likely to make his name known abroad if the present war lasts sufficiently long is Cassola, one of the few officers who have never been implicated in any pronunciamiento. He has sometimes been called the Spanish Moltke, owing to his ceaseless and indefatigable activity and to his remarkable silence and reserve. This peculiarity in a country where loquacity and gesticulation are the order of the day is sufficient to cause people to look upon him as a kind of *rara avis*. He is a stern and upright soldier, who, to quote one of his own rare remarks, "wants to make the army loyal to its King and country, with its face to the enemy and its back turned upon political struggles."

Cassola is so strict a disciplinarian that while Minister of War he actually placed old Captain-General Martinez Campos under arrest, besides severely reprimanding him for having refused, in his capacity as Captain-General of Madrid, to take the countersign from the Princess Eulalie in the absence of the Queen from the capital. Martinez Campos took the ground that inasmuch as Don Antonio, the husband of Princess Eulalie, was a mere captain of cavalry, forming part of the Madrid garrison, it was ridiculous to expect him to make his daily report and to take the countersign from the wife of one of his subaltern officers. Martinez Campos, indeed, made such a fuss about the matter when the Queen returned that Cassola had to resign, greatly to the sorrow and dismay of the army, over 10,000 officers of which thereupon joined in a subscription to present him with a magnificent sword of honor as a testimonial of their esteem and regard.



CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

AN INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN CHRISTINA.

The compiler of this book has no respect whatever for the average king or queen in their official capacity. He regards them as useless and hurtful relics of an earlier and less civilized age of the world. Their right to rule is based solely on their power to enforce their authority; and nine-tenths of the wars that have cursed the nations of the earth have resulted from the vanity and petty personal ambitions of these upstart and often ignorant and imbecile persons.

But, at the same time, there is a certain morbid curiosity regarding them on the part of the public, similar in character to that which leads people to view the wild animals of a circus. In deference to this curiosity we reproduce the following description of a Madrid correspondent's audience with the Queen Regent:

The Queen Regent is now absorbed in current events, and while she must be in constant, incessant communication with her Ministers—notably, with Senor Sagasta, Prime Minister; Senor Gullon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Senor Moret, Minister for the Colonies—she makes a particular point of receiving and conversing with all the most influential and most eminent persons of her kingdom, so that Spaniards alone enter the royal presence.

In spite, therefore, of the exceptional letters of introduction which I took with me to Madrid, in spite of the urgent exchange of telegrams between members of Court, I should, like all my confrères, have failed to obtain audience of her Majesty if the kindly complicity of an important palace official had not, at the last moment and as a final resort, passed over the fact of my being a journalist. I desire, therefore, to say that it was not as a member of the press that I was received by the Queen Regent, but as a "highly recommended" foreigner who wished to present his sympathies to her Majesty personally. I believe M. Pierre Loti, the eminent member of the French Academy, has been since received in this manner. These explanations are necessary in order to avoid all misunderstanding and errors of interpretation arising after the publication of this article, which, I am aware, will be much commented upon and will give rise to no little controversy in the Spanish press.

However, I had the great honor to be received by her Majesty. Before being ushered into the stately salon-study, where the Queen Regent receives visitors, I had to pass along innumerable lobbies and ante chambers, mount and descend staircases, losing myself here, discovering another lobby there, and being stopped almost at every step by superbly-liveried ushers and palace officials costumed like ambassadors.

His Majesty and his august mother are well guarded. As I unfortunately do not know a word of Spanish, it was impossible for me to understand the

replies given to my questions, even supposing these to have been understood; but eventually, after a long and checkered journey through the immense royal palace, I reached my destination, the anteroom, having produced the audience card with which I was provided nearly a score of times. Three or four persons, already waiting their turns to be received, were chatting familiarly together. One was the Grand Chamberlain, grave and correct, as befit-



ALFONSO AND HIS SISTERS.

ted his position. As I waited, other audience-seekers arrived, among them being a staff officer.

My turn to be received came quickly, and I found myself bowing before the Queen Regent. Everybody knows, at least through having seen her photograph, the features of the Queen Regent of Spain; but what every one does not know, what no photograph can render, is her Majesty's air of ex-

treme kindness and, at the same time, of energy. One experiences, first, a feeling of respect, then an impulse of sympathy. In her simple costume of dark-colored silk, her head erect, her eyes bright and sparkling with intelligence, Queen Christina has never lost the style of the archduchesses of Austria. She reminds one in many ways of the Duchess of Orleans, who also was an Austrian archduchess.

I readily understood, on seeing the Queen, the meaning of what a member of the Cortes had said to me in the morning: "Queen Isabella was popular. Queen Christina is unanimously respected. To govern Spain it is better to be respected than popular."

It goes without saying that this royal conversation turned entirely on the war, and at first it was I, the interviewer, who was interviewed by her Majesty, to whom I frankly related the impressions I had brought from abroad. After listening, occasionally inclining her head sadly, the Queen said:

"Yes, we have almost all Europe with us, and in the painful moments we are now passing through that is a great consolation and at the same time an encouragement. Not that we shall ask for anything whatever from the powers which are expressing their sympathy for us, but from the point of view of strict right, their attitude touches us profoundly. Not a day passes without bringing to the King and to myself warm letters from abroad, some even from the United States. These documents go straight to our hearts. Come what may, and whatever God may decide, we shall always remember them.

"Spanish patriotism, which is one of the best characteristics of this country, is being heated more and more by news from abroad. Our patriotism is not a vain word; it is not a flag flaunted by a few persons. No, Spanish patriotism is one of the most admirable things in existence.

"Everybody here is ready to shed the last drop of his blood to defend his country. Everybody is ready to do his duty, to fight like a hero on the battlefield.

"The Spaniards are fighting for their country. The Americans are fighting each for himself. That is why we are proud of Europe's encouragement. We have faint hope in the future. God knows that we did not desire war, and did everything to avoid it. I can say that every kind of humiliation was heaped upon us by the United States. But everything has an end.

"The United States government said to itself: 'We can demand everything we choose from Spain, and, after some recrimination, we will obtain satisfaction, because Spain is poor and will never dare to face war.' Reasoning thus, they pushed us till we could go no further. Finally, the rupture took place, to the great astonishment of the Americans themselves, who had fallen into their own snare. They were so sure of holding us in their power,

through what they consider our great poverty, that they were not ready to go to war. They are not ready now."

"They say, your Majesty," said your correspondent, "that the real reason of the American Minister's departure was not the one announced, that is, the Spanish government's refusal to receive the ultimatum."

"The reason given was, nevertheless, almost the correct one," was the Queen's reply; "but," she continued, "previously the United States Minister had delivered this verbal ultimatum: 'Either Cuba must be pacified within forty-eight hours or else a rupture of diplomatic relations, that is, war, will ensue.' Under these circumstances the reception of his ultimatum had become unnecessary."

"The American government," continued the Queen, "gave way before the pressure of public opinion. That is the explanation of an otherwise inexplicable situation, because we had agreed to everything we could. They knew that on the day the Spanish government granted autonomy to Cuba it was practically abandoning its very rights over the island. But now it is too late to argue. The time has come for acts, not words."

"Let us have confidence in God, confidence in the future. Who can say that Europe will not intervene after the first decisive battle?"

This was said in clear, courageous tones, which could not fail to impress any listener. The Queen Regent, because she is Queen Regent, cannot say all she thinks. But it is apparent that to know her secret thoughts on this subject would be most interesting.

I did not speak to the Queen on a question which must cause her immense anxiety—I refer to the future of the dynasty. But if I could not even allude to this subject in the royal presence, I was able to question one of her nearest friends, whose reply was textually as follows:

"The peaceful cession of Cuba to the Americans would most certainly have caused troubles in Spain, the consequences of which would not have been difficult to foresee. Putting the situation at its worst, the loss of the island after a war would cause no hostile manifestation. I even think that it would be looked upon as a relief by many, because for years Cuba has been a source of profit to no one but to Americans, who have large interests in the island, whereas it is only an enormous charge on the Spanish budget."

"As to the future of the crown, no anxiety need be felt. The Republican party does not exist, and the Carlists are looked upon by the public with mere contempt. If any of them tried to make the slightest demonstration against the present throne, they would be massacred by the mob before the authorities had time to interfere."

Such are, in their *ensemble*, reproduced as faithfully as it is possible to do, the important declarations made to me in the royal palace. I have only one hope to express, which is, that her Majesty may pardon my having concealed my profession.

Christina's Liberality to the Spaniards.

In view of the possibility of Queen Christina being deprived of the throne of Spain in connection with the present trouble with the United States, it is just as well to strike a financial balance, and to show the extent to which Spain has benefited by her generosity.

As a rule, the Anointed of the Lord extort everything that they can possibly get from the national treasury, their one idea being to provide against that rainy day which falls to the share of so many of the rulers in modern times.

To these Queen Christina presents a striking contrast. From the time that she became a widow, that is to say, over twelve years ago, she has steadily refused to draw the allowance of \$200,000 per annum, to which she is entitled as widow of a King of Spain. And she has a right to as much more as Regent of the kingdom.

Moreover, since 1893 she has turned over to the treasury each year \$200,000 more, of the civil list which the constitution provides for the maintenance of the King and of the royal family. A couple of weeks ago she donated a sum of \$200,000 to the national naval fund, and three months back she gave her personal guarantee, on the strength of her Austrian fortune, to the Rothschilds, of Vienna, for an advance to the Spanish government of \$10,000,000, which is as good as given out of her pocket, since Spain will now be less than ever able to fulfill its financial obligations.

That is to say, since Queen Christina has become Regent the Spanish treasury has practically received from her the relatively colossal sum of \$17,000,000, which any other sovereign in her place would have quietly either invested profitably in some undertaking or else confided for safe keeping to the Bank of England, as so many other foreign sovereigns are in the habit of doing.

The Spaniards are so punctilious in all questions that relate to honor and chivalry that they would do well to remember this debt of theirs toward Queen Christina when they turn her out of the country, all the more as she has endowed the court of Madrid with a degree of respectability and decency, which prior to her advent in Spain was entirely unknown.

Indeed, the Spanish court up to the time of her marriage, was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Europe for its gross immorality, quite in keeping, in fact, with Madrilene society, which is the most corrupt in the old world.

To-day the court of Madrid enjoys the same reputation for propriety, and its standard of purity is as high as that of Great Britain, for which the Spaniards have no one to thank but the Queen.

SPAIN'S CRUELTY TO HER OWN SOLDIERS.

Cruelty seems to be an inborn characteristic of the Spanish nature. They inflict it not only upon their enemies, but upon their friends as well. Civilized people cannot understand or appreciate the inherent brutality of a race that can find enjoyment in bull fights and the agony of living creatures. It is a singular and remarkable characteristic, and among the human family it seems to be confined exclusively to the Spaniards. Its cause and origin have not yet been traced by the historian. It has been said that the Inquisition produced the Spaniard. But this is not true, for the Spaniard existed before the Inquisition. Without him that engine of devilish torture never could have lived. We must go back beyond the Inquisition to find the genesis of the Spaniard. When the sons of God visited the daughters of men, as related in the Bible, the devil may have slipped in with them and begotten a Spaniard. How else could such a race have been created?

Some of the principal lines of Spanish mercantile ships are owned by companies of monks and Jesuits, and these vessels have been employed by the government to transport sick and wounded soldiers from Cuba and the Philippines back to Spain. The following accounts of brutalities practiced upon these helpless sufferers are copied from recent Spanish papers, so that, in spite of their fiendish character, we can hardly doubt their accuracy:

In September of last year, the *Publicidad*, the organ of the Republican leader, Castelar, protested against the inhuman treatment of the returning soldiers, and, among other things, reported that in Puerto Rico fifty-five soldiers were shipped "because they were dying;" that at another time there was only one surgeon for eight hundred and forty-six sick soldiers, and that frequently soldiers died whose names were not even known. These were simply thrown into the sea, and hence did not appear on the missing list. On September 20th the same newspaper wrote:

"We have already complained of the infamous manner in which the sick soldiers in the Philippines are sent away. The heartless inconsideration with which they are treated on board the steamers of the Transatlantic Company fills us with indignation. The wounded and diseased soldiers are stowed away in a ship as if they were useless waste or herrings in a barrel, and arrive in their fatherland without having a soul to receive them. Besides, their pay is much in arrears, and if they desire to return home they must beg their way."

Another Spanish paper, the *Notinero*, stated in August, 1897:

"The wails of the sick soldiers who returned on board the *Ignacio de Loyola*, from the Philippines have reached us. According to reports submitted to us, they were utterly neglected during the voyage: not a cup of beef broth was handed to them, and no surgeon visited them. In the steerage the odor was unbearable; that has been proved by members of the Red Cross Society,

who took the wounded from the ships. The filth of the beds and the soldiers themselves was indescribable."

The *Correo de España*, the chief organ of the Carlists, said editorially, on the 17th of last September:

"A sad and shameful spectacle, which is all the more horrifying because it is being tolerated by a Christian and civilized people, is presented by the manner in which the sick and wounded soldiers are transported back from the Philippines and Cuba. The report of the voyage of the *Isla de Panay* is shocking and revolting. Who is it that sanctions this inhumanity, and why are the protests of the healthy passengers not heeded? Why are the soldiers who have risked their lives for their fatherland treated like incumbrances and doomed to death on their way home? Those that bring this state of affairs about and tolerate it have a weighty responsibility before God and man."

And so it seems that cruelty is so natural to this devilish race that they exercise it, as a matter of course, on friend and foe alike. It is said that when Commodore Dewey captured the forts at Manila, he found some hundreds of wounded and sick Spanish soldiers without medicine or attention of any kind, left to the mercy of the conquerors. But they fell into good hands, for the same care was given to those helpless outcasts that would have been bestowed upon our own sick and wounded.

MINISTER WOODFORD'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE DON'S.

The ultimatum of the United States to Spain was passed by Congress on the 19th of April, signed by the President on the 20th, and transmitted by cable to Minister Woodford at Madrid the same day, to be presented to the Spanish government. This message was also forwarded to the Minister at the same time as the ultimatum:

"April 20, 1898.—Woodford, Minister, Madrid: You have been furnished with the text of a joint resolution voted by the Congress of the United States on the 19th instant—approved to-day—in relation to the pacification of the island of Cuba. In obedience to that act, the President directs you to immediately communicate to the government of Spain said resolution with the formal demand of the government of the United States that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"In taking this step the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people, under such free and independent government as they may establish.

"If by the hour of noon on Saturday next, the 23d day of April, instant, there be not communicated to this government by that of Spain a full and satisfactory response to this demand and resolution whereby the ends of peace in Cuba shall be assured, the President will proceed, without further notice, to use the power and authority enjoined and conferred upon him by the said

joint resolution to such extent as may be necessary to carry the same into effect.

"SHERMAN."

In connection with this official correspondence, the same as with everything else relating to our dispute with Spain, trickery of the grossest character was practiced by the Spanish officials. Their sole idea of the meaning of diplomacy seems to be deception and lying. They cannot tell the truth or do an honorable thing in an honest way. Sagasta is their ideal diplomatist. His face is the mirror of his character. Low cunning is stamped on every feature and lineament. No sensible American would trust him out of sight for a single instant.



SENOR SAGASTA, PREMIER OF SPAIN.

Attach horns to his forehead and he would be a perfect Mephistopheles.

It is asserted, and not denied, that the secrecy of the cable service was violated by the Spanish authorities in Madrid, and both the ultimatum and the message were delivered to the government the day before they reached the American Minister. The trick is so contemptible that it can hardly be credited, yet it is characteristic of the Spanish nation, and is confirmed by this message from General Woodford:

"Madrid, April 21, 1898.—Sherman, Washington: Early this (Thursday) morning, immediately after the receipt of your open telegram, and before I had communicated the same to the Spanish government, the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs notified me that diplomatic relations are broken between the two countries, and that all official communications between their respective representatives have ceased. I accordingly asked for safe passports. I will turn legation over to British Embassy and leave for Paris this afternoon. Have notified Consuls." "WOODFORD."

The note to which General Woodford refers was signed by Senor Gullon, Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and was couched in the usual diplomatic language so dear to the treacherous Spanish heart, as follows:

"Dear Sir—In compliance with a painful duty, I have the honor to inform you that there has been sanctioned by the President of the republic a resolution of both chambers of the United States which denies the legitimate sovereignty of Spain and threatens armed intervention in Cuba, which is equivalent to a declaration of war.

"The government of her Majesty has ordered her Minister to return without loss of time from North American territory, together with all the personnel of the legation.

"By this act the diplomatic relations hitherto existing between the two countries and all official communications between their respective representatives cease.

"I am obliged thus to inform you, so that you may make such arrangements as you think fit. I beg your excellency to acknowledge receipt of this note at such time as you deem proper. Taking this opportunity to reiterate to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration. P. GULLON."

General Woodford, having previously made all arrangements, left Madrid soon after the receipt of his safe conduct. There was a great jingo demonstration at the station. G. H. Barclay, the British Charge d'Affaires, and the Secretary of the German Embassy, Count Von Castell Ruedenhausen, saw the United States Minister off.

The authorities of the different Spanish provinces through which the train with General Woodford on board passed were given instructions to take the necessary steps to protect it until the frontier was reached.

He arrived at the station about a quarter of an hour in advance of the hour at which the train was scheduled to leave. But the train started half an hour late, and during the interval he conversed with the representatives of the foreign press and a number of friends. An immense crowd gathered at the station, composed of all classes. A strong force of police and civic guards maintained order, while amid the crowd moved a large number of private detectives. A detachment of civic guards accompanied General Woodford to the front car. The retiring Minister maintained his usual calmness, but looked worried and fatigued.

When the crowd was thickest about him, General Woodford forced his way through and approaching Colonel Morel, the Chief of Police, shook hands with him cordially, thanking him for his kindness and zeal in guarding the United States Legation and his (General Woodford's) residence for so many months.

When he took his seat in the train there was a stir among the spectators and a rush toward the window of the carriage. The Minister remained dignified. Senor Anguelo, the civil governor of Madrid, his gigantic figure rising head and shoulders above the crowd, in a stentorian voice raised a cheer, which was thrice responded to by the crowd. "Viva Espana" resounded throughout the station until the train was fairly outside. This was not meant as a kindly farewell, but was an explosion of long pent-up feeling.

Outside the station Senor Anguelo addressed the crowd, counseling calmness and confidence in the government, which he said, would safeguard the honor of Spain.

Spanish honor, about which the people of that country have so much to say, is a very peculiar thing.

The train bearing General Woodford and his party reached the Spanish frontier at 8 o'clock the following morning, and arrived in Paris at 7:45 the same evening. The journey through Spain was a series of exciting experiences. The Spanish police attempted to capture Mr. Moreno, a member of the legation, and at Valladolid the train was attacked. At this place thousands of excited people attempted to invade the station, and the twenty civil guards, who accompanied the train, were compelled to form up in front of General Woodford's carriage with drawn swords, while other civil guards of the local force issued from the depot to protect the train. Stones were thrown at the train and windows broken. A newspaper man was wounded in the face by broken glass. Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of the City of London, had a narrow escape from being hit by stones, and Mr. Montague Hughes Crackenthorpe, Q. C., had a similar experience.

General Woodford knew nothing of the disturbances until he reached Toloso. There a sergeant of the civil guard, accompanied by a private, boarded the train and demanded that Mr. Joaquin Moreno disembark from the car. James, the General's valet, thereupon awakened the General, who hurriedly dressed while matters were being explained to him. He then formally protested against the attempted interference with his suite, declaring that Mr. Moreno was his private secretary and a British subject. The Spaniards claimed that he was a Spanish subject, but the General refused to give him up to the police and placed himself in the doorway of the compartment in which Mr. Moreno was traveling, declaring he would only surrender the latter if forced to do so.

The Minister then explained to the Spaniards that he placed Mr. Moreno under the protection of the British flag, and that if they took him it would

only be by using personal violence to the United States Minister, who proposed to protect Mr. Moreno until the frontier was crossed. When the Spaniards learned that their action might lead to complications with Great Britain they withdrew.

These exciting experiences of the American Minister contrast strangely with the peaceful departure of the Spanish Minister from Washington and his undisturbed progress to the Canadian frontier. The two incidents are fair indications of the degree of civilization existing in the respective countries. Another singular, as well as edifying contrast, is found in the fact that the Spanish Minister, after reaching Canada, transformed himself and his suite into a band of spies, whose business it was to gather news from all sources regarding movements of the American army and navy, and cable the same to the Spanish government. It is even asserted that the Minister sent paid scoundrels into the United States to blow up powder mills, poison sources of water supply, assassinate prominent officials, and perform other acts of a like character in conformity with the tastes and low instincts of a savage and brutal race. These contrasts strongly mark the distinctions between the two nations, and ought to convince all doubting countries as to which is in the right.

It is said that Mr. Morena, General Woodford's secretary, is in fact a Spaniard, and that he has good cause for not loving his native country. His history is somewhat romantic. His father, a native of Cadiz, became, when a young man, a leader in one of the Republican uprisings in Spain, and for his activity was deported for life to the Spanish penal colony at Ceuta. To this place his sweetheart followed him, and there they were married. The present Mr. Moreno was born there, and there he lived until his father died, when Joaquin was about twelve years old. The mother and son took the body back to Cadiz for burial, and then moved to Gibraltar, where Joaquin secured an English education and then returned to Cadiz. He hates the Spanish monarchy, which he regards as the persecutor of his father.

PATRIOTIC LETTER OF THE AMERICAN ARCHBISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On the 10th of May, at the convocation of the Catholic Archbishops in Washington City, the following circular letter was unanimously adopted and directed to be read in all the Catholic churches of the United States:

*"To the Clergy and Laity of the Catholic Church of the United States—
Greeting:*

*"The events that have succeeded the blowing up of the battleship *Maine* and the sacrifice of two hundred and sixty-six innocent victims, the patriotic*

seamen of the United States, have culminated in war with Spain and our own beloved country.

"Whatever may have been the individual opinions of Americans prior to the declaration of war, there can now be no two opinions as to the duty or the loyalty of Americans.

"A resort to arms was determined upon by the Chief Executive of the nation, with the advice of both houses of Congress, and after consultation with his Cabinet officers, but not until every effort had been exhausted to bring about an honorable and peaceful solution of our difficulties with Spain. The patient calmness, the dignified forbearance, the subdued firmness of President McKinley during the trying time that intervened between the destruction of the *Maine* and the declaration, are beyond all praise, and should command the admiration of every true American. We, the members of the Catholic Church, are true Americans, and as such are loyal to our country and our flag, and obedient in the highest degree to the supreme authority of the nation.

"We are not now engaged in a war of section against section or State against State, but we are united as one man against a foreign enemy and a common foe. If, as we are taught by our holy church, love of country is next to love of God, a duty imposed on us by all laws, human and divine, then it is our duty to labor and to pray for the temporal and spiritual well-being of the brave soldiers who are battling for our beloved country. Let us faithfully beg the God of battles to crown their arms on land and sea with victory and triumph, and to stay unnecessary effusion of blood, and speedily to restore peace to our beloved land and people.

"To this end, we direct that on and after the receipt of this circular and until the close of this war every priest shall, in his daily mass, pray for the restoration of peace by the glorious victory of our flag. We also direct that prayers for the brave soldiers and sailors who fall in battle be said every day after the mass. These prayers shall be said aloud with the people, and shall be one Our Father and one Hail Mary and the De Profundis.

"We pray that God may bless and preserve our country in this great crisis and speedily bring victory, honor and peace to all our people."

Different Sentiments From the Archbishop of Manila.

In striking contrast to the foregoing are the sentiments expressed in the following pastoral letter, issued about the middle of May by the Archbishop of Manila, Philippine Islands, and addressed to the faithful in his diocese. We can readily believe that the good Archbishop will like us better when he becomes more intimately acquainted with Admiral Dewey and his gallant sailors. The letter follows:

"Dark days broke when the North American squadron entered swiftly our brilliant bay, and, despite the heroism of our sailors, destroyed the Spanish ships and succeeded in hoisting the flag of the enemy on the blessed soil of our country.

"Do not forget that in their anger they intend to crush our rights; that the stranger tries to subject us to the yoke of the heretic; tries to break down our religion and drag us from the holy family of the Catholic Church.

"He is an insatiable merchant who tries to make a fortune out of the ruin of Spain. Her possessions are tied with fraternal ties.

"Sons of the metropolis and colonies, very soon you will see an insuperable wall between you and your masters. For you, no more public offices, nor employment by the government. The administration of this country will not be such as under Spain.

"You soon will be formed in a sort of civil republic on the low level of pariah, to be exploited like miserable colonists, reduced to a condition of slavery, beasts and machines, and miserably fed.

"They soon will become the masters of the fruits and treasures of your estates.

"But that will not be the worst. Your temples will soon be in ruins; your chapels turned into Protestant churches, where will not be the throne of God, the God of the Eucharist, nor the Holy Image of the Virgin Mary. Your faithful ministers will disappear.

"What will become of your delicate sons and daughters after their parents have gone and their lot is cast in a Protestant nation?

"There will be strange legislation, strange customs of culture and education, and a propaganda full of vices and errors.

"Poor Philipinos! Unfortunate in this life and in the life eternal.

"Fortunately the roar of the enemy's cannon cries the alarm which has awakened you to a sense of present danger as one man. I know you are preparing to defend your country.

"You must all have recourse to arms and prayers; arms because the Spanish population, though extenuated and wounded, shows its patriotism when defending its religion; prayer because victory is always given by God to those who have not been tyrannized, but who have justice on their side. God will send his angels and saints to be with us and to fight on our side.

"To us the holy inspiration comes to dedicate the Philippine Archipelago to the Holy Heart of Jesus.

"When free of this trouble, you will celebrate annually the 17th of June as a special festival.

"The Governor-General, who is a firm Christian, as a prudent patriot and military chief, joins my prayers to invoke the intercession of the patron saints."

SOME THINGS THAT A CONGRESSMAN SAW IN CUBA.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings, member of Congress from New York, was a member of the Congressional delegation that visited Cuba shortly before the beginning of hostilities. He thus relates some of his experiences, and describes what he saw:

"The Congressional delegation that visited Cuba saw many Spanish troops. In nearly every case they were neatly dressed, fairly drilled, and usually polite and obliging. Their arms and accouterments were always in good condition, and they seemed to be in the best of spirits. They carried Mauser rifles and wore a uniform of light material, something like the old-fashioned check apron of our boyhood days. The coat resembled a Norfolk jacket, and was usually held in place by a black belt. Their hats were of a fine chip straw, with broad brims. The left side of the brim was pinned to the side of the crown with a rosette, carrying the Spanish colors. The officers wore fine Panama hats, with the same rosettes and no plumes. Their uniforms were not of the same material as those of the privates, but were of a steel gray color. The sleeves were richly braided in gold, and similar braid appeared upon the coat collar. Rank was designated by the quantity of braid on each sleeve and collar.

"All the officers and many of the privates sported a profusion of medals. These were decorations awarded either for length of service or for gallantry. The most of these decorations carried increased pay, but so infinitesimal as to be ludicrous. One soldier exhibited a cross which brought in \$1.72 a year in addition to his regular pay. In one case an officer exhibited an emblem granted for service in the field, which produced as high as \$7.50 a year. All who received honors were evidently very proud of them, whether remuneration was great or small. Generals carried Malacca canes aside from their swords. The cane is an indication of rank. The commanding officers carry them in drilling their regiments. Besides the drill there was an inspection every morning.

Inspection of Soldiers.

"For the inspection, the regiment was brought to a rear open order, the front rank facing about and confronting the rear rank. The inspecting officer started down the right of the line, the regiment standing at a parade rest. The companies came to arms port as he came down the line. From the start to finish he held his sword in his right hand at an angle of forty-five degrees, the hilt being within three inches of his nose. Each captain and ranking lieutenant attended him as he inspected their company. Occasionally he stopped and worked the locks of the different rifles with his left hand, keeping his sword in his right and still carrying it at an angle of forty-five degrees. At times he upbraided men for negligence of attire. Meantime, the companies awaiting inspection smoked cigarettes, gazed at the ladies in the

windows of the hotels, and bought tidbits from the hucksters who beset the line. The jabbering was incessant until the inspecting officer reached the company; then all were as motionless as statues.

"The privates seemed to look upon the inspecting officer with awe, while the company officers evidently gave cues to their men when he was approaching. There was no crowd around the regiment, and nobody, aside from the soldiers themselves, seemed to take any interest in the inspection. After the inspection the commanding officer took his station twenty feet away from the regiment and issued his orders in a loud voice. The regiment came to a close order and moved off by the right flank at a very quick step to the call of the



SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

bugle. All the privates were young men, ranging, apparently, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

"Men in uniform are found on every street. The officers swarm in the restaurants, drinking light wines and feeding on olla podrida, and other Spanish dishes well seasoned with garlic. There are usually ladies at their tables, and cigars and cigarettes are always in form. The generals were as numerous as generals in Washington, in 1862, when Orpheus C. Kerr said that a negro who threw a stick at a dog in front of Willard's had the misfortune to spatter mud on two major-generals, six brigadiers, and two colonels.

"The Spaniards seemed to be well supplied with money. They aired their uniforms in carriages at all hours of the day, and as the sun went down appeared in profusion along a favorite drive on the seashore toward Banas.

"No signs of sympathy with the starving reconcentrados were shown by the Spanish soldiers. The starving people shunned them as they would have shunned hyenas. The soldiers treated them with the utmost indifference, so long as they remained within their pens. If any ventured outside, they were either shot or bayoneted, according to orders. The bayonets were short and resembled the blade of a bowie knife. The officers were far more heartless toward the reconcentrados. They sneered at them and took apparent delight in aggravating their misery. On returning from Sagua La Grande toward Matanzas a Congressman bought a Madrid newspaper on February 22d. Although not versed in the Spanish language, he managed to extract some information from its columns.

Specimen of Spanish Humor.

"He offered it afterward to a Spanish officer, who sat in the opposite seat, facing two comrades. It was accepted with thanks. Not long afterward the officers opened a lunch basket. The car was filled with the flavor of boiled ham. Bottles of wine were uncorked, and the officer politely invited the Congressman to partake of the lunch. He as politely declined, saying that he was not hungry. As the officers finished their lunch the train entered Colon. A hundred starving reconcentrados besieged the cars on the outside, extending their bony hands in supplication and moaning for food. The savory flavor of the ham reached their nostrils. The officers laughed at them. Calling a fat negro porter into the car, they placed him at the open window and gave him the remnants of the lunch. He displayed the treasure to the eyes of the sufferers, and laughingly munched the boiled ham and bread, washing it down with copious draughts of light wine.

"To the agonizing expressions of those outside he at first paid no heed, then he made up a tempting sandwich and offered it to a starving white woman with a starving infant at her breast. As she reached forth her hand to receive it he drew it back with a grin and ate it himself. This action aroused the risibilities of the Spanish officers, who seemed intensely amused and patted the negro on the back."

WEYLER, THE UNSPEAKABLE MONSTER.

Among those who were a part of the exodus deemed wise for all Americans to make from Cuba after the declaration of war, was the representative of one of the foremost of American corporations, a man who has had charge of all the interests of that corporation in the West Indies, with headquarters at Havana. He arrived in New York the latter part of April, and remained there because he received warnings from intimate friends that his name was upon a list which contained all the names of many other Americans who

were, the instant hostilities began, to be assassinated. He had earlier been told that his life would be in danger if he remained in Havana, but paid no heed to the warning.

The question was asked, whether the reports of Weyler's personal cruelty had been exaggerated, and the reply was instant and emphatic. Two facts which came within this man's knowledge from eye-witnesses were spoken of by him as horrible proofs of the absolute lack of human sympathy or of the ordinary instincts of humanity which especially characterized Weyler's rule. Not long after Weyler went to Cuba a company of Spanish soldiers had fallen upon a little village, and had killed all of the adults in that village. A child only two years of age was found unharmed amid the awful carnage. Some of the Spanish soldiers took the child and made a pet of it. Instances of that kind were not infrequent, and there are to-day little children whose lives were spared, who have been adopted by some of the Spanish troops. The little thing was bright and playful, and became a general favorite. It was tenderly cared for, and its pranks were the delight of the men who had taken the child under their protection. They taught it to speak a few words, and in a spirit of jest had taught it to say, when any one asked, "Who lives?" "Cuba lives."

One day General Weyler came into camp, and, seeing the little child, asked how it came there. They told him that it had been adopted by the soldiers, and then one unthinking officer said: "Ask it, General, who lives." Weyler did so, and the little thing replied: "Live Cuba." Thereupon General Weyler drew his revolver from his pocket and placed the muzzle of it at the mouth of the infant, and then said to it: "Blow into it." As the child did so Weyler discharged the revolver, almost blowing the head of the innocent child from its body.

The soldiers protested, horrified. They said to Weyler that the child did not know what it was saying, and that it would have said "live Spain" just as willingly had it been taught to do that. Weyler shrugged his shoulders and turned on his heel.

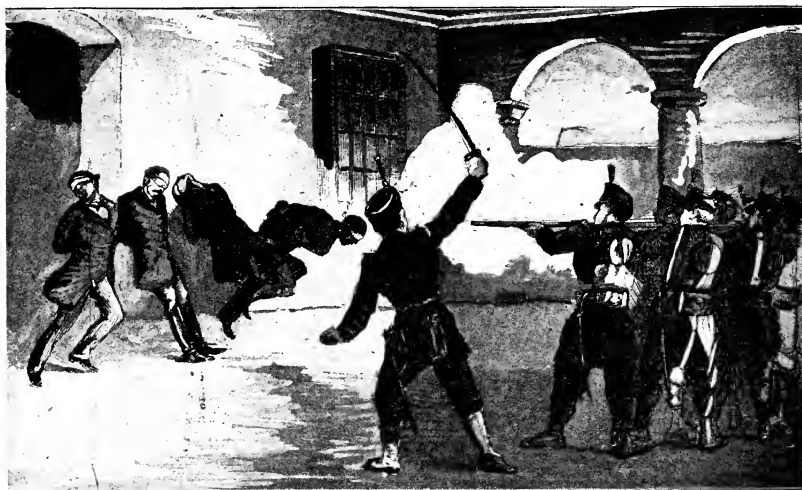
This horrible incident, some hint of which has before reached this country, was vouched for as a truthful report by this business man. He also said, and he spoke practically from his own knowledge, that one day Weyler was with some of the Spanish troops, and seeing in the distance a crowd of people he asked who they were. The reply was that they were reconcentrados. Weyler said: "There are insurgents behind them—fire into them at once."

Thereupon, the officer in command, advancing to General Weyler, said: "General, I know that to disobey the command of the superior officer is to incur death. I submit myself to that penalty, for I will not give the command to fire upon those women, old men, and children. I came here to fight the insurgents, and not to commit a massacre."

Weyler hesitated a moment, then realizing what the consequences might be were he to order this officer shot for refusing to execute his order, he commanded him to return to Havana, and afterwards sent him back to Spain.

There were other incidents illustrating the inhumanity of Weyler which this man was able to tell from personal experience, but it needs no more than these two to confirm those who assert that the methods adopted by Spain in Cuba were methods which Nero himself could not have surpassed in ingenious cruelty.

Another incident fully as brutal as either of the foregoing is related by Stephen Bonsal in his book entitled "The Real Condition of Cuba To-Day."



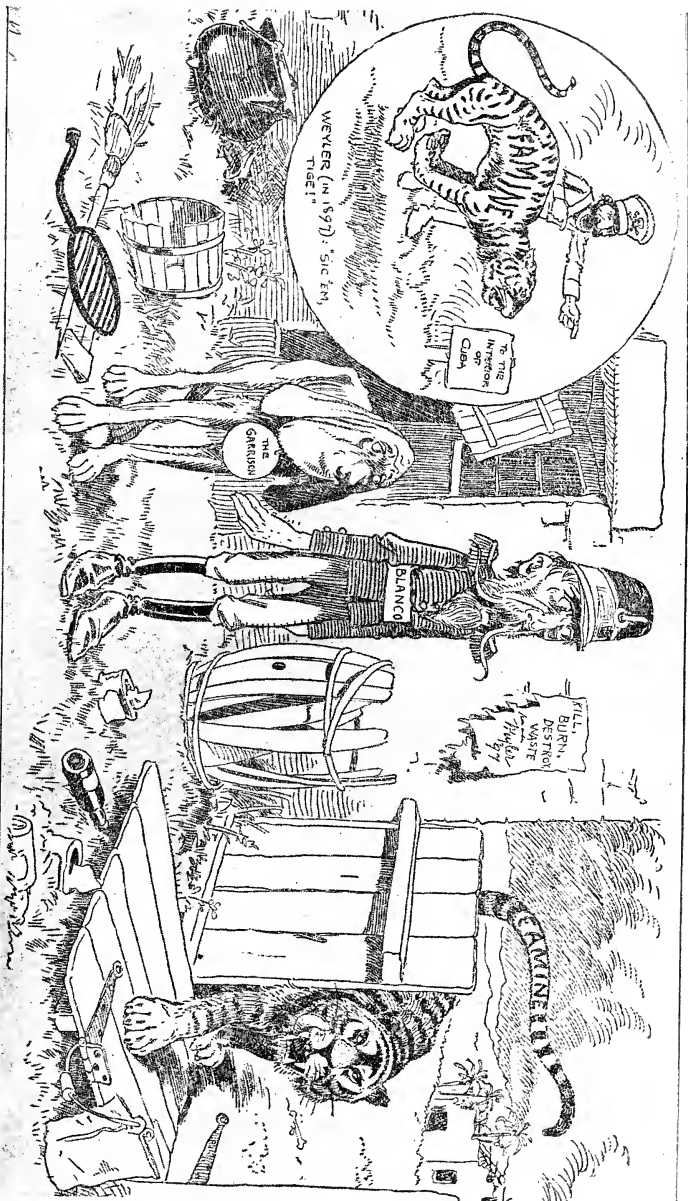
EXECUTION OF PRISONERS.

This also occurred during the reign of Weyler, and in conformity with his orders:

Two little Cuban boys, whose only crime was that they had been heard shouting "Long live free Cuba," were arrested and condemned to be shot. An old sergeant tells the story. They were kept in prison for some days, and were always together. The kind-hearted lieutenant who had charge of them could not separate them. Finally, they were told that they must die, and they were very much pleased when they learned that they would die together. The old sergeant adds:

"Then the oldest seemed to lose his courage a little, whispered imploringly to the captain, and we thought he was going to give way, poor little worm! and I would not blame him. He should have been at home with his

CARTOON REPRESENTING WEYLER'S INFAMOUS CONCENTRATION ORDER



mother, curled up in her lap. But then the captain answered, loud and sharp, and we knew he had been wavering. The captain said: 'What you ask is impossible—I cannot have your arms unbound. I must obey orders, and you must be shot just as you are, like all other prisoners sentenced to death for rebellion.'

"Then the little chap, who was not a year older than his brother, blew out his chest like a game-cock and said: 'I only ask because Carlito is so young; because I wanted to put my arms about him when you fired, to save him all I could when the bullets came. But Carlito is a Cuban—he will be brave.'

"Then the sergeant made them kneel down three feet apart, on the ground, with their backs to the firing platoon. It was hardly a second. The file was drawn up, and the lieutenant cried: 'Apun tar!' (aim). But, you know these little fellows had edged toward each other, working on their knees hard, and were kneeling shoulder touching shoulder, and with cheek to cheek. Then the volley came, and the bullets lifted the poor little feather-weights off the ground and blew them against the wall, they were so light and fragile."

It is said that the brute Weyler glories in his bad reputation. In reply to a suggestion that his administration in Cuba was regarded as cruel he is reported as saying:

"I don't know. I don't trouble to consider. I am a military man and do not live for myself, but for my country. I was sent to make war upon the rebels, and I did this; and neither more nor less than this. When a rebel was caught with arms in his hands, I treated him as a prisoner of war and sent him before the tribunal exactly as had been done before me. When I caught a dastardly dynamiter or ruffianly assassin who stabbed unarmed men or violated women, once his guilt was made clear I ordered him to be shot. If that be cruelty, certainly I was cruel; and I am prepared to become so again.

"I never pardoned a single dynamiter or assassin in Cuba. All were shot. I am old-fashioned enough to think myself merciful. I was rigorous, just and resolute. I had a problem to solve by the rules of military science. I had earned the hatred and provoked the curses of the sworn enemies of Spain, but it will never cause me a bad night's sleep.

"I did not originate the scheme of reconcentration. If it were mine I would avow it. The scheme was the upshot of war, the growth of abnormal conditions rather than a deliberate plan. It was rife in the time of Campos. I did everything for them except to give up the soldiers' rations and to allow our troops to die of hunger. I am a soldier, and I have never considered it my duty to wrap up my rifle balls in wadding lest I hurt my enemy.

"War is war, and not a picnic. In the present crisis we should make a bold dash into the enemy's country. It would do more good than the most regular mechanical defense. I am ready to return to Cuba to-morrow to help repair the mistakes of the past."

There are several millions of good and true Americans who would be only too glad if this unspeakable monster should carry out his threat and "make a bold dash into the enemy's country." He would receive a warm welcome to a hospitable grave. But he will never come. Monsters like him are always cowards. They will bluster and threaten, and torture and murder the innocent and helpless, but they are careful not to place themselves in positions of personal danger. Weyler is a legitimate product of Spanish bull-fighting civilization.

An eloquent minister, referring to this monster in a recent sermon, said:

"For three years Spain has been carrying on the most inhuman of war-fares. I don't even care to soil my lips with mentioning the name of her representative in the island—Weyler. I've had occasion once or twice, and there always seemed to be something the matter with my tongue when I did it. Womanhood and girlhood suffered unmentionable atrocities at the hands of the savage soldiers. Too slowly, it seemed to summon us to the rescue. God Almighty has made this American republic the trustee and guardian of Christian civilization on this Western hemisphere. The Spanish character was more completely shown to us of late. Its treacherous side was uncovered in the insult that the Spanish Minister, De Lome, gave to the President, to the Congress, and to the people. This treacherous, hypocritical ingrate was writing the most insulting letters concerning the President and the Congress while representing his government at Washington as our guest. Is it any wonder that the people long ago determined that the destruction of the *Maine* was by Spanish purpose and Spanish treachery?

"War was declared, and thank God for it. War sometimes is a necessity. I believe this to be a war of necessity. In this wonderful and loyal response, Spain is about to learn what liberty means under this American flag. The declaration of war along the providential line means that the Spanish fleet shall be driven forever from the Western seas. It isn't too early to prophesy. It means that Spain—I should like to see it, I should like to be on hand—must bid an eternal farewell to the Western hemisphere. It means that licensed robbery shall cease on the island. It means that the blood and the groans of men and women in that blood-washed island shall no longer be for the gratification of martinets. It means that defenseless womanhood shall be forever delivered from the sensualities of Spanish soldiers. It means that in the name of Almighty God, in the name of liberty, that justice—human and divine—shall come down upon Spain. And the beauty of this war—if there be beauty in war—is that it is not for the greed

of gold, for the lust of territory. But when some future historian writes the book of this time, one of the golden pages that will shine out is that page that records how the American republic moved out to the help of suffering Cuba."

ANTONIO MACEO, THE GREATEST GENERAL OF THE AFRICAN RACE.

Maceo was undoubtedly the greatest general that the revolution has produced. He was as swift on the march as Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson, and equally as prudent and wary. He had flashes of military genius when-

ever a crisis arose.

It was to his sudden inspiration that Martinez Campos owed his final defeat at Coliseo, giving the patriots the opportunity to overrun the richest of the western provinces, and to carry the war to the very gates of Havana.

Maceo developed rapidly in the ten years' war, which closed twenty years ago. As a boy his brightness and probity attracted the attention of



GENERAL MACEO AND STAFF.

General Gomez, who made him his protege. In him Gomez had the utmost confidence, and he loved him as he loved his son or brother. Maceo entered the patriot army as a lieutenant. His promotion was rapid, and he rose to the rank of major-general. In that war he developed the ability shown in the present war. He died a lieutenant-general. No one has ever questioned his patriotism. Money could not buy him, promises could not deceive him. His devotion to Cuban freedom was like the devotion of a father to his family. All his energies, physical and intellectual, were given freely to his country. He won the rank of colonel at Sacra, between Guimara and Puerto Principe.

This was the first and only time that Maceo was ever driven back, but the odds against him were fearful. Gomez was engaged in battle with General Valmesada, under whom Weyler learned cruelty and brutality. Gomez, at this time, had eight hundred men, and Valmesada 1500. Only three hundred of the patriots were armed with rifles. The others carried the machete, and used it with deadly effect. Two hundred men were put under Maceo's command. He was placed in an important position, and told to hold it as long as possible. Meantime, Gomez prepared an ambushade for the Spaniards. Maceo held the position for hours, and brought back eighty of his two hundred men, fifty-two of the eighty being wounded. The Spanish



MACEO ON HIS WAY TO MEET CAMPOS.

forces were caught in a ravine, and lost six hundred men. It was the most momentous battle of the ten years' war. Maceo was then a captain, and Gomez commander-in-chief.

Maceo, though a mulatto, was a second cousin of Martinez Campos. His mother came from the town of Mayari, on the north coast of Eastern Cuba. Indian blood courses in the veins of its inhabitants—the Indians of whom Jesus Rabi, a prominent Cuban general, is so striking a representative. Maceo's mother was half Indian and half negro. Her family name was Grinan. Colonel Martinez del Campos, the father of Martinez Campos, was the military governor of Mayari. While in this station he had relations

with a woman of Indian and negro blood, who was a first cousin of Maceo's mother. It was in Mayari that Martinez Campos was born. The father returned to Spain, taking his boy with him. Campos was baptized and legitimized in Spain, and under Spanish law the town in which one is baptized is recognized as his legal birthplace.

When Campos returned to Cuba as captain-general he made inquiries for his mother. On discovering her residence, he established her at Campo Florida, near Havana, where she was tenderly cared for until her death some three years ago. The second cousins were on opposite sides in the fight at Sacra, in which Valmesada was defeated. While the governments were conducting negotiations at Zanjón, under the promise of autonomy made by Campos, Maceo remained in the mountain district of Eastern Cuba. For a long time he refused to enter into any negotiations whatever with the Spanish authorities.

After Maceo became a major-general and Campos became captain-general, and while preliminaries were being discussed at Zanjón, a meeting between them was arranged. Campos was very desirous of a conference with Maceo. He sent word that he was coming, and they met on the plain of Barrajua. There were two royal palms of extraordinary size on this plain, landmarks throughout the country, well known to everybody. It was agreed the two generals should meet in the shade of these palms at noon, accompanied by their staffs. The place of meeting was selected by Maceo, at the request of the captain-general. Maceo's army was only a few miles away. The mulatto general arrived beneath the palm trees at noon, with an escort of thirty men. Raising his field-glass he scanned the horizon, but could see nobody. Surprised that Campos did not keep his word, he dismounted and found the captain-general seated and propped against one of the palms fast asleep. Before this discovery Maceo had seen a horse tethered in a clump of bushes two hundred yards away. It had borne Campos to the rendezvous. When the Spanish general opened his eyes, Maceo said: "Why, General, where is your staff?"

"Between gentlemen, on occasions like this," Campos gravely replied, "there is no need of witnesses."

It is possible that the captain-general did not desire the presence of his staff, preferring that the conversation should be strictly confidential. Strangers are not the only ones dogged by Spanish spies. The government itself maintains an espionage on all of its officers.

Describing the interview afterward, Maceo said that never in his life did he feel more ashamed than when Campos remarked that gentlemen, on occasions like this, needed no witnesses. In reply the patriot said: "General, pardon me," and turning to his staff ordered them back several hundred yards. Among them was the noted negro commander, Flor Crombet, whose

inflexible patriotism was sometimes sullied by atrocious acts. Maceo might justly be termed the Toussaint l'Ouverture of the insurrection, and Crombet its Dessalines. Saluting Maceo, previous to retiring, Crombet said: "General, I hope you know your duty."

To this remark Maceo responded: "Retire, and return at 3 o'clock."

Crombet referred to a law enacted by the Cuban government similar to the one now in force in Cuba. It provided for the shooting of any Spanish officer who approached a patriot general to treat for a surrender. In telling



THE AMBUSCADE AT "HELL'S STEPS."

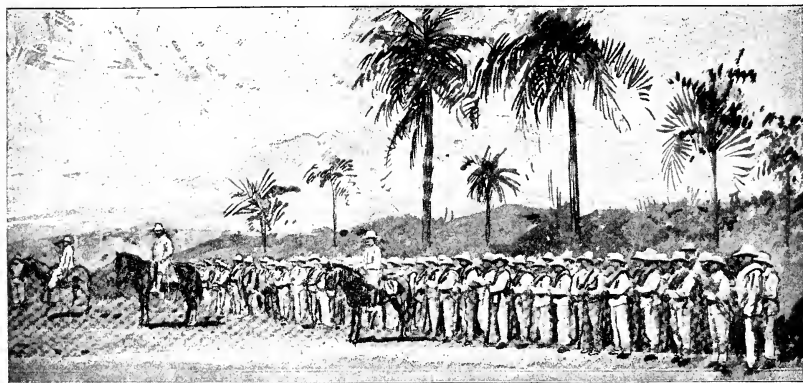
the story afterward, Maceo said that he saw the devil in Crombet's eyes and feared trouble.

At 3 o'clock the escort returned, but without Crombet. Quintin Bandera, the well-known negro general of the present war, came back with the escort and reported that on reaching the camp Flor Crombet had mustered his forces and departed. This reduced Maceo's army at least one-third. Fearful that Crombet meant mischief, and knowing his savage disposition, Maceo was afraid that Campos might be attacked on his return to headquarters. He offered to escort him back to his staff, and the offer was accepted. Crombet had really gone to ambuscade Campos and his escort. He planted the ambuscade at a point called Los Infernos (Hell's Steps). When Campos reached his escort Maceo shook hands with him and departed.

He warily followed the captain-general, however, until long after sunset. About 8 o'clock at night Campos was fiercely attacked by Crombet. The attack was stoutly resisted. Maceo closed up, on hearing the first shot, and vigorously defended Campos, much to the astonishment of the latter. The assault was repelled, and the captain-general returned to Alto Songo, Maceo accompanying him as far as Jaraúca.

Flor Crombet never rejoined Maceo. He afterward disbanded his forces, reached the southern coast and escaped to Jamaica. This story was told by Maceo to a friend while seated on a log on the plain of Barrajua, near the two royal palms where Martinez Campos took his nap.

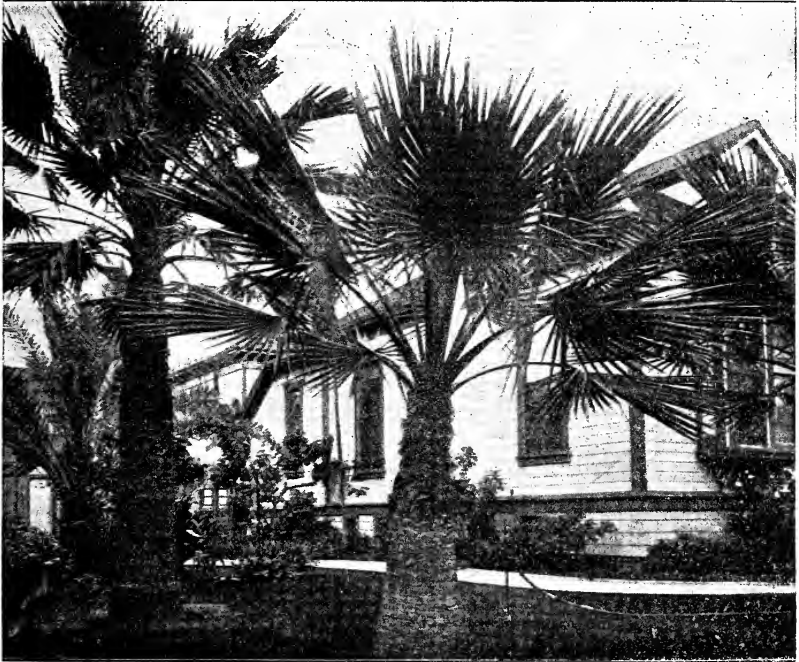
Maceo had a second interview with Campos not long afterward. It was upon the estate of an English planter. Campos urged him to follow the example of others and surrender on the promise of autonomy. Maceo stoutly



LAST MUSTER OF THE CUBANS IN THE TEN YEARS' WAR.

refused to accept such terms. He proposed that he be allowed to secrete his arms and leave Cuba, feeling perfectly free to return to the island whenever he pleased. This proposal was finally accepted. Campos further guaranteed the freedom of the slaves in Maceo's army, promising that they should have the same rights in Cuba thereafter as Spanish citizens. He also solemnly promised that Maceo and his staff should be sent to Jamaica on a steamship furnished by Campos, and there released. These promises were made in the presence of the British Consul, who came to Songo with Maceo in a buggy. On his arrival at Songo, the patriot general was sent in a special train with the British Consul to Santiago de Cuba. From the train he went directly aboard the ship *Thomas Brooks*, chartered to take him to Jamaica. Somewhat to his surprise, his staff was placed aboard another steamer, called *Los Angeles*. In violation of the promise of Martinez Campos, the staff were

taken, not to Jamaica, but to Porto Rico. There they were transferred to Spanish warships and taken to Ceuta. It is probable that Maceo would also have been sent there, despite the agreement of Campos, were it not for the friendship shown him by the British Consul, Mr. Ramsden, who was the owner of the *Thomas Brooks*. Some months later, Campos became Prime Minister in Spain. He had guaranteed home rule to Cuba, but the Spanish Cortes refused to sanction the agreement. They were not, however, utterly lost to shame, for they did pass Moret's bill, freeing the negroes. This,



MACEO'S RESIDENCE IN CUBA. (From a Photograph).

however, looked like a stroke of policy. It was evidently done to curry favor with the negroes, whose bravery, devotion and discipline were unquestioned.

The same policy is being pursued by the Spaniards to-day. Two negroes are serving as secretaries under the autonomist cabinet. A month ago Blanco was forming a new negro regiment, offering recruits \$20 a month in silver. Negro volunteers are to be found in all the large cities. The white Cubans, however, are not allowed to enter the volunteer regiments; they are invariably incorporated into the regular Spanish army. The lieutenant-colonel of the

royal body-guard of Captain-General Weyler was a Spanish-French negro, born in New Orleans, and once a servant of ex-Senator P. B. S. Pinchback, of Louisiana. He was a distinguished chiropodist in Havana when he was made a lieutenant-colonel. To-day he displays a dazzling array of diamonds and decorations. He is vice-chairman of the Weyler Junta in Havana, and chief of the colored fire brigade. He also owns a tri-weekly newspaper, which invariably reprints from the American press all the accounts of lynchings of negroes in the Southern States. In his editorial columns he alludes to them as an argument against annexation to the United States.

Quintin Bandera means "fifteen flags." The appellation was given to Bandera because he had captured fifteen Spanish ensigns. He is a coal-black negro, of remarkable military ability. He was a slave of Quesada. With others of Maceo's staff, he was sent to prison at Ceuta. While in prison the daughter of a Spanish staff officer fell in love with him. Through her aid he escaped in a boat to Gibraltar, where he became a British subject and married his preserver. She is of Spanish and Moorish blood, and is said to be a lady of education and refinement. She taught her husband to read and write, and takes great pride in his achievements.

Jose Maceo, the half-brother of Antonio, escaped from Ceuta with Quintin Bandera.

Antonio Maceo neither smoked tobacco nor drank spirituous liquor. When he felt unwell, he took copious draughts of orange leaf tea. It is said that he was also in the habit of taking arsenic in solution. He forbade all smoking in camp at nights, and no one had the hardihood to smoke in his presence, as he had a natural antipathy to the fumes of tobacco.

After the close of the ten years' war he became a civil engineer, and spent some years in Central America. He was in communication with Marti and Gomez, and received information of the late insurrection at Port Limon. From there he went to Venezuela, and from Venezuela to Cuba. In concert with Marti, Gomez, Flor Crombet, Rabi, Bandera, and others, he assisted in organizing the army and in developing the plan for operations. The final meeting was held upon a plantation owned by a relative of the Pope. It was Maceo who planned the attack upon Martinez Campos on the way from Manzanillo to Bayamo. It was in this attack that General Santocildes was killed. Campos instinctively took an unused road and escaped to Bayamo. He had previously escaped death by strategy. He was carried in a litter from the rear to the vanguard of his army. The Cubans, taking him for a wounded soldier, allowed him to pass without firing at him.

HER CHIEF DELIGHT IS KILLING BULLS.

"I am for this war," said Col. R. G. Ingersoll, looking up with a satisfied smile from his paper, where he had just finished reading an account of "Dewey's Breakfast" at Manila. "It is the only war in the history of the world that is wholly unselfish, absolutely noble, and for the benefit of the down-trodden, starving people of another race. It is natural for a man to defend himself—the birds do that. But nothing is nobler than to defend the weak when they are right. Back of this war there are no hatreds, no desires for revenge—but there are tears of pity and mercy aroused to redress the wrongs, as becomes justice. Spain herself is a victim. She is a theological bankrupt.

"The natural home of the Inquisition, her bigotry made her cruel, her ignorance made her bigoted; and now the former owner of half the world sits amid the ruins of her vanished grandeur, broken and impoverished, yet still enjoying cruelty, happiest when killing bulls and persecuting honest people. Of course, there is no great honor in whipping Spain; but joy is the result of duty done."

CUBA AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Mr. Jefferson was the first distinguished American to call attention to Cuba with special reference to its influence on our national interests and safety, on the ground that its location made it the key to the Gulf of Mexico, and that for this reason we could not afford to see the island pass into the possession of an unfriendly foreign power. Up to the time of this declaration, Spain had usually been our steadfast friend, a fact which Jefferson, in common with all the other revolutionary leaders, fully appreciated. He was, therefore, willing that Spain should retain her sovereignty over Cuba, but while enunciating this principle, solely on the ground of continued national friendship, he also declared that we should look to the eventual control of the island for our own protection; and the policy that he outlined is the one that our government has steadily pursued ever since. It was in the course of the discussion of this Cuban question, in one of his letters to President Monroe, that Jefferson declared the principles of the "Monroe Doctrine," subsequently proclaimed by Madison in his message of December 2, 1823, almost in the precise language used by Jefferson.

It was during President Monroe's administration that the stream of Cuba's fortunes first started to enter the general current of United States history. Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain in 1819, on the assumption by the American government of claims on Spain by American citizens to the extent of \$5,000,000, but Spain did not formally ratify the treaty of transfer until 1821. By the latter year Spain had lost all its territory in North America, for in that year Mexico had gained its independence, though

the mother country attempted afterward to regain control of that nation. Almost all Spain's territory in Central and South America, too, had absolutely or virtually—most of it absolutely—broken away from her by that time. Out of the imperial domain which Columbus and later discoverers, explorers and conquerors had given to Spain, there remained under her authority in the New World only Cuba, Porto Rico, and a few smaller islands. And two years after the accession of Florida there appeared to be a prospect that the two



PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE IN CUBA. (From a Photograph).

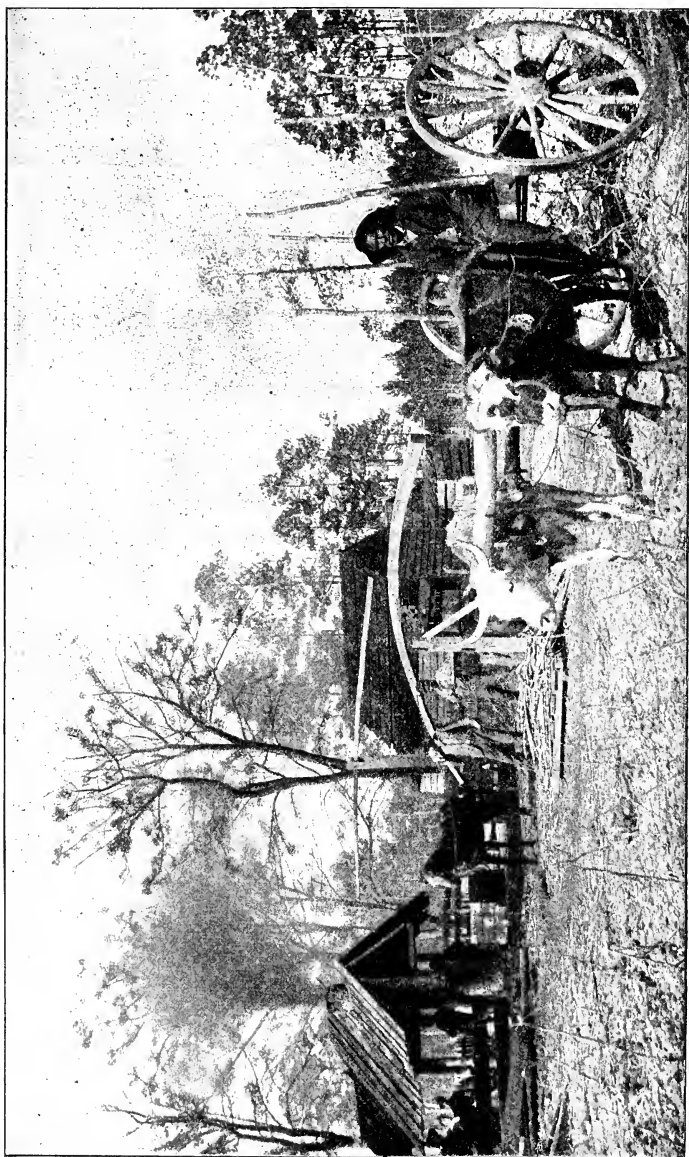
islands named would pass out of Spain's possession, though not to become an independent country or to be annexed to some neighboring nation which had already achieved its freedom from Spain, but to fall into the hands of a powerful European state. This possibility, as American statesmen viewed it then, and would view it now, if it were present, carried with it an element of menace to the peace and safety of the United States.

"In the war between France and Spain now commencing," said John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, in a letter to Hugh Nelson, the United

States Minister at Madrid, dated April 28, 1823, "other interests, peculiarly ours, will in all probability be involved. Whatever may be the issue of this war as between those two European powers, it may be taken for granted that the dominion of Spain upon the American continents, North and South, is irrevocably gone. But the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico still remain nominally, and so far really dependent upon her, that she yet possesses the power of transferring her own dominion over them, together with the possession of them, to others." Then Adams said that Cuba had "become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests" of the United States, and that the fate of the island had a concern for us almost as great as that which bound the different states of the union together. Adams did not favor Cuban annexation. He thought the country was not prepared to acquire any territory not contiguous to us, but believed that annexation would come ultimately; and in expressing these views, he simply followed the principles which had been enunciated by Jefferson in his correspondence with President Monroe.

The Monroe Doctrine was promulgated as a warning to Europe to keep its hands off the American continent, and it was directed specifically at the Holy Alliance, the principal members of which were Russia, Austria, Prussia and France; and we see the same powers still disposed to active concert in their opposition to the present righteous war.

The alliance was actively at work when Adams wrote. The "war between France and Spain," which he spoke of as having just begun, was waged by France, at the direction of the alliance, against the Spanish Liberals, who had gained control of their government, and who had coerced the cowardly, treacherous and tyrannical Ferdinand VII. into paying a decent regard to the Spanish constitution of 1812. Bourbon France, at the bidding of the other nations of the league, invaded Spain on April 9, 1823, with an army of 100,000, to overthrow the Liberals and restore Ferdinand to absolute sway. It finished its work by September of that year, Ferdinand being released from all constraint and the constitution set aside. At the time that Adams wrote, which was nearly three weeks after the French had invaded Spain, and two months after the invasion had been decided on, there was a vague fear in the United States that France might ultimately seize Cuba. This inspired the Adams letter of April 28, 1823. The intimation by George Canning in August of that year to Richard Rush, the American Minister at London, that after France had restored Ferdinand, the alliance would be apt to attack Mexico, Chili and the other nations which had broken away from Spain, incited Monroe to issue his warning in December to Europe to keep its hands off the American continent, this course being also strongly urged upon him by his friend and mentor, Thomas Jefferson.



CUBAN SUGAR MANUFACTORY. (From a Photograph)

But Adams, as President, took stronger ground against a possible transfer of Cuba to any other European nation than he had done as Secretary of State. Secretary Clay, by President Adams' direction, told the European governments, on October 17, 1825, that "the United States, for themselves, desired no change in the political condition of Cuba," declaring that the country "could not with indifference see it (Cuba) passing from Spain to any other power." A week later the American Minister at Paris was directed to inform France that, in reference to Cuba and Porto Rico, "we could not consent to the occupation of those islands by any other European power than Spain under any other contingency whatever."

At that time Cuban annexation to the United States was not by many persons spoken of as a possibility. It was so announced, however, in 1852, by the Secretary of State. England and France asked the United States in that year to enter into an agreement by which each would pledge itself to make no attempt to gain Cuba, and to oppose its acquisition by any other nation. Edward Everett, who had succeeded Daniel Webster as Secretary of State in the Fillmore Cabinet on Webster's death in October, 1852, declared, in answer to the overtures of England and France, that "the President does not covet the acquisition of Cuba for the United States," and set forth that the matter was "mainly an American question," in which no other European nation than Spain should have any concern. Finally, he assured those countries that "no administration of this government, however strong in the public confidence in other respects, could stand a day under the odium of having stipulated with the great powers of Europe, that in no future time, under no change of circumstances, * * * should the United States ever make the acquisition of Cuba." That is, Everett took the ground first enunciated by Jefferson, that Cuba would have to belong to Spain, or the United States. This position has been held by American statesmen ever since.

In 1836 the avarice of Christina, the Queen Regent, mother of the then six-year-old Isabella II., led to an offer by the Spanish government to sell Cuba to France for 30,000,000 reals (about \$1,500,000), and to give Porto Rico and the Philippines for a small sum also—10,000,000 reals. Spain's agent, Campuzano, had an audience with Louis Philippe, the French King, and the members of the French Cabinet, at which the King, true to his commercial instincts, tried to make a better bargain for his country. He appeared to be satisfied with the price of Cuba, but the chances of a rupture with England on account of the purchase of the Philippines, impelled him to demand a reduction in the price of that group, or else, as he said, "the contract must be thrown into the fire." Enraged at the refusal of such a favorable offer, Campuzano sprang to his feet with such vigor that his chair fell, clutched the document, and exclaimed excitedly to the King: "Your Majesty is right. The contract is fit only to be thrown into the fire." Into the fire

it went, and the maddened Spaniard held it in with tongs until it was burned to ashes. Campuzano's rage had profound historical consequences. It averted war between the United States and France and saved Cuba from an entanglement which would have temporarily or permanently altered its destiny. This episode, however, did not become known to the United States and the world until years afterward.

President Polk, in 1848, made an offer for Cuba which was many times



CUBAN FAMILY OF MIXED BLOOD. (From a Photograph).

higher than the price for which Spain proposed to sell it to France in 1836, but Isabella II. was on the throne at this time, the influence of the avaricious Christina was no longer potent, and Spain placed a higher estimate on the value of Cuba than it had done at the earlier date. Polk's Secretary of State, James Buchanan, instructed Romulus M. Saunders, the American Minister at Madrid, on June 17, 1848, to ascertain from the Spanish government at what price it would sell Cuba to the United States, and mentioned \$100,000,-

000 as a maximum which the United States would give. Spain, as she has more than once done recently, refused to entertain any proposition to sell Cuba, and a few months after the Whig, Zachary Taylor, went to the presidency, in 1849, the proposition to purchase was withdrawn by his Secretary of State, John M. Clayton. Spain's refusal to sell Cuba, and the tyranny and misrule of her Captains-General, led to the Lopez incident and various filibuster-



A DESERTED CUBAN VILLAGE. (From a Photograph.)

tering expeditions for the liberation of the island, described elsewhere in this volume.

The atrocities attending the killing of Colonel Crittenden, second in command under Lopez, aroused an intense hostility against Spain in all parts of the United States, where filibustering had been discountenanced. This is remembered still; and the war-cry of the Kentucky volunteers in the present conflict is "Remember Crittenden!" These attempts to capture Cuba attracted attention throughout the world, and called out the proposition from England and France to the United States in 1852 for a tripartite treaty guaranteeing Cuba to Spain, which has already been mentioned in this article.

Cuba brought more trouble for the United States three years after Lopez and Crittenden were executed. This was in 1854, when the American steamer *Black Warrior* was seized by the Spanish authorities at Havana, and when, a few months later, the Ostend Manifesto was issued. February 28th of that year this vessel, which touched at Havana on the way between New Orleans and New York, was seized in Havana, and cotton which she carried was confiscated because her manifest certified there was no cargo aboard. The irregularity was technical only, as the cotton was said to have been carried as ballast, and the officials in Cuba always winked at the practice before that time. There were loud demands in the South for war on Spain and the capture of Cuba; but Spain released the vessel at last and the difficulty was settled.

This incident led President Pierce to believe that the opportunity had arrived for settling the vexed question of the ownership of Cuba, and he decided to make an offer for the island that would enable Spain to extricate herself from her financial embarrassments. The negotiations were confided to Mr. Soulé, our Minister to Madrid; but recognizing the importance of the movement, the President instructed our Ministers to England and France (Messrs. Buchanan and Mason) to act in concert with Mr. Soulé. They met at Ostend, in Belgium, but afterward adjourned to Aix-la-Chapelle, where they drew up a memorandum which is known in history as the Ostend Manifesto. In this document the Ministers set forth the importance of Cuba to the United States, the advantages which would accrue to Spain from its sale at a fair price, the difficulties that she would encounter in endeavoring to retain possession by mere military power, the sympathy of the people of the United States for the inhabitants of the island; and, finally, the possibility that Spain, as a last resort, might endeavor to Africanize Cuba, and thus become instrumental in the re-enactment of scenes similar to those which had been witnessed in Santo Domingo. In the latter event, the Ministers declared that the influence on the slave population of the Southern States would be such as to compel our people, in self-preservation, to demand armed intervention and wrest the island by force from Spanish dominion. This was the substance of the famous Ostend Manifesto so frequently referred to in the discussion of our relations with Cuba.

SPANISH COURAGE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN HISTORY.

From the beginning of the troubles which have resulted in the present war, it has been the evident determination of the American people to believe the best that could be said for Spanish valor. This fact shows infinite charity to be a national characteristic. Whilst the Dons have freely and repeatedly admitted that they were altogether the bravest and most chivalrous of peoples; whilst our own people, in discussing the matter, have generally accepted them at their own valuation, the truth is that Don Bombastes

Furiozo y Boabdil has made but a pitiable appearance upon the theater of war. The stern verdict of impartial history has passed upon his record, and found him wanting. Sober judgment upon the fighting qualities of the great races of Europe cannot, in view of that record, refrain from pronouncing judgment that the Spaniard has proved the most pusillanimous of them all.

Illustrations of this might be drawn from every period of Spanish history, from Punic and Roman times to the present. No better one, however, could, perhaps, be given than that furnished by the case of the Moorish invasion of Spain. By common consent, the inhabitants of the peninsula regard their struggle to throw off the Moslem yoke as the most glorious incident in their history. A recent piece of Spanish bombast says that "Spain fought seven hundred years against the Moors, and will fight even longer than that against the United States, should it be necessary."

Possibly the American people have been duly impressed by this braggadocio. If such is the case, they have been caught with the veriest chaff, and applauded that which, instead of Spain's glory, is her shame.

Despite all the glamour which romance and poetry have cast around the wars with the Moors; despite all the individual heroism of which the story of those campaigns tells, the fact remains that the easy conquest of Spain by a handful of Mohammedans is the shame of Christian history, the one disgraceful blot upon the arms of Europe as opposed to those of Mussulman invaders. Instead of Spain's deserving praise for driving out the Moors after seven hundred years, she has won ineffaceable disgrace, since she was the only country of Europe that succumbed to a pitiable force of Moslems, and patiently bore their yoke for seven centuries.

The facts in the case are as follows: In the beginning of the eighth century, Walid was Caliph of the Mohammedan world, and under him one Musa was Governor of Africa, which had submitted to his rule as far west as Morocco. In A. D. 710 Musa sent a small force of his Saracen warriors across the Strait of Gibraltar to Spain, on a plundering expedition. It was intended as a mere raid: there was no intention on his part to conquer the country; but to his surprise his soldiers landed unopposed, and met with no opposition worthy of name.

Not unnaturally, Musa felt that this large kingdom, which seemed to have so little stomach for fighting, would be a profitable region for further investigation; so, the following year, he sent across a general called Tarik, with 5000 men. A great Spanish army, under Roderick, "the last of the Goths," came out this time to meet the invaders, but it was completely routed at Xeres, and scarcely another attempt was made to oppose them. The country was rapidly conquered, and in less than four years was completely subdued. Nothing to parallel this is recorded in all history, and no historian has passed over it without expressions of amazement at the surpris-

ing enervation or cowardice of a people who permitted a few thousand Saracens to conquer their populous kingdom, when they had within themselves all the elements of defense.

Spain is extremely well fitted by nature to make a stand against invading forces; its mountainous character makes guerrilla warfare easy; all that was lacking was the courage to make such resistance to the Moorish conquest. No later record of heroism can wipe out the disgraceful record which tells us that Spain was conquered a thousand years ago by a force little larger than the few regiments of militia which Missouri is now sending to the front.

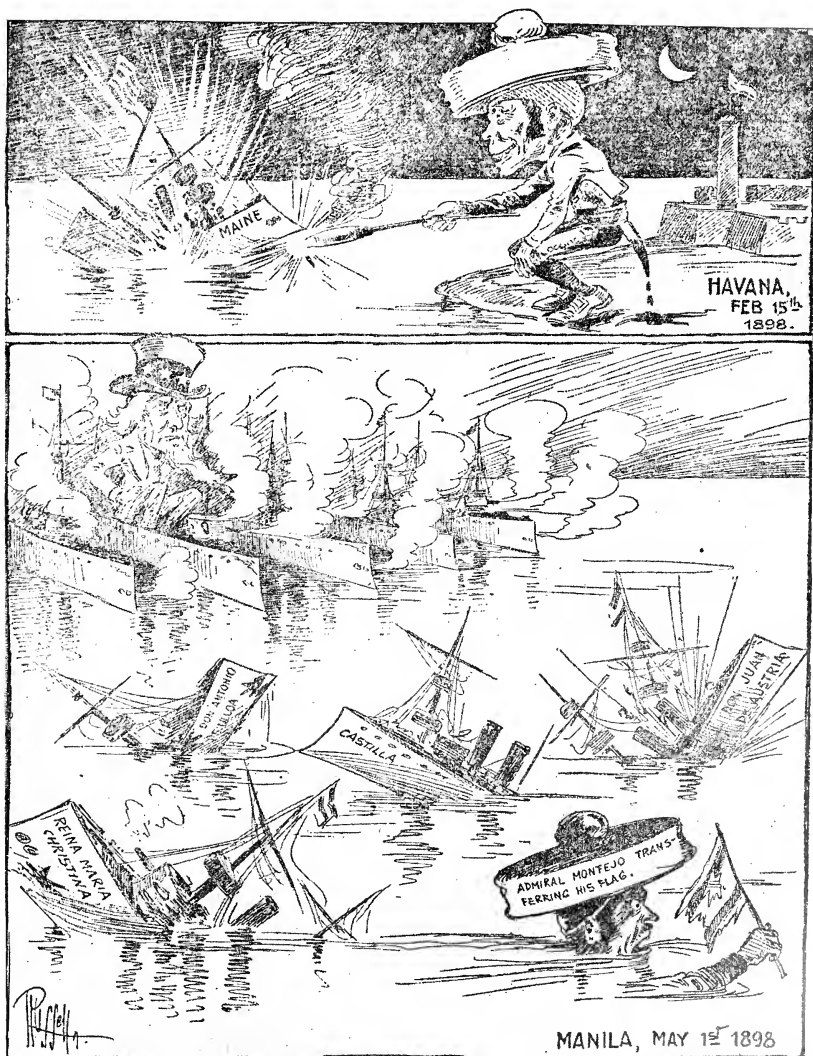
The Moors, having had this experience of Christian arms, were further encouraged to attempt to spread their conquests beyond the Pyrenees; but when they entered Gaul they found adversaries to contend with quite different in character from the Spaniards. The disastrous battles of Toulouse and Tours effectually checked their advance and preserved all western Europe, save Spain, from the humiliation of Mohammedan rule. But, despite the fact that the Moorish force was small and its leaders constantly divided by dissensions, no difficulty was experienced in keeping Spain in subjection. Indeed, nearly half a century passed before a single little band of Christians could be found in the whole peninsula to oppose the Moslem power.

A few warriors, headed by Pelayo, supposed to be a descendant of the old Visigothic kings of Spain, did then establish a petty Christian state amongst the inaccessible mountains of Asturias, which afterwards developed into a Christian kingdom, with its capital at Oviedo; but it did not for centuries make effective war upon the invaders, and was by them regarded rather with contempt than with fear or active hostility. It is true that the Spaniards in the nineteenth century hold the memory of old Pelayo in such reverence as to call their most powerful warship after him; but that does not explain away the fact that in the eighth century very few of them had either the courage or patriotism to flock to his banner and strike a blow against the invader.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this work, to trace the movements which resulted in the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. It is sufficient for the purpose to say that that final event did not take place until the year that saw the discovery of America. It had taken the Spaniards just seven hundred and eighty-two years to drive the Moors from their midst.

In reflecting upon this remarkable patience in bearing a foreign yoke, it must not be forgotten that, in the course of these long centuries, the Moorish power had decayed of itself, and succumbed in the end, not to Spanish valor, but to internal dissensions. Had the invaders been able to maintain such unity as has the Ottoman empire in eastern Europe, there is little doubt that Spain would still be a Mohammedan realm.

Nor is it probable that this would have been altogether a misfortune to mankind. It is a well-known fact that historians generally contrast the condition of Spain under its former rulers most favorably with that which has



CARTOON EXEMPLIFYING SPANISH COURAGE.

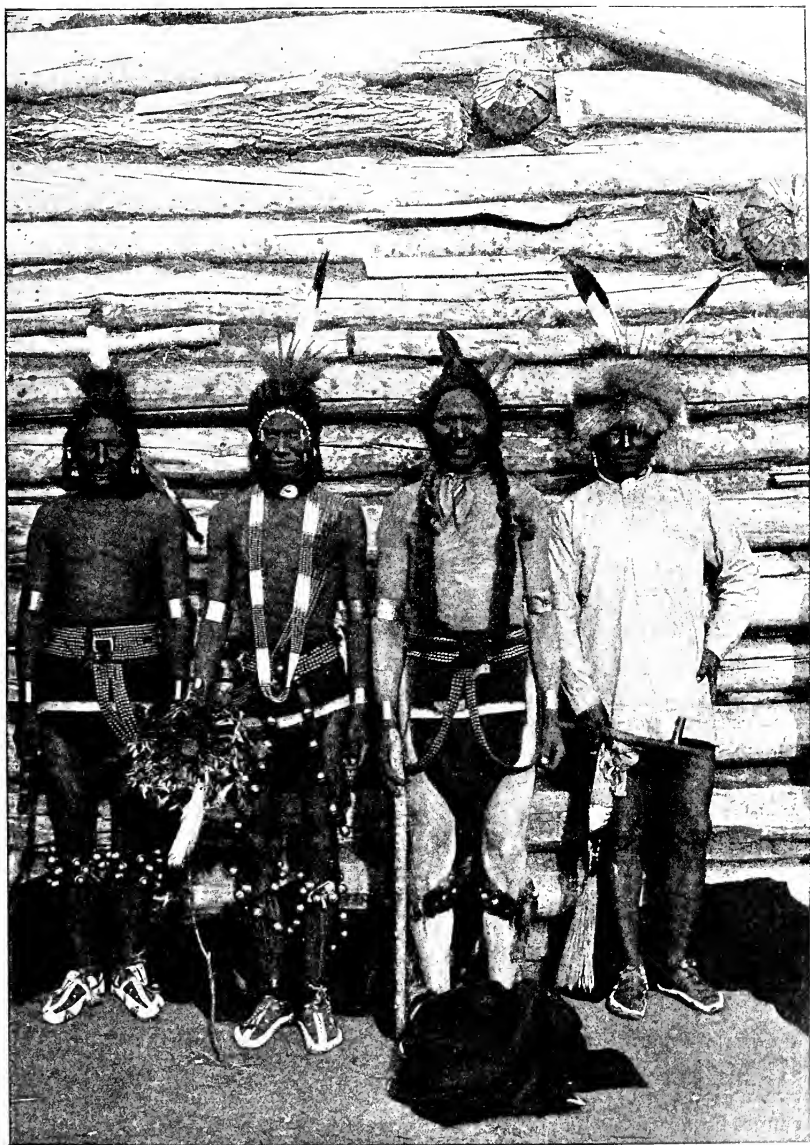
prevailed since. During a part of the Saracen period the peninsula was undoubtedly the greatest source of light in all Europe. Learning was there cultivated before the renaissance more assiduously than in Rome, Paris, or Constantinople, and students from all Christendom flocked to the schools of the caliphs.

The strongest argument which the champion of the Mohammedan religion made at the World's Congress in Chicago, was drawn from this very period of history. He showed, by almost unanswerable arguments, that Spain had been more enlightened and prosperous under her Moslem rulers than under the Christian kings that had followed them.

Whilst this showing does not warrant the conclusion that was intended to be drawn—the conclusion that, on the whole, Mohammedanism is superior to Christianity as a religion—it does warrant the conclusion that at least one Moslem race, the Moors, were superior to the Spaniards in bravery, mercifulness, and culture, even though the latter had the advantage of their Christianity on their side.

If the Moors had retained control of Spain, doubtless the subsequent history of the world would have been quite different; but it is difficult for the imagination to conceive of any possibility by which that peninsula in south-western Europe could, in consequence, have shed any more human blood, or affected the cause of civilization any more injuriously. No Columbus would then have discovered a new world for their majesties of Castile and Aragon; but neither, might it be added, is it conceivable that any other power to which this discovery might come, could have inaugurated such bloody orgies in the virgin lands beyond the seas. It is not possible that even the planting of a Mohammedan civilization in the New World could have been more disastrous for mankind than have been the results of Spanish-Christian conquest and colonization in South America, Mexico, and Cuba; for the Spaniard throughout history has shown himself to be what the Saracen was not—a boaster, and sometimes a coward, a past master in cruelty, and a foe to progress and enlightenment.

In the very latest of Spain's important wars, her people proved themselves no braver in repelling the invader than their ancestors of a thousand years before. Newspapers have recently had the effrontery to boast of their resistance to Napoleon, in his invasion at the beginning of the present century, as being, like their wars against the Moors, a proof of the spirit of the people. And yet the plain truth is that, just as in the former case, the more recent episode was an indictment of the nation's spirit and courage. Had Napoleon met with no more valiant resistance from other races, his career would have ended in no Waterloo, and the many hard-fought battles he won would have been without glory, as being mere routs.



SIoux WARRIORS. (From a Photograph.)

In 1808 Napoleon sent a small force, under one of his inferior generals, not even a marshal, into the heart of Spain. It seized Madrid without difficulty, and without the necessity of fighting an important battle. The only resistance was a small amount of guerrilla warfare, which expended itself in such courageous expedients as poisoning the wells from which the French soldiers had to drink, and the like. But even such feeble attempts proved, in the end, extremely annoying to the small French forces, and Napoleon, who had hitherto treated the Spaniards with supreme contempt, not deigning to take personal part in the affair, took charge of the army. Exactly one week of his personal supervision served to bring victory to the French arms everywhere, and he returned. Then he turned the war over to his subordinates, and, so far as the Spaniards are concerned, the matter would soon have been settled; but just then the English began their campaign against France in the peninsula. The rest of the military operations carried on were strictly a war between England and France. The Spaniards had little part in it, and, beside the extreme humiliation of being indebted to the English for driving the invaders from their native land, made such an exhibition of incapacity for stable government and for corruption as astonished the world.

Yet, such Spain has always been, and such she is to-day—her fleets and armies powerless to win victories, her statesmen unable to profit by them even if she could. Perhaps it seems unduly vindictive to deny to this strange nation, which seems destitute of nearly all those qualities which distinguish modern civilization, even that gift of courage which is possessed by the lowest tribes in the world, but the stern record of history compels the student to rank Spain among the lowest, even in this regard, of all the nations of Europe.

And it has always been so. Going back to the Roman period, we find that Cæsar overawed and conquered Spain in a single campaign, and won the renown in his easy victories there which subsequently enabled him to secure the leadership of the legions operating against Gaul. In the latter he found an enemy worthy of his metal, who tried his endurance and fortitude to the utmost limit. Nothing but the hardest kind of fighting and the best generalship the world has yet known, coupled with the invincible courage and marvellous discipline of the Roman legions, enabled him to subdue the fierce tribes of the Gaelic race; and after they were subdued they would not remain so. Even after Cæsar's day they continued to harass and trouble the Romans, and were among the first to establish an independent kingdom on the ruins of the empire. The difference in the courage and fighting qualities of these two nations, divided only by a chain of mountains, is remarkable; and it cannot be accounted for by any reasonable hypothesis.

OUR INDIAN ALLIES.

The Washington correspondent of a Spanish newspaper, who enjoys the high-sounding name of *Senor Julio Gonzales y Albo*, cabled his paper, the latter part of April, that the reason the United States were slow about getting ready to fight Spain was because of their dread of an Indian uprising. "The savages have already taken to the war-path," telegraphs this intelligent subject of *Alfonso*. "In the States of Ohio, Illinois and Iowa the citizens have already been called out to protect their western frontiers from the raids of the wild men."

The same correspondent also cables this important piece of news across the water: "The only powder mill on the American continent capable of producing smokeless powder has been destroyed. Thus the Americans have no way of reloading their heavy ordnance, as black or brown powder cannot be used effectively." Judging by the way our guns have been "going off" since this news became public, it is evident that Uncle Sam's Jack tars and soldier boys must have had a few rounds of powder "left over." Unless Spanish correspondents and "captains-general" are restrained in their humorous effusions, the war is likely to close in a roar of merriment rather than a crash of cannons.

The alarm of war had hardly sounded when the gallant Sioux Indians tendered their services to the government to fight the Spaniards; and two thousand of their picked warriors were accepted and organized into



CHIEFS SPOTTED ELK AND SPOTTED BEAR.
(From a Photograph.)

four regiments of scouts. Among the volunteers were Chiefs Spotted Elk and Spotted Bear, two of the most daring and astute leaders of the Sioux nation. Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, head chief of all the Sioux tribes, was anxious to volunteer, but feared to offer his services on account of the active part which he had taken in the campaign of 1890-91; but an officer was sent to assure him that the government entertained no prejudice against him on that account, and that he and his young men would be welcomed as brave soldiers of the republic. The chief was wonderfully pleased on receiving this



CHIEF YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSE. (From a Photograph.)

information, and mounting his war pony he rode all over the reservations of Pine Ridge and Rosebud, stirring up the greatest excitement among the Sioux warriors. They were elated to think they had been elected for this fighting service because of their prowess on the battlefield. The chiefs selected the men according to their reputation as warriors, accuracy with the rifle, expert horsemanship, and general worth and bravery as fighters and scouts. These Sioux regiments are, therefore, a picked body of veterans, and they will give

a good account of themselves on the battlefield. An army officer, familiar with their warlike character, says the Sioux will make the best fighters on horseback that have ever been enrolled under the banner of the stars and stripes. Two thousand of these Indians, properly armed and officered, will be a match for more than three times that many Spaniards, especially in scouting and guerrilla warfare. They will require no regular commissary, and the wet or the dry season will alike be a matter of indifference to them. All the government will need to do will be to arm and transport these Indians to Cuba, and point out the enemy: they will do the rest!

Another famous tribe of Indians, the Yaquis, who live in the northeastern part of the State of Sonora, in the republic of Mexico, also offered a regiment of trained veteran warriors to our government as soon as the war commenced. Like all the nations who have been under Spanish dominion, the Yaquis hate the Spaniards. Their country is isolated from the prosperous and influential parts of the republic of Mexico by a range of mountains and stretches of alkali wastes. There has been less development in the Yaqui region than elsewhere in Mexico, and the Indians live as their ancestors did a century ago, except that they have decreased fast in numbers owing to the warfare they had conducted almost ceaselessly for many years previous to July, 1897. When Cortez came to Mexico in 1519 there were, it is estimated, 350,000 Yaquis. In the war against the armed force under Coronado, that invaded northern Mexico and pushed on to what are now Colorado and New Mexico, the Yaquis lost 20,000 men in one year. In 1812 there remained about 37,000 Yaquis. To-day there are 9,000 of them. President Diaz recently described them as the "arms of the State of Sonora." General Torres, who commands the army of the third zone in Mexico and has fought the Yaquis in three campaigns, says they are the best natural fighters in the world. Some of their strategy, he says, is marvelous.

The Yaquis rallied to the cause of Mexican independence under General Iturbide in 1820. When peace was declared in September, 1821, and Mexico was free, they returned to their isolated and fertile regions in Sonora. For twenty-five years the tribe was at peace. It developed its fields, reopened its mines, and, for the first time since Cortez, increased rather than diminished in population. The Yaquis are famous workers, and in 1835 and in 1840 they were widely known for their very profitable grain fields and silver mines. They established the first free schools in Mexico, and they welcomed Catholic missionaries, providing they were not of Spanish origin. When the American army marched into Mexico in 1847, the Yaquis could not at first be coaxed from the mountains and valleys of Sonora to join the Mexicans. Finally, on promises that additional land would be given them, some three thousand Yaqui braves joined the Mexican forces. From the time of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in February, 1848, until July of last year,

the Yaquis have never been really at peace with the republic of Mexico, Their constant grievance was that the Mexican government had not kept its promises to give them more land. They have spent their earnings of fifty years and sacrificed 20,000 lives in their wars. The Mexican government has lost 35,000 soldiers who have been sent against the Yaquis. No one knows how much money the Yaqui campaigns have cost the Mexican nation. Invariably victory has remained with the Indians. From June, 1885, to July.



SIoux INDIAN WAR DANCE. (From a Photograph.)

1897, the warfare of the Mexican government against the Yaquis was practically constant. Indeed, it has been said that the republic of Mexico used the Yaquis to punish regiments that were insubordinate or suspected of revolutionary sentiments. A campaign against the tribes of Sonora effectually disposed of disaffected soldiers.

The Yaqui warriors are fierce, brave, unrelenting. Many stories are told in Mexico of how small parties have defended mountain passes against

hundreds of Mexicans, until every one of them had been killed. In the summer of 1892 thirty Yaqui women in men's clothes were found at different times among the dead after night skirmishes. The youths are taught to become sharpshooters at sixteen, and at twenty they are generally experts. They have bought thousands of improved Winchester rifles from the Americans, and they have been known to go without food to get cartridges.

The mode of warfare between the Mexicans and the Yaquis was strange. For months at a time the Mexican troops would be withdrawn from the Indians' reservation. The Yaquis would come down from the mountains and go out to work for the miners and ranchmen in Sonora. Their labor at such times has enabled them to keep themselves supplied with arms and ammunition. They would seek employment as ranch hands, miners, or track hands on the railroads, and as soon as sufficient money had been saved to buy a repeating rifle or carbine and a supply of ammunition, they would return to the ranks of their fighters. In that way they armed and equipped 1800 men, who were regularly drilled, and presented at the final surrender last July a remarkably soldierly appearance. Yaqui boys and girls have worked in the grain fields for ten cents a day each, and have saved their money to send to a father who was in the Yaqui army. Another feature of the war has been that the Yaquis have not scalped and mutilated the dead, and they have not harmed non-combatants. They have plundered haciendas and driven off the cattle, but the owners have gone unhurt. They would not permit prospectors in the mountains, but they permitted Americans and others having mining business on the Yaqui River and in the mountains beyond to cross freely. A well-traveled road leads from Ortiz Station to the Upper Yaqui River, passing through the Bacatete Mountains, which were their refuge, yet no train and no traveler on that road was ever molested by Yaquis.

Their most famous chief was Cajemi. He was born in 1837, and, having obtained a good common school education, he accompanied his father to California in 1852, during the gold excitement. Here he learned to speak English during the two years that he lived in Nevada county. In 1854 a party of Frenchmen in San Francisco organized a filibustering expedition to Guaymas, Mexico. Young Cajemi's love for adventure and danger prompted him to join it. The Mexicans defeated the expedition a week after its arrival, and Cajemi got away to sea and escaped the immediate executions that the Frenchmen suffered. A year later Cajemi joined the Mexican army and served in it for twenty years. He was a captain at twenty-one and a colonel at twenty-eight. He would have been a general but for his undiplomatic and independent ways. He was deputed to go among his own people in the Yaqui country and act as a governor there for the republic of Mexico. In 1875, after he had served as governor for three years, he was suddenly ordered to return to his regiment at Vera Cruz.



WHITE DEER-SKIN DANCE. A WEIRD CEREMONY AMONG THE YAQUI INDIANS. (From a Photograph.)

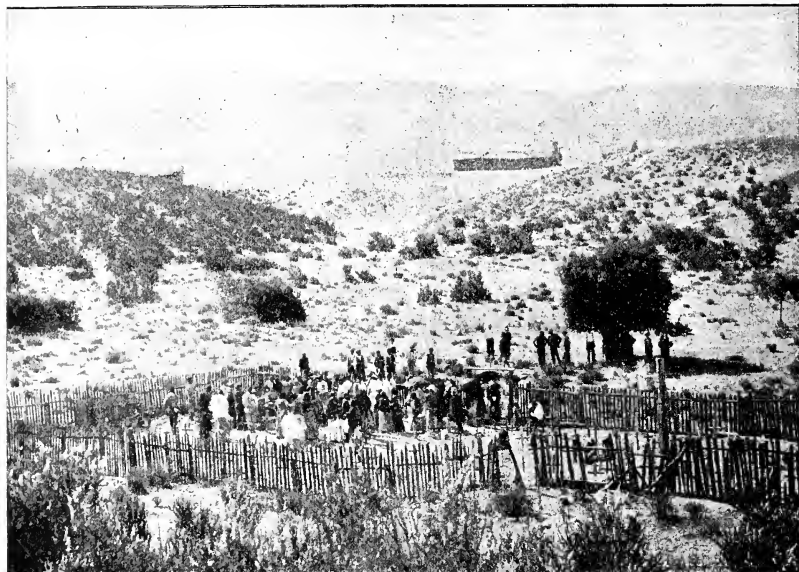
He refused to obey the order, and proclaimed the Yaquis a free nation, with himself at its head. Immediately General Pesqueira, Governor of Senora, sent an army against him. Cajemi met it with 1500 men, and, although defeated, inflicted punishment so severe that the Mexicans could not follow him. In 1878 another Mexican army was sent against Cajemi. That force he met with 4000 men at Capetemaya, on the Mayo River, and succeeded in stopping the advance of the Mexicans. In 1880 Cajemi led his tribe to victory in a fight in a little valley near Caliente. There the Mexicans, with four men to one of the Yaquis, lost three hundred soldiers, and the Yaquis only one hundred and fifty. Cajemi was now at the height of his popularity among his people. For the next two years he conducted a constant guerrilla warfare.

In 1883 Cajemi intrenched himself in the San Miguel Mountains, and foiled every effort to dislodge or lure him out into open battle. Finally, a priest, the godfather of Cajemi's children, went to the mountains. He represented to Cajemi that General Martínez, in command of the Mexican troops, was desirous of peace and would make terms satisfactory to the Indians. After much persuasion, and under a flag of truce and every assurance of security, Cajemi accompanied the priest to the valley to treat with Martínez. The General, not knowing how the Yaqui chief had come there, had him arrested. There was a court-martial, Cajemi was found guilty of treason, and he was shot. For several years afterward travelers along the road could see the cross marking the scene of Cajemi's death, while a little distance away there was a clearing in the brush where stood fifty other crosses marking the graves of Mexican soldiers whom he had ambushed.

The Yaquis were furious when they learned of the way their chief had been lured from his stronghold and put to death. They chose in his place an elderly sub-chief. His first campaign to revenge the execution of Cajemi is remembered with horror among the Mexicans within one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles of the limits of the Yaqui country. Several hundred ranchmen, miners, travelers and soldiers were hacked to death. It is said in Mexico, that in their first rage the Yaquis spared no women and children, but the chief later called to account every one who participated in such atrocities. The new chief, Tetabiate, was more revengeful than Cajemi. Once his spies reported that a number of Mexican sheep herders and vaqueros, who had given Yaqui secrets to the army under General Torres, were in the habit of swimming in a stream some seventy miles away from the Yaqui stronghold. Tatabate and thirty picked men went there, traveling secretly by night. The Yaquis waited three days and nights in a chaparral, until about fifteen of the sheep herders came there. Then they shot every one of them. Shortly after his election Tetabiate ambushed a company of eighty soldiers at Batamatal, within six miles of Guaymas, and killed every man.

He skinned a burro and drew the hide over the body of the Mexican captain. He then stuck the body on a pole and took it to a point in full view of Guaymas, and exhibited it to the garrison there.

"The Yaqui war came to a close last June in a most unusual manner," said Major Harry W. Patton, ex-United States Indian Agent. "I had the story from a member of General Torres' staff. In one of the many forays of 1896 and 1897, a young Yaqui warrior was wounded and captured. Instead of ordering him shot, Colonel Pinado, in command, directed that he should have the kindest treatment. When the Indian recovered, Colonel Pinado



YACUI CEMETERY AND FUNERAL. (From a Photograph.)

set him free and asked him to bear a message to Chief Tetabiate. The Colonel proposed a conference to terminate the long war. Tetabiate returned word that the fate of the former chief, Cajemi, was too fresh in his memory, and that he did not care to leave his defenses to meet any Mexican officers in conference. He replied bluntly that if Colonel Pinado wanted to see him, he would have to come into the mountains, attended only by the Indian messenger. The Chief gave his assurance of personal safety to Colonel Pinado, and said that no attempt would be made to avenge Cajemi's death by breaking faith, as General Martinez had done.

"Under the peculiar condition of affairs, it took a man of great courage to accept Tetabiate's invitation. Colonel Pinado, however, was thoroughly familiar with the Yaqui character. He knew they held their word of honor as something sacred. He also knew that there was extraordinary provocation to break it in this instance. His brother officers were all opposed to the



YACUI MUSICIANS AND INSTRUMENTS. (From a Photograph.)

step; but when the matter was reported to General Torres, he ordered Pinado to proceed to the mountains and open negotiations with the Yaqui chief. The daring Mexican penetrated the mountains for several miles, and at last came to a little valley, where stood the Indian chieftain surrounded by a dozen of his braves. After the betrayal of Chief Cajemi, the tribe decreed

that their chief should always be attended by not fewer than twelve warriors as a body-guard. As he approached the group of Yaquis, Colonel Pinado handed his rifle to one brave and his revolver to another. Then he held out his hand to Tetabiate. The Chief took it, and patting the Colonel on the shoulder, said:

"Colonel Pinado, I thought I was a brave man and a soldier, but by this act you have matched any Yaqui's bravery."

"Colonel Pinado succeeded in making a satisfactory treaty and friendly alliance with the Yaquis. The formal signing of the document took place at Ortiz, in July, 1897. A great stand was erected in the middle of the plaza. People flocked into the town for miles around. Business was suspended, and every one celebrated the day. The Yaqui soldiers, eight hundred strong, were there. The Mexican troops, to the number of 2000, were there also. The forces marched about the stand and saluted each other again and again. They stood facing each other and listened to patriotic speeches by Governor Sanchez, of Sonora; General Torres, and Chief Tetabiate. The Mexicans praised the bravery of the Yaquis, and Chief Tetabiate won loud applause by his eloquent references to what the Mexican soldiers had done for their country. When the exercises were over, the Mexicans and Yaquis mingled together and compared notes about their recent campaigns. In the evening there was a ball and a pyrotechnic display. The next day there was a barbecue. By that time the Mexican and Yaqui soldiers had become so well pleased with each other that they went around town in groups, holding on to one another's arms."

The Yaquis are very fond of music. A few weeks ago a French opera company gave a performance in Hermosillo, Mexico, and fifty Yaquis went one hundred miles by wagon and on horseback to hear the music. Music has been encouraged by the chiefs, and many of the tribe are musicians by profession, going about teaching the tribe to sing and play. Their favorite instrument is the harp. Probably the original design was taken from a Spanish harp when Mexico was under Spanish control. They also have the violin, the flute, and an instrument closely resembling the clarinet. Their music is wild, but full of weird harmonies, changing from grave to gay with easy transition. The Mexicans delight in the music and encourage the Yaqui musicians to play for them.

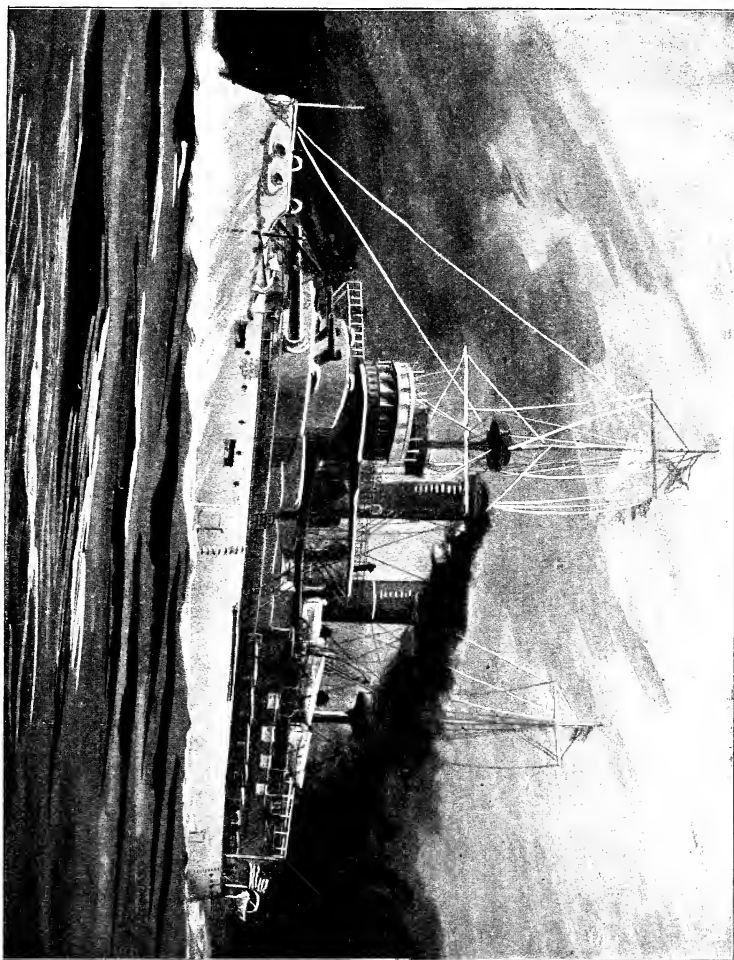
And these are the warriors who are anxious to fight for Uncle Sam in his battle with the Dons.

HOW THE BATTLE BEGINS ON A WARSHIP.

Vast in bulk, huge in girth, powerful as a floating Gibraltar is a modern battleship. A leviathan of death, with the nerves of a school-girl; a behemoth of destruction, with the heels of a race-horse; a Frankenstein of war, controlled in every detail by a master mind.

Lying inert upon the water, motionless and apparently asleep, there is nothing more deceptive than a modern battleship. The guns are swathed and deserted, no smoke spouts from the funnels, the magazines are closed,

A BATTLESHIP GOING INTO ACTION.



the decks are lifeless except for the guard, and the whole effect is that of peaceful clumsiness, of awkward inaction.

Yet, it is the idleness of a wonderful athlete, the slumber of an iron

giant, endowed with almost every power possessed by a human being, even that of sight.

In the curving steel ram at the bow it has a nose that is not much in the matter of smelling, but is terribly effective in other ways. Its breast is sheathed in steel. The huge funnels are the nostrils, through which the monster breathes. Its mouth and teeth are the mighty guns which peep from the barbettes and ports.

Below decks are the great furnaces, which act as a digestive apparatus, or stomach, which devours food in the shape of coal, by means of which the giant is kept alive. Here also are the boilers, or lungs, which work the valves of the cylinders, or ventricles. By these ventricles the screws and rudder, which may be termed the heels and feet, are worked. In the vitals, or bowels of the monster, also, are the engines, or heart which throb powerfully and distribute the energy which supplies the boilers, or lungs, with heat, and otherwise give life and action to the ship.

And up on the bridge is that wonderful instrument, the range finder, the eye of the ship, which enables her gunners to tell exactly where an enemy is.

And the battleship is a creature with nerves. Running from stem to stern of the mighty fabric are electric wires for bells and speaking tubes, connecting every part of the ship. In times of action these nerves thrill and tingle like those of a hysterical woman.

But where is the brain, or the mind, of the battleship in action?

Forward in the conning tower. Here the nerves of the great ship are gathered in a sort of a central ganglion. This is a little circular compartment of steel, with walls eight to ten inches in thickness. Through a narrow slit he surveys the sea from side to side. There are dozens of electric buttons and speaking tubes, each running to a different part of the ship. Hovering over these nerve-ends is the mind, or the brain of the battleship. He is dressed in the blue and gold of a captain.

With a touch of his finger he can control the sleeping ship at will. He can start the feet and the heels, point the nose, set the nostrils to breathing black smoke, the heart to throbbing, and bare the threatening, fang-like teeth ready for instant war.

Suppose the battleship *Indiana* to be anchored outside Sandy Hook, waiting for anything that may turn up in the way of an enemy. By means of heliograph messages she holds communication with the Long Island shore.

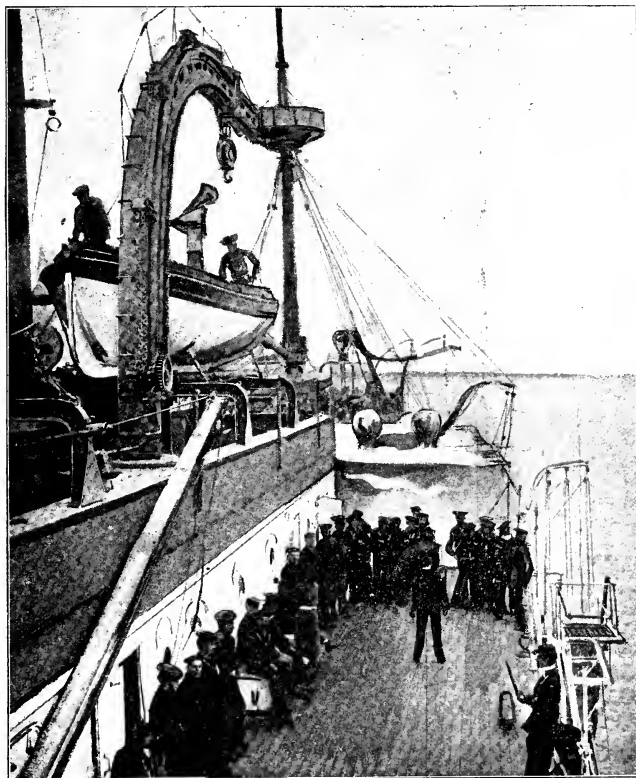
It is 10 o'clock in the morning, and the huge ship is apparently asleep. Its nerves are quieted into a sort of opium dream: its nostrils show no signs of life: its heart is silent: and its teeth appear harmless.

A young lieutenant slowly paces the bridge. Suddenly there is a gleam of light away off on the Long Island shore. It is followed by another and another. An orderly is hastily despatched for the captain.

Upon the bridge the brain of the sleeping giant appears with a marine glass in his hand. Slowly the wise brain reads the distant flashes:

"A Spanish warship has just passed Fire Island, headed in the direction of the Jersey coast," reads the mind.

The captain turns and speaks a few words to the young lieutenant, then



DECK OF A WARSHIP.

whistles through one of the ship's tubes, or nerves, which run to the ward room, where many of the officers are congregated.

"Clear the ship for action," is the command. At the same time the captain presses an electric button, and there goes thrilling along the wire to the engine room a message which speaks through a shrill bell to the engineer, "Full steam immediately."

The monster wakes. The boatswain's whistle shrieks, and the jack tars come swarming out on the decks like rats from the hold of a sinking ship.

To a novice, the men would appear to be tumbling all over each other, without rhyme or reason. Yet every man knows just what to do. The anchors are lashed, the boats are made fast to spars and put overboard, the awnings come down, the davits are lowered to the deck, and everything is quickly brought down to a bare fighting basis.

The captain is still on the bridge scanning the horizon carefully. His mind is perfectly at ease. He knows that everything will be done properly.

With half a dozen unexpected words he has awakened the big ship from stem to stern, and has set hundreds of men to work with desperate energy to get things into ship-shape. By this time the funnels are spouting black smoke.

Below the decks there is another scene of activity. A dozen brawny men stripped to the waist are feeding the digestive apparatus of the vessel with a breakfast such as can only be digested by the furnace-stomach of a big battleship.

Two or three oilers are hustling around among the steel muscles with long-nozzled cans in their hands. The engineer is overseeing the work of coupling up the boilers.

The steam gauges which indicate the pulse of the steam giant are beginning to swing around on their dials. Its fighting-blood is beginning to rise.

Again the captain speaks through one of the tubes, and up goes the Stars and Stripes. He presses a button, and along the nerves of the ship flashes the order to "go ahead full speed."

There is a thrill from stem to stern, and a great fabric begins to use her heels.

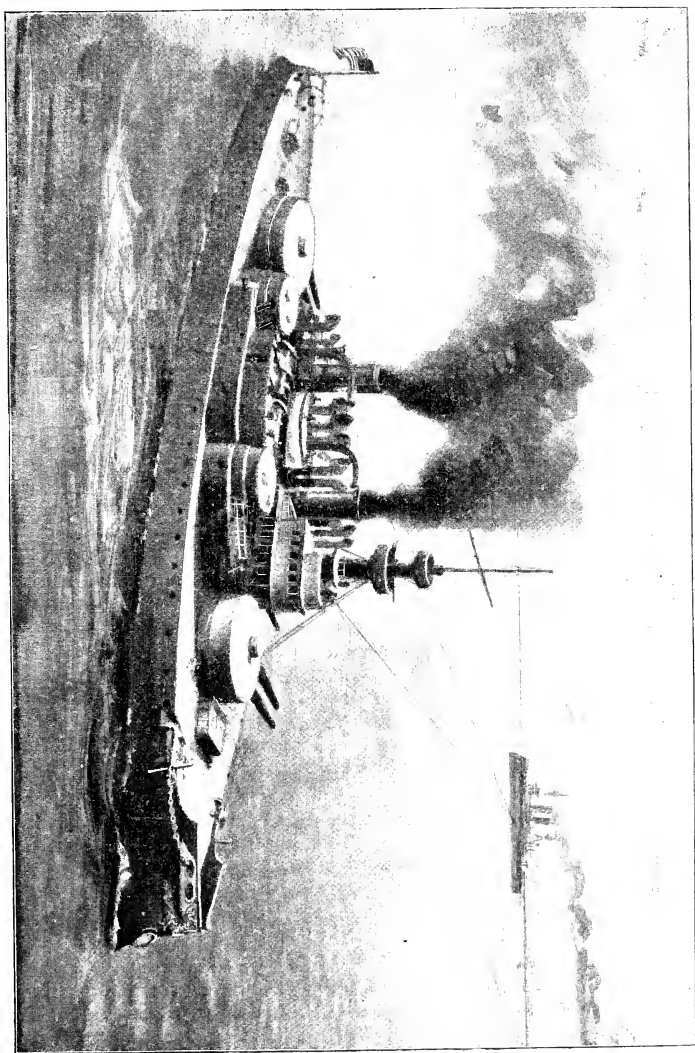
Every vestige of wood-work or light metal that could be splintered by a shot has been stowed in the forehold, the gunners are standing by their guns, the ammunition hoists are manned by their crews, the surgeons and hospital stewards have prepared the cots, bandages and instruments for their ghastly work in the sick bay, and all are breathlessly awaiting the developments of the next few minutes.

The captain and executive officer, who has joined him on the bridge, have been trying to making out the big Spaniard, and are pretty well satisfied that it is the *Pelayo*, and if so, a foe man worthy of their steel. The captain then ascends into the coning tower; and now the brains of this mighty fighting behemoth are in its head, from whence it can control the action of every muscle and nerve and organic part through the electric wires and speaking tubes that twist and wind throughout its great body.

The two junior officers, who have been at work with the range finders to ascertain the distance of the swiftly-approaching enemy, have announced

to the captain their first determination, and followed it up from time to time

FINDING THE RANGE.



with the indications of the rapidly-diminishing distance between the two ships, as they speed toward each other.

"Cast loose and provide," is the order that thrills through the *Indiana* over its system of wire nerves; and the work of preparing the ponderous guns for their deadly duty is swiftly performed. The stout steel clamps that have held the guns rigidly in place while cruising are "cast loose," and every little article that is necessary for their rapid service is "provided" by the proper member of each crew, which has been so thoroughly drilled that this great labor has been accomplished with ease and rapidity.

From the tower comes the word, "open breech." This is to the six men comprising the crew of each of the 13-inch guns in the forward turret. Nos. 2 and 3 move back to the breech plug. At the command "sponge," No. 1 of each crew turns on the hose, and Nos. 2 and 3 wash out the shell spaces; No. 3 wipes off the face of the breech plug, and No. 2 and No. 3 place the loading trays, which guide the shells and powder from the ammunition hoist to the gun.

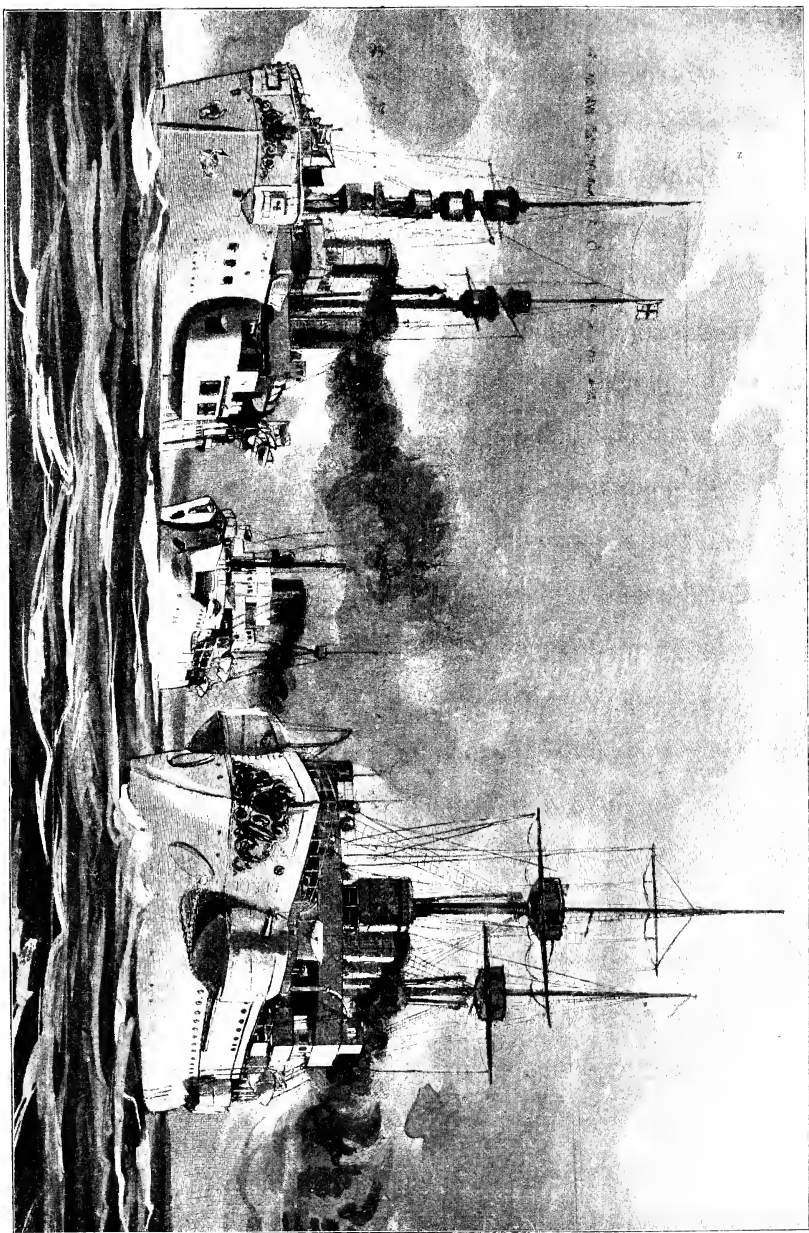
At the word "up lift," No. 4 applies the lift and the shell is hoisted behind the open breech. "Load shell" is called, and No. 1 applies the hydraulic rammer, which pushes the shell into its position. "Place first cartridge," is then ordered, and the first charge of powder is placed opposite the open breech; "load first cartridge," and the charge is rammed into its position.

In the same way the second charge of powder is sent home; the breech block is replaced by Nos. 2 and 3 at the word "close breech;" and at the command "prime," No. 1 inserts and connects the primer with the electric firing button. Everything is now "ready," and the crews, with the exception of No. 6 of each gun, stand away from their guns. No. 6 of the left gun sets the sights as the gun pointer directs, and No. 6 of the right gun shifts the turret as commanded.

The guns are thus kept trained on the approaching warship until the captain up in the *Indiana's* head is informed by the range finders that she is less than two miles distant. Then he gives the command, "fire!"

An instant till the sights are more accurately adjusted, and then with a crash that rattles everything aboard the *Indiana*, two big projectiles, weighing more than half a ton apiece, shoot out over the sea and land on the armored side of the oncoming steamer like the mighty fists of some gigantic pugilist on the body of his antagonist.

The shells have not penetrated the heavy armor of the *Pelayo*; but they have staggered her and impaired the aim of her gunners so that the shots aimed at the *Indiana* passed harmlessly over that vessel. In less than three minutes the same big guns of the *Indiana* are again loaded and trained on the *Pelayo* as before; but the demoralization attendant upon the two stunning blows she has received cause the Spaniard to fall off, and her broadside is exposed to the deadly aim of the Yankee gunners.



SHIPS OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

At the command, "fire!" another ton of metal strikes fairly, one upon the *Pelayo's* forward turret, and the other carries away her forward fighting top. Both vessels have been moving ahead at full speed all this time, and are now not more than three-fourths of a mile apart; and as the after-guns of the *Indiana* can be brought to bear on the suffering enemy, she is pounded most pitilessly. One steel-pointed Carpenter shell has pierced the *Pelayo's* armor and burst within its walls, scattering death and destruction all around. Dead and dying men lie everywhere, for the scope of the death-dealing power of such a shell is far-reaching; and to add to the horrors of the scene, what little wood-work remained on the vessel after it had been stripped for action has been ignited, and the decks of the *Pelayo* are a veritable hell.

Still the storm of shot and shell pours upon the defenseless vessel as her colors are flying from the staff on her taffrail, though she has ceased firing, and is drifting helplessly toward the Long Island coast. There is a crowd of people who have come down to the beach, drawn by the booming of the mighty guns of the two ships, and they look with blanched cheeks upon the Titanic struggle.

When the brains in the head of the *Indiana* sees there is no more fight in his adversary, he gives the command to "cease firing," and the men pause from their bloody work.

The look of grim determination that was so marked while they were working at their guns now passes away and gives place to a more cheerful expression. It is evident that the fight is over and the battle won. The *Indiana's* steam launch is sent off to pick up and bring back the boats that have been left behind; and all this time the badly-beaten *Pelayo* keeps drifting nearer and nearer the beach at Fire Island, still followed by the *Indiana*, steaming slowly and keeping out of reach of a possible torpedo, for the treacherous nature of the enemy is not forgotten by the captain of the victorious Yankee ship.

When the boats arrive, the captain sends an officer over to the fallen enemy and demands his surrender. This is complied with, and the officer goes on board, followed by half a dozen bluejackets, one of whom immediately runs aft and hauls down the Spanish flag from the taffrail staff. Then a great cheer comes from the *Indiana's* crew, and is answered by cheer upon cheer from the spectators on shore.

The *Pelayo* is found to be fast aground, so all of her crew that can be moved are transferred to the *Indiana* and taken to Fort Lafayette, while a prize crew is sent aboard the fallen giant to take charge until the wreckers come to save everything that may be of service to the victors.

The victory of the *Indiana* is not due so much to its greater power as to the more perfect system by which everything pertaining to the vessel's movements, when in action, is controlled by the mind of one man, who has stood

in the tower and directed every blow at the moment when it would prove the most effective.

The fact that the *Indiana* has suffered somewhat, though not seriously, from the guns in the enemy's secondary battery, shows that, individually, their guns have been well served, but that collectively the effect of the great one-man power—the power of the man in the conning tower—so conspicuous in the handling of the *Indiana*, has been lacking in the *Pelayo*, and although otherwise equally matched, that one defect has lost the Spanish the first great battle to decide the power of armored battleships.

WHEN IT IS PERMITTED TO DISPLAY THE ENEMY'S FLAG.

In one or two instances, while our gunboats were engaged in cutting the telegraph cables uniting Cuba with the continent, the Spanish colors were displayed, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy and facilitating the work. These incidents created a good deal of comment, were the cause of an excited debate in the Spanish Cortes, and led to a protest by Spain to the Powers, on the ground that no such use of the enemy's flag was authorized by the rules of war, and that it was "cowardly and iniquitous." The protest was dismissed with but little comment, for all international writers agree on the right to use an enemy's flag for purposes of deceit so long as the flag is hauled down before a shot is fired. The United States naval regulations make specific provision on this point. The Navy Department recently issued an edition of "Snow's Naval Precedence," a standard work on naval usage in time of peace and war. In this, the doctrine on the use of an enemy's flag is stated as follows:

"The regulations of the United States Navy state that the use of a foreign flag to deceive an enemy is permissible, but that it must be hauled down before a gun is fired, and under no circumstances is an action to be commenced or an engagement fought without the display of the national ensign."

The foregoing rule, both by regulation and by the text-book distributed to the navy, is a guide for all naval officers. Practically the same rule is applied to the use of an enemy's uniform.

A THRILLING SPECTACLE.

The first general review of a large body of troops organized for the war of humanity took place at Chickamauga, May 23d, under the supervision of Maj.-Gen. James H. Wilson. It was the first review of the kind since our great civil war, and on that account, as well as the fine appearance of the troops, it attracted national interest.

The review began in the cool of the day, before 9 o'clock. The three brigades of the First Division, nine regiments, practically 9000 men, formed

a line of battle, the right resting north of the historic Kelly field. Thence it ran a mile, perhaps, along the ridge, a portion of the command forming in the rear, a second line, as if for a reserve in an assault.

After the usual formal inspection of line, which took some time, the division formed and moved in column of fours, changing direction twice until on a line parallel with General Wilson, who sat on a magnificent horse in front of a group of brilliant staff officers. The lines were formed with remarkable rapidity and precision. Then in column of companies, that is, each company marching in line, one behind another, the division advanced in splendid form. It was a grand sight and all the veterans in the camp enjoyed the unusual spectacle. Nothing, they said, since the breaking out of the war, had so strongly emphasized the fact that hostilities had actually begun as this spectacle.

Each regiment in the line had a reputation to maintain, and every company and individual was impressed with the necessity of doing the best possible. The result was singularly gratifying. The marching was, as a rule, in excellent time, the alignments accurate, and the distances well maintained. General Wilson expressed himself as delighted and very proud of the fact that the division when maneuvering together for the first time should act so much like regulars and veterans. With the morning sun glancing from polished arms and trappings, and the silken Stars and Stripes and State flags waving in the breezes that came from Missionary Ridge, the sight was a glorious one, and inspired the most enthusiastic patriotism in both spectators and men in line.

ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.

It was no sooner announced that Theodore Roosevelt was organizing a regiment of rough riders for service in Cuba, than he was besieged by letters from all over the country, from men who were eager to secure places in an organization which they felt sure would achieve reputation and fame. They came in stacks of scores and hundreds, and were of the most urgent character.

"They are too late," said Roosevelt, regretfully. "We haven't room for another man, unless some of those we have get out. But they won't. They aren't that kind. Here is one," he commented, lifting from the pile a card which bore the name of a New York man, "from the great-grandson of a man who led the mounted riflemen to victory at King's Mountain in the war of the revolution. If any one should have the chance, it is surely he. I will keep that. I know the man. To all the rest I can only say I am sorry. Our ranks are full. But it is a good thing to see them come. By George! our young Americans are all right yet.

"The order to march will find us in the saddle. Meanwhile, there is enough for us to do. Our men can ride and shoot, and a good many of them

have shown in the field that they can fight. They must be taught to fight together in a body. Our method will be for one man to hold four horses while three dismount and fight. Thus only three-fourths of the regiment will be engaged at any one time. But the greater mobility imparted to it by



ROUGH RIDERS PRACTICING WITH REVOLVERS.

the work of the other fourth will more than make up for the loss of fighting strength.

"Our men will carry carbines and revolvers—the Krag-Jorgensen carbine, a splendid weapon—and for use when they have shot away their ammunition, the machete, a much easier weapon to manage than the ordinary cavalry sword—this last merely so that they shall not be defenseless in any event. It is not the intention that they shall be swordsmen. They couldn't become proficient in that in six months probably. The gun and the pistol are their

weapons. They know how to handle them. The one thing we have to teach them is not to shoot until their horses touch the enemy. That done, the fight is won. They won't need the sword.

"The mounted riflemen are the historic arm of the United States service, born of the peculiar conditions of fighting here. It was always a most useful organization. In the revolutionary war they came from out of the western mountains, riding sixty miles the last day, and smashed the British



ROUGH RIDERS FROM ARIZONA. (From a Photograph.)

under Colonel Ferguson. In the war of 1812 they beat Tecumseh and Brigadier-General Proctor, and in the Mexican war they marched against and conquered New Mexico and Chihuahua.

"The frontiersmen were fearless and used to all the hardships of campaigning, so that their advance was not burdened with any hospital service. The seven hundred and eighty that will make up our regiment are now hastening to the rendezvous at San Antonio, Texas, from west and east."

The last of the recruits from Washington, over thirty in number, marched in a body from Mr. Roosevelt's office in the Navy Department to the cars. They were a stalwart body of men. Some wore broad-brimmed hats and had the bronzed cheek of the plains. Others looked like students and club men, but all evidently were athletes. There are about forty college-bred men among the enlisted rough riders, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other colleges.

There are young men of wealth set on proving that they can fight. They are not officers; they are troopers, and will ride with the cowboy, sleep with him under the open sky, and will fight by his side. There are some old soldiers, upon whom the life has never lost its grip—perhaps half a hundred of them—and a dozen firemen and policemen personally known to Mr. Roosevelt for their fighting pluck.

The bulk of the regiment is made up of men from the plains, from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory; cowboys and miners bred to the use of the horse and rifle and to roughing it in the open. Some of these have served in the National Guard in their several States. These form the backbone of the corps.

A correspondent, writing from San Antonio, Texas, on the 7th of May, thus describes that portion of the famous command which had then arrived and was in camp there:

"Four hundred stalwart, bronzed and seasoned men, who are to become a part of the most unique cavalry regiment ever formed, are in camp in this city. They comprise the Arizona and Oklahoma contingents of the First Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry, commonly known as the 'Cowboy Cavalry,' or 'Roosevelt's Rough Riders.'

"The pack-train of two hundred mules has arrived, and the other companies of the regiment come late to-night and to-morrow. By Monday noon all the troops will be in camp. The quartermaster at Fort Sam Houston is buying Texas mustangs for their mounts, and they will be uniformed in dust-colored duck suits. Colonel Leonard Wood is on the scene, and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is expected early next week. Major A. O. Brodie, who was General Crook's favorite lieutenant in the Indian wars, will command one of the battalions.

"The men have been selected with great care. Every one of them is stalwart in stature, strong and hardy in constitution, of rugged character, and accustomed to an outdoor frontier life. They are all superb horsemen, and as familiar with firearms as a child is with his playthings.

"Many of them have seen service in the Indian campaigns in the west, and there is about them a sturdy self-reliance, characteristic of the true westerner. Of the four hundred men in camp, not one was out of employment when he enlisted; and one of their officers estimates that they own

between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000 worth of property. Roosevelt himself is said to be worth nearly twenty millions of dollars. So anxious are they to go to the front that when there was a slight hitch in arrangements for bringing

them here they offered to pay their own way.

"The untamed temper of the men is shown in their mascot, a fierce mountain lion, brought from Arizona. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt has the personal promise of President McKinley and Secretary Alger that this shall be the first cavalry regiment sent to Cuba; and it is learned that they will be used to cut off communication between Havana and one of the northern ports of Cuba, through which the Spanish have been rushing supplies."

The rough riders received their



A ROUGH RIDER FROM NEW YORK.

orders to embark for Cuba on the 25th of May. When the news became known there was great joy in the camp. Men shouted, threw up their sombreros, and hugged each other in a delirium of joy. Every man in the regiment had by this time had a trial of his horse.

Troop K, to which most of the New Yorkers belong, was the last to try a mounted drill, which took place only a day or two before their departure

for Cuba. Several of the animals were inclined to be gay and frisky, and some of the boys received bruises and cuts as a part of their experience. William Tiffany was thrown from his horse, but was only slightly injured. Will Quaid probably had the wildest horse in the lot, but he rode him like a Centaur. Woodbury Kane, who had become a lieutenant, had a splendid black stallion, which he mastered thoroughly.

This regiment has already won imperishable fame, regardless of the results of the war or the length of its continuance.

PROBABLE FORM OF CUBA'S NEW GOVERNMENT.

Since we as a people have undertaken to set Cuba free, and are staking our best blood and treasure on the issue, it is quite natural that we should feel an interest in the character and stability of the new government of the "Pearl of the Antilles." After clearing the Augean stable of Spanish misrule and inhumanity, it will be our duty to see that the work has been well done and no probable cause left for its repetition in the future.

In this connection, and for the general information of the American people, a statement has been prepared by Senor Gonzalo de Quesada, Charge d'Affaires for the revolutionary Cuban government at Washington.

Senor Quesada is the most conspicuous of the many distinguished foreign diplomats accredited to the nation's capital. Although his relations with the administration are unofficial, he has been from the first *persona grata* socially, in high official circles, and has stood as one of the Cuban pilots beside the administration's helmsman, helping to safely guide our ship of state in its crusade against inhumanity. He is every inch a Latin, slightly under the average for stature, eyes dark and piercing, large and flowing moustachios, and a high and receding forehead, from which is brushed back a wealth of long, black, silky hair. This young man, of whose work Americans have heard so much, but concerning whose life they know very little, was born in Cuba thirty years ago, having come to this world amid the booming of the first guns fired for Cuba's freedom at the outbreak of the first insurrection. The first words which he heard spoken were for the same cause which he now so patriotically advocates.

According to a Cuban gentleman well versed in the family history, young Quesada's parents were very wealthy at the time, but being suspected of disloyalty by the Spaniards were exiled from the island, whence they sought refuge in this country, bringing the infant Gonzalo with them. Young Quesada attended the New York City public schools, received the degree of B. S. ten years ago from the College of the City of New York, studied engineering at Columbia, and finally was graduated with honor from the law department of the New York University. He became connected with the Pan-

American Congress, later was employed in the foreign office of the Argentine republic, and returned again to America, appointed to the consulate of that republic in Philadelphia. Jose Marti, the great Cuban hero, was at the same time Consul-General of Argentine in New York. Marti had been young Quesada's preceptor, and was now his great friend. They resigned their connection with Argentine in order to set on foot the present Cuban revolution. They worked diligently until they organized the Cuban revolutionary party and made a compact with the leaders of the ten years' war. The



ON PICKET DUTY

eventful 24th of February, 1895, the day arranged for the general Cuban uprising, found Marti with Gomez at Santo Domingo, and young Quesada—whose training had fitted him for statesmanship and diplomacy rather than military life—in full charge of the patriots' interests in the United States. For his work during that critical stage he received the vote of thanks of the Cuban Constituent Assembly—their continental congress.

When asked to state, from his knowledge of what the representative Cuban pa-

triot desires, on what principles of government the new constitution of the republic will be permanently based, Senor Quesada said it would be based upon that of the United States. Of course, it will be for the assembly to determine whether our constitution will be accepted directly as a model or whether characteristics will be borrowed from republics founded upon distinct theories, such as France, for example. Thus it will depend upon these framers of a new constitution whether the President will be elected directly by the popular vote, through electors, as here, or by the legislative bodies, as in France; whether the congress shall consist of one or two bodies; how the cabinet and judiciary shall be organized, etc.

The present constitution of the Cuban republic differs materially from ours; and if the latter is to be closely patterned after in the making of the new one, many essential changes will have to be made. For instance, the executive power is now vested, not in a President who is simply advised by his cabinet, who has no vote, as under our constitution, but in what is known as the government council, composed of a President, Vice-President and four Secretaries of State. Each of these six members has a vote, and among the four secretaries are distributed the portfolios of war, treasury, foreign affairs and interior. All of the resolutions of the council must be passed by absolute majority before they become effective. The judicial power in reference to crimes is vested in the army at present, while that in reference to civil matters belongs to the civil authorities.

Senor Quesada was unprepared to state whether the majority of Cubans loyal to the new republic would be Republicans or Democrats in our sense of the terms. He thought that the people would divide themselves into parties upon much the same problems as confront every independent country. Our questions of finance and tariff will probably figure conspicuously. Replying to further questions concerning the alleged great proportion of negro population among those who will constitute the citizens loyal to the new constitution, and as to whether this element would result in any race antagonisms or discriminations against negroes as voters—as has been anticipated by some writers—Senor Quesada said that the total negro population would constitute about one-third of the total citizenship. He denied that there had ever been any race antagonisms or discriminations among the Cubans, and said that there would never be any.

“Would a negro be allowed to hold the office of President?”

“Certainly! Why not?”

He further said that he expected all Cubans on the island to become and remain loyal to the new constitution, and that most of those who now sympathize with Spain will eventually become Cuban citizens.

“What will probably be the attitude of those who remain Spanish sympathizers—will they be allowed to remain on the island?”

“Certainly! We are not barbarians!”

“What inducements will be offered Americans to settle in Cuba?”

“A stable government and splendid chances to make money.”

“To what extent will Cuba probably discriminate, commercially, in favor of the United States?”

“By granting absolute commercial reciprocity with the United States.”

“Gomez is quoted as saying that after the Spaniards have been driven out, laws will be passed forbidding any but native Cubans from holding property on the island. Do you believe that such principles will be enforced to the disadvantage of Americans?”

"Gomez has never said anything of the kind. He has no authority, nor is that his spirit. In some States of this union no one can hold real estate unless he is an American citizen. I am in favor of this wise provision."

"Who will probably be the first to fill the higher offices of the new republic?"

"The men who have made Cuba free."

Speaking further, Senor Quesada estimated that after the Spanish evacuation of the island and the new republic shall have been permanently organized, it will take about five years to make Cuba once more a rich and flourishing island—richer and more flourishing, by far, than she has ever been under European control.

CAUSES THAT HAVE PRODUCED THE MODERN SPANIARD.

The only great period in Spanish history was that beginning with the expulsion of the Moors and ending during the second and third centuries thereafter, embracing the discovery of America. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," gives two causes for Spain's decline, namely: ignorant and unreasoning loyalty to monarchy, and religious superstition. But these evils, while they are painfully apparent, do not go to the bottom of the matter. There are other inherent weaknesses in the Spanish character, which we can trace back to the very dawn of history, before either loyalty or superstition came into being. The latter are, in fact, of comparatively modern origin. Nature seems to have performed her part badly in the construction of the Spanish character, casting it in such a manner as to leave it an easy prey to every weakness and folly. Says Buckle:

"Loyalty and superstition, reverence for their kings and reverence for their clergy, were the leading principles which influenced the Spanish mind and governed the march of Spanish history.

"The results of this combination were, during a considerable period, apparently beneficial and certainly magnificent. For the church and the crown, making common cause with each other, and being inspirited by the cordial support of the people, threw their whole soul into their enterprises and displayed an ardor which could hardly fail to insure success. Gradually advancing from the north of Spain, the Christians, fighting their way, inch by inch, pressed on till they reached the southern extremity, completely subdued the Mohammedans, and brought the whole country under one rule and one creed. This great result was achieved late in the fifteenth century, and it cast an extraordinary luster on the Spanish name. Spain, long occupied by her own religious wars, had hitherto been little noticed by foreign powers, and had possessed little leisure to notice them. Now, however, she formed a compact and undivided monarchy, and at once assumed an important position in European affairs. During the next hundred years her power

advanced with a speed of which the world had seen no example since the days of the Roman empire. So late as 1478 Spain was still broken up into independent and often hostile States; Granada was possessed by the Mohammedans; the throne of Castile was occupied by one prince, the throne of Aragon by another. Before the year 1590, not only were these fragments firmly consolidated into one kingdom, but acquisitions were made abroad so rapidly as to endanger the independence of Europe. The history of Spain during this period is the history of one long and uninterrupted success. That country, recently torn by civil wars, and distracted by hostile creeds, was able in three generations to annex to her territory the whole of Portugal, Navarre, and Roussillon. By diplomacy or by force of arms she acquired Artois and Franche Comté, and the Netherlands; also the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic Islands and the Canaries. One of her kings was Emperor of Germany, while his son influenced the councils of England, whose queen he married. The Turkish power, then one of the most formidable in the world, was broken and beaten back on every side. The French monarchy was humbled. French armies were constantly worsted; Paris was once in imminent jeopardy, and a king of France, after being defeated on the field, was taken captive and led prisoner to Madrid. Out of Europe the deeds of Spain were equally wonderful. In America the Spaniards became possessed of territories which covered sixty degrees of latitude and included both the tropics. Besides Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New Granada, Peru, and Chile, they conquered Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and other islands. In Africa they obtained Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Bougiah, and Tunis, and overawed the whole coast of Barbary. In Asia they had settlements on each side of the Deccan; they held part of Malacca, and they established themselves in the Spice Islands. Finally, by the conquest of the noble archipelago of the Philippines, they connected their most distant acquisitions and secured a communication between every part of that enormous empire which girdled the world.

"In connection with this a great military spirit arose, such as no other modern nation has ever exhibited. All the intellect of the country which was not employed in the service of the church was devoted to the profession of arms. Indeed, the two pursuits were often united; and it is said that the custom of ecclesiastics going to war was practiced in Spain long after it was abandoned in other parts of Europe. At all events, the general tendency is obvious. A mere list of successful battles and sieges in the sixteenth and part of the fifteenth century would prove the vast superiority of the Spaniards in this respect over their contemporaries, and would show how much genius they had expended in maturing the arts of destruction. Another illustration, if another were required, might be drawn from the singular fact that since the time of ancient Greece no country has produced so many eminent literary

men who were also soldiers. Calderon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega risked their lives in fighting for their country.

"Philip II., the last of the great kings of Spain, died in 1598; and after his death the decline was portentiously rapid. From 1598 to 1700 the throne was occupied by Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. The contrast between them and their predecessors was most striking. Philip III. and Philip IV. were idle, ignorant, infirm of purpose, and passed their lives in the lowest and most sordid pleasures. Charles II., the last of that Austrian dynasty which had formerly been so distinguished, possessed nearly every defect which can make a man ridiculous and contemptible. His mind and his person were such as, in any nation less loyal than Spain, would have exposed him to universal derision. Although his death took place while he was still in the prime of life, he looked like an old and worn-out debauchee. At the age of thirty-five he was completely bald, he had lost his eyebrows, he was paralyzed, he was epileptic, and he was notoriously impotent. His general appearance was absolutely revolting, and was that of a driveling idiot. To an enormous mouth he added a nether jaw, protruding so hideously that his teeth could never meet, and he was unable to masticate his food. His ignorance would be incredible if it were not substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. He did not know the names of the large towns or even of the provinces in his dominions, and during the war with France he was heard to pity England for losing cities which in fact formed part of his own territory. Finally, he was immersed in the most groveling superstition; he believed himself to be constantly tempted by the devil; he allowed himself to be exorcised as one possessed by evil spirits, and he would not retire to rest except with his confessor and two friars, who had to lie by his side during the night.

"Philip V., the first of the Bourbon kings of Spain, was in character like Charles II. He was weak as a youth, and little more than an imbecile in maturity. His mental condition was not always the same; when his health was comparatively good, he was able to perform the routine duties required of a sovereign: he could receive Ambassadors and hold levees, and, though his judgment was controlled by others, he could express himself with dignity and propriety. But he was often sunk far below the heavy dullness which was his best estate. His conduct then became so extraordinary that it can only be accounted for by a certain degree of mental alienation. He turned night into day: he breakfasted near midnight, and supped toward morning, and his meals were sometimes so prolonged that he would sit for nine or ten hours at the table. Often he would remain four days in bed, refusing to have any intercourse with his Ministers, and having for his only associate an ignorant domestic; and, as he was jealous of any assumption of authority, without at least the form of his consent, the government at such times was almost paralyzed.

The King sank into a condition hardly above that of an animal. He would not have his hair or nails cut; he refused to change his linen, and wore one



CARTOON REPRESENTING SPAIN'S ASTONISHMENT AT MODERN INNOVATIONS.

hirt for two months, until it became as black as a chimney; he refused to alk, and occasionally, through long interviews, would keep his fingers in his

mouth to avoid any danger of breaking into speech. The Queen said he harbored the delusion that he was dead, and this accounted for his obstinate silence. As he ate enormously and took little exercise, he grew very unwieldy, and it was with difficulty that he could walk when he made the attempt. In fact, the condition of Philip V. was often not far removed from that of his uncle, Charles II. He inherited the diseased blood of the Spanish monarchs, and his natural defects were increased by the narrow prejudices and the benumbing etiquette by which a king of Spain was necessarily surrounded. Philip was superstitious; he was uxorious; he was greedy, and overloaded his stomach with food, and what little intelligence he ever had was darkened and obscured.

Now it was that men might clearly see on how sandy a foundation the grandeur of Spain was built. When there were able sovereigns the country prospered; when there were weak ones it declined. Nearly everything that had been done by the great princes of the sixteenth century was undone by the little princes of the seventeenth. So rapid was the fall of Spain that in only three reigns after the death of Philip II. the most powerful monarchy existing in the world was depressed to the lowest point of debasement, was insulted with impunity by foreign nations, was reduced more than once to bankruptcy, was stripped of her fairest possessions, was held up to public opprobrium, was made a theme on which school-boys and moralists loved to declaim respecting the uncertainty of human affairs, and at length was exposed to the bitter humiliation of seeing her territories mapped out and divided by a treaty in which she took no share, but the provisions of which she was unable to resent. Then, truly, did she drink to the dregs the cup of her own shame. Her glory had departed from her, she was smitten down and humbled. Well might a Spaniard of that time, who compared the present with the past, mourn over his country, the chosen abode of chivalry and romance, of valor and of loyalty. The mistress of the world, the queen of the ocean, the terror of nations, was gone; her power was gone, no more to return.

The increasing influence of the Spanish church was the first and most conspicuous consequence of the declining energy of the Spanish government. For, loyalty and superstition being the main ingredients of the national character, and both of them being the result of habits of reverence, it was to be expected that, unless the reverence could be weakened, what was taken from one ingredient would be given to the other. As, therefore, the Spanish government, during the seventeenth century, did, owing to its extreme imbecility, undoubtedly lose some part of the hold it possessed over the affections of the people, it naturally happened that the church stepped in, and, occupying the vacant place, received what the crown had forfeited. Besides this, the weakness of the executive government encouraged the pretensions of the priest-

hood, and emboldened the clergy to acts of usurpation which the Spanish sovereigns of the sixteenth century, superstitious though they were, would not have allowed for a single moment. Hence the very striking fact that, while in every other great country, Scotland alone excepted, the power of the church diminished during the seventeenth century, it, in Spain, actually increased. The results of this are well worth the attention, not only of philosophic students of history, but also of every one who cares for the welfare of his own country, or feels an interest in the practical management of public affairs.

The increasing power of the Spanish church during the seventeenth century may be proved by nearly every description of evidence. The convents and churches multiplied with such alarming speed, and their wealth became so prodigious, that even the Cortes, broken and humbled though they were, ventured on a public remonstrance. In 1626, only five years after the death of Philip III., they requested that some means might be taken to prevent what they described as a constant invasion on the part of the church. In this remarkable document the Cortes, assembled at Madrid, declared that never a day passed in which laymen were not deprived of their property to enrich ecclesiastics; and the evil, they said, had grown to such a height that there were then in Spain upward of nine thousand monasteries, besides nunneries. This extraordinary statement has, I believe, never been contradicted, and its probability is enhanced by several other circumstances. Davila, who lived in the reign of Philip III., affirms that in 1623 the two orders of Dominicans and Franciscans alone amounted to 32,000. The other clergy increased in proportion. Before the death of Philip III., the number of ministers performing in the Cathedral of Seville had swelled to one hundred, and in the diocese of Seville there were 14,000 chaplains; in the diocese of Calahorra 18,000. Nor did there seem any prospect of remedying this frightful condition. The richer the church became the greater was the inducement for laymen to enter it; so that there appeared to be no limit to the extent to which the sacrifice of temporal interests might be carried. Indeed, the movement, notwithstanding its suddenness, was perfectly regular, and was facilitated by a long train of preceding circumstances. Since the fifth century, the course of events, as we have already seen, invariably tended in this direction, and insured to the clergy a dominion which no other nation would have tolerated. The minds of the people being thus prepared, the people themselves looked on in silence at what it would have been impious to oppose; for, as a Spanish historian observes, every proposition was deemed heretical which tended to lessen the amount, or even to check the growth of that enormous wealth which was now possessed by the Spanish church.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the population of Madrid was estimated to be 400,000; at the beginning of the eighteenth century, less

than 200,000. Seville, one of the richest cities of Spain, possessed in the sixteenth century upward of 16,000 looms, which gave employment to 130,000 persons. By the reign of Philip V., these 16,000 looms had dwindled away to less than three hundred; and in a report which the Cortes made to Philip IV., in 1662, it is stated that the city contained only a quarter of its former number of inhabitants, and that even the vines and olives cultivated in its neighborhood, and which comprised a considerable part of its wealth, were almost entirely neglected. Toledo, in the middle of the sixteenth century, had upward of fifty woolen manufactories; in 1665, it had only thirteen, almost the whole of the trade having been carried away by the Moriscoes, and established at Tunis. Owing to the same cause, the art of manufacturing silk, for which Toledo was celebrated, was entirely lost, and nearly 40,000 persons who depended on it were deprived of their means of support. Other branches of industry shared the same fate. In the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, Spain enjoyed great repute for the manufacture of gloves, which were made in enormous quantities, and shipped to many parts, being particularly valued in England and France, and being also exported to the Indies. But Martinez de Mata, who wrote in the year 1655, assures us that at that time this source of wealth had disappeared, the manufacture of gloves having quite ceased, though formerly he says it had existed in every city in Spain. In the once-flourishing Province of Castile everything was going to ruin. Even Segovia lost its manufactures, and retained nothing but the memory of its former wealth. The decay of Burgos was equally rapid; the trade of that famous city perished, and the deserted streets and empty houses formed such a picture of desolation that a contemporary, struck by the havoc, emphatically declared that Burgos had lost everything except its name. In other districts the results were equally fatal. The beautiful provinces of the south, richly endowed by nature, had formerly been so wealthy that their contributions alone sufficed, in time of need, to replenish the imperial treasury, but they now deteriorated with such rapidity that by the year 1640 it was found hardly possible to impose a tax on them which would be productive. During the latter half of the seventeenth century matters became still worse, and the poverty and wretchedness of the people surpassed all description. In the villages near Madrid the inhabitants were literally famishing, and those farmers who had a stock of food refused to sell it, because, much as they needed money, they were apprehensive of seeing their families perish around them.

The ignorance in which the force of adverse circumstances had sunk the Spaniards, and their inactivity, both bodily and mental, would be utterly incredible if it were not attested by every variety of evidence. Gramont, writing from personal knowledge of the state of Spain during the latter half of the seventeenth century, describes the upper class as not only unacquainted with science or literature, but as knowing scarcely anything even

of the commonest events which occurred out of their own country. The lower ranks, he adds, are equally idle, and rely upon foreigners to reap their wheat, to cut their hay, and to build their houses. Another observer of society, as it existed in Madrid in 1679, assures us that men, even of the highest position, never thought it necessary that their sons should study, and that those who were destined for the army could not learn mathematics if they desired to do so, inasmuch as there were neither schools nor masters to teach them. Books, unless they were books of devotion, were deemed utterly useless; no one consulted them; no one collected them; and, until the eighteenth century, Madrid did not possess a single public library. In other cities, professedly devoted to purposes of education, similar ignorance prevailed. Salamanca was the seat of the most ancient and most famous university in Spain, and there, if anywhere, we might look for the encouragement of science. But De Torres, who was himself a Spaniard, and was educated at Salamanca, early in the eighteenth century, declares that he had studied at that university for five years before he had heard that such things as the mathematical sciences existed. So late as the year 1771 the same university publicly refused to allow the discoveries of Newton to be taught, and assigned as a reason that the system of Newton was not so consonant with revealed religion as the system of Aristotle. All over Spain a similar plan was adopted. Everywhere knowledge was spurned and inquiry discouraged.

Even the fine arts, in which the Spaniards had formerly excelled, partook of the general degeneracy, and, according to the confession of their own writers, had, by the beginning of the eighteenth century, fallen into complete decay. The arts which secure national safety were in the same predicament as those which minister to national pleasure. There was no one in Spain who could build a ship; there was no one who knew how to rig it after it was built. The consequence was that by the close of the seventeenth century the few ships which Spain possessed were so rotten that, says a historian, they could hardly support the fire of their own guns. In 1752, the government, being determined to restore the navy, found it necessary to send to England for shipwrights; and they were also obliged to apply to the same quarter for persons who could make ropes and canvas, the skill of the natives being unequal to such arduous achievements. In this way, the Ministers of the Crown, whose ability and vigor, considering the difficult circumstances in which the incapacity of the people placed them, were extremely remarkable, contrived to raise a fleet superior to any which had been seen in Spain for more than a century. They also took many other steps toward putting the national defenses into a satisfactory condition; though in every instance they were forced to rely on the aid of foreigners. Both the military and the naval service were in utter confusion, and had to be organized afresh. The discipline of the infantry was remodeled by O'Reilly, an Irishman, to whose super-

intendence the military schools of Spain were intrusted. At Cadiz a great naval academy was formed, but the head of it was Colonel Godin, a French officer. The artillery, which, like everything else, had become almost useless, was improved by Maritz, the Frenchman; while the same service was rendered to the arsenals by Gazola, the Italian.

In everything the same law prevailed. In diplomacy, the ablest men were not Spaniards, but foreigners; and during the eighteenth century the strange spectacle was frequently exhibited of Spain being represented by French, Italian, and even Irish Ambassadors. Nothing was indigenous; nothing was done by Spain herself. Philip V., who reigned from 1700 to 1746, and possessed immense power, always clung to the ideas of his own country, and was a Frenchman to the last. For thirty years after his death the three most prominent names in Spanish politics were Wall, who was born in France of Irish parents; Grimaldi, who was a native of Genoa; and Esquilache, who was a native of Sicily. Esquilache administered the finances for several years, and, after enjoying the confidence of Charles III. to an extent rarely possessed by any Minister, was only dismissed in 1766, in consequence of the discontent of the people at the innovations introduced by this bold foreigner.

The only remedy for superstition is knowledge. Nothing else can wipe out that plague-spot of the human mind. Without it the leper remains unwashed and the slave unfreed. It is to a knowledge of the laws and relations of things that European civilization is owing; but it is precisely this in which Spain has always been deficient. And until that deficiency is remedied, until science, with her bold and inquisitive spirit, has established her right to investigate all subjects, after her own fashion, and according to her own method, we may be assured that, in Spain, neither literature, nor universities, nor legislators, nor reformers of any kind, will ever be able to rescue the people from that helpless and benighted condition into which the course of affairs has plunged them.

The Spaniards have everything except knowledge. They have had immense wealth and fertile and well-peopled territories in all parts of the globe. Their own country, washed by the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and possessed of excellent harbors, is admirably situated for the purposes of trade between Europe and America, being so placed as to command the commerce of both hemispheres. They had, at a very early period, ample municipal privileges; they had independent parliaments; they had the right of choosing their own magistrates, and managing their own cities. They have had rich and flourishing towns, abundant manufactures, and skillful artisans, whose choice productions could secure a ready sale in every market in the world. They have cultivated the fine arts with eminent success, their noble and exquisite paintings and their magnificent churches being justly ranked

among the most wonderful efforts of the human hand. They speak a beautiful, sonorous, and flexible language, and their literature is not unworthy of their language. Their soil yields treasures of every kind. It overflows with wine and oil, and produces the choicest fruits in an almost tropical exuberance. It contains the most valuable minerals in a profuse variety, unexampled in any other part of Europe. Nowhere else do we find such rare and costly marbles, so easily accessible, and in such close communication with the sea, where they might safely be shipped and sent to countries which require them. As to the metals, there is hardly one which Spain does not possess in large quantities. Her mines of silver and of quicksilver are well known. She abounds in copper, and her supply of lead is enormous. Iron and coal, the two most useful of all the productions of the inorganic world, are also abundant in that highly-favored country. Iron is said to exist in every part of Spain, and to be of the best quality; while the coal mines of Asturias are described as inexhaustible. In short, nature has been so prodigal of her bounty, that it has been observed, with hardly a hyperbole, that the Spanish nation possesses within itself nearly every natural production which can satisfy either the necessity or the curiosity of mankind.

These are splendid gifts; it is for the historian to tell how they have been used. Certainly, the people who possess them have never been deficient in natural endowments. They have had their full share of great statesmen, great kings, great magistrates, and great legislators. They have had many able and vigorous rulers, and their history is ennobled by the frequent appearance of courageous and disinterested patriots, who have sacrificed their all that they might help their country. The bravery of the people has never been disputed; while, as to the upper classes, the punctilious honor of a Spanish gentleman has passed into a bye-word and circulated throughout the world. Of the nation generally, the best observers pronounce them to be high-minded, generous, truthful, full of integrity, warm and zealous friends, affectionate in all the private relations of life, frank, charitable, and humane. Their sincerity in religious matters is unquestionable; they are, moreover, eminently temperate and frugal. Yet, all these great qualities have availed them nothing, and will avail them nothing, so long as they remain ignorant.

Spain's Essential Vice.

The reader will now be able to understand the real nature of Spanish civilization. He will see how, under the high-sounding names of loyalty and religion, lurk the deadly evils which those names have always concealed, but which it is the business of the historian to drag to light and expose. A blind spirit of reverence, taking the form of an unworthy and ignominious submission to the crown and the church, is the capital and essential vice of the Spanish people. It is their sole national vice, and it has sufficed to ruin

them. From it all nations have grievously suffered, and many still suffer. But nowhere in Europe has this principle been so long supreme as in Spain. Therefore, nowhere else in Europe are the consequences so manifest and so fatal. The idea of liberty is extinct, if, indeed, in the true sense of the word, it ever can be said to have existed. Outbreaks, no doubt, there have been, and will be; but they are bursts of lawlessness rather than of liberty. In the most civilized countries the tendency always is to obey even unjust laws, but while obeying them to insist on their repeal. This is because we perceive that it is better to remove grievances than to resist them. While we submit to the particular hardship, we assail the system from which the hardship flows. For a nation to take this view requires a certain reach of mind which in the darker periods of European history was unattainable. Hence we find that in the Middle Ages, though tumults were incessant, rebellions were rare. But since the sixteenth century local insurrections, provoked by immediate injustice, are diminishing, and are being superseded by revolutions which strike at once at the source whence the injustice proceeds. There can be no doubt that this change is beneficial; partly because it is always good to rise from effects to causes, and partly because revolutions being less frequent than insurrections, the peace of society would be more rarely disturbed if men confined themselves entirely to the larger remedy. At the same time, insurrections are generally wrong; revolutions are always right. An insurrection is too often the mad and passionate effort of ignorant persons, who are impatient under some immediate injury, and never stop to investigate its remote and general causes. But a revolution, when it is the work of the nation itself, is a splendid and imposing spectacle, because to the moral quality of indignation produced by the presence of evil, it adds the intellectual qualities of foresight and combination; and, uniting in the same act some of the highest properties of our nature, it achieves a double purpose—not only punishing the oppressor, but also relieving the oppressed.

In Spain, however, there never has been a revolution, properly so called; there never has been even one grand national rebellion. The people, though often lawless, are never free. Among them we find still preserved that peculiar taint of barbarism which makes men prefer occasional disobedience to systematic liberty. Certain feelings there are of our common nature which even their slavish loyalty cannot eradicate, and which, from time to time, urge them to resist injustice. Such instincts are happily the inalienable lot of humanity, which we cannot forfeit, if we would, and which are too often the last resource against the extravagances of tyranny. And this is all that Spain now possesses. The Spaniards, therefore, resist, not because they are Spaniards, but because they are men. Still, even while they resist, they revere.

Connected with these habits of mind, and insooth forming part of them, we find a reverence for antiquity and an inordinate tenacity of old opinions,

old beliefs, and old habits, which remind us of those tropical civilizations which formerly flourished. Such prejudices were once universal, even in Europe, but they began to die out in the sixteenth century, and are now, comparatively speaking, extinct, except in Spain, where they have always been welcomed. In that country they retain their original force and produce their natural results. By encouraging the notion that all the truths most important to know are already known, they repress those aspirations and dull that generous confidence in the future without which nothing really great can be achieved. A people who regard the past with too wistful an eye will never bestir themselves to help the onward progress; they will hardly believe that progress is possible. To them antiquity is synonymous with wisdom, and every improvement is a dangerous innovation. In this state Europe lingered for many centuries; in this state Spain still lingers. Hence the Spaniards are remarkable for an inertness, a want of buoyancy, and an absence of hope, which, in our busy and enterprising age, isolate them from the rest of the civilized world. Believing that little can be done, they are in no hurry to do it. Believing that the knowledge they have inherited is far greater than any they can obtain, they wish to preserve their intellectual possessions whole and unimpaired, inasmuch as the least alteration in them might lessen their value. Content with what has been already bequeathed, they are excluded from that great European movement which, first clearly perceptible in the sixteenth century, has ever since been steadily advancing, unsettling old opinions, destroying old follies, reforming and improving on every side, influencing even such barbarous countries as Russia and Turkey, but leaving Spain unscathed. While the human intellect has been making the most prodigious and unheard-of strides, while discoveries in every quarter are simultaneously pressing upon us, and coming in such rapid and bewildering succession that the strongest sight, dazzled by the glare of their splendor, is unable to contemplate them as a whole; while other discoveries still more important and still more remote from ordinary experience are manifestly approaching, and may be seen looming in the distance, whence they are now obscurely working on the advanced thinkers who are nearest to them, filling their minds with those ill-defined, restless and almost uneasy feelings which are the invariable harbingers of future triumph; while the veil is being rudely torn and nature, violated at all points, is forced to disclose her secrets and reveal her structure, her economy, and her laws to the indomitable energy of man; while Europe is ringing with the noise of intellectual achievements, with which even despotic governments affect to sympathize, in order that they may divert them from their natural course and use them as new instruments whereby to oppress yet more the liberties of the people; while, amid this general din and excitement, the public mind, swayed to and fro, is tossed and agitated, Spain sleeps on

untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impression upon it. There she lies, at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages. And, what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she should be ashamed. She is proud of the antiquity of her opinions; proud of her orthodoxy; proud of the strength of her faith; proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity; proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs; proud of her hatred of heretics, and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil

STRANGE PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS IN SPAIN.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, the distinguished and vivacious authoress, spent a portion of the year 1897 in traveling through Spain, and we are indebted to her for the following flashes of interesting gossip about the city of Valencia and its inhabitants:

One realizes all one's fantastic ideas of tropical fertility in passing over the huerta, or prairie, which environs the southern Spanish city of Valencia. It is intersected with canals and waterways called variously, sangrias, acequias, requerías, with norias or water wheels for distributing that liquid gold which water is to a thirsty, sun-burned red earth. The careful agriculturists manure this ground with guano, and it gratefully gives them back five crops a year. The alfalfa, a red clover, the most beautiful of crops, is mowed seventeen times a year. Corn and maize and rice and melons grow in enormous quantities, while the bright little cochineal insect is raised on nopals (as far as possible from opals), but it gives the Tyrian dye to the silks and woollens which are woven here into mantas and scarfs. You see at the first glance that Valencianetes are the children of the East. The men, tall, fierce-looking, merry, handsome, have great flashing, beautiful black eyes and white teeth. The peasants are excitable, nervous, and passionate, and the upper classes are said to be polished, agreeable, and of unbounded charity and benevolence. The women are in complete contrast to the men in complexion—"blonde, e grassotte," like the Venetians. It is Desdemona and the Moor over again. These beautiful, lazy creatures are home-loving, go out very little, but are fond of dress. Their costumes are strikingly near the eastern ones. They wear their beautiful blonde hair in all sorts of picturesque shapes. They wind gracefully a silken kerchief over their heads, and pierce their heavy roll of hair with a silver pin, called "*Arilla de Rodete*" (wheel pin), also a very high silver gilt comb, which gives them a commanding

appearance. A short bodice, a velvet jacket, a purple, scarlet, or yellow petticoat, much jewelry of interesting, antique patterns, filled with uncut amethysts and emeralds. They also wear charms and silver images. With a silver filigree cross around her neck, a Valencia girl is the thing to see on the Fiesta of "Nostra Señora de Desamparados," and in the afternoon when she "dances such a way" and thrums her tambourine on her head. Oh! but she is pretty! The men have a very smart costume, which approaches the modern Greek, a richly embroidered velvet waistcoat, with slit-open sleeves, trimmed with filigree buttons, loose white linen drawers or kilts folded, called by the Arabic name *Sarahuella*. The men have naked legs; sometimes they wear stockings without feet, or, perhaps, hempen sandals tied with bright ribbons; always a broad silk sash of red, a gay green, or a yellow kerchief, binding the head, with their long hair knotted at the top of the head, the woolen fringed manta thrown over the shoulder with that grace which others may imitate but can never copy—such is the peasant costume. If anything can be prettier than that sight, which we saw of a Sunday afternoon in Valencia, of its pleasure-loving, dancing, love-making people, I do not know where to find it. They are sipping their "*Horchata de Chusas*," a delicious local drink. They are of a nervous temperament, and I heard that when they quarreled a knife came out of that knot of black hair. It was said their quarrels were of hyena-like ferociousness.

Carthaginians, Romans, Moors, and Goths have, all of them, owned Valencia. Considering it "the brightest pearl in the diadem of Spain," the Moors made it a garden, placed here their paradise, and called it *Medinah Zu Tacab*, the City of Mirth. Generations of wealthy rulers and enterprising, wandering people founded it and ruled it. No wonder the present population are revengeful, superstitious, fond of bright colors and pomp, violent in love and hatred, sullen and mistrustful, yet honest, laborious, lively and imaginative. Imagine in what folk lore these tranquil, light-haired mothers have in six centuries soothed their childish hours! These dark, sun-burned fathers have come in from the huerta with their Moorish agricultural instruments in their hands to add to the traditions of the Moors. It has tintured their natures with this *Moresco* influence. These people are tamed *Ginatos*, gypsies from the East. No people have so remarkable a pedigree—they are like the flora of the Coliseum, brought from everywhere. The national dish of the country is *Pollo con Arroz*, chicken stewed with rice, sausages, tomatoes, and ham. It is excellent, and a real specimen of the Spanish kitchen unpolluted. Excepting in July, August, and September, when the heat is intolerable, the climate is delicious and thought better than that of Italy for invalids. It is balmy and soft, fragrant and fascinating. Valencia is a clean, social, and polished city and contains some fine pictures. It is called the "*Sultana of the Mediterranean Cities*," and

she is strangely beautiful, Oriental. Situated as she is in the midst of a vast orchard, she offers you the most enormous fruits, and the greatest variety of them, and, seeing what irrigation has done for this corner of Spain, why is not all Spain irrigated? Indeed, the question you always ask in Spain is, "Why did they not do something different from that which they did do?" and the answer comes, "Manana." Generally speaking, "they have put it off until to-morrow." Valencia, however, looks gay and happy, and has not put it off. As all the world knows, Valencia is the city of the Cid. The various titles of this strange, unearthly character, may be severally translated as Captain, Champion, and "Boss," this latter Yankee word fitting him exactly. He was a natural-born leader, with no principles whatever. He pretended to be a Christian, and his horse Babieca knelt whenever he came in front of a relic. But the Cid seems to have cheated his own co-religionists, the Christians and the Jews and the Moors, with admirable impartiality. In horsemanship and a desire to scamper across Spain, he was the Theodore Roosevelt of the eleventh century. He could not keep quiet, nor was he ever perfectly happy unless doing something active, powerful, and useful. He could be a cowboy and a Secretary of the Navy at the same time. No one sphere of usefulness could satisfy his hot blood. He was in his early youth a knight, a gentleman, a soldier of fortune, possessing a large estate near Burgos, alternately fighting, governing, and hunting. A most powerful "boss" on his ranch near Burgos, he afterward took in the whole of the peninsula, ending, as became his lively character, Dictator of Valencia. After conquering the noble Caliph Abdel Aziz, he died as far from home as possible. He has filled poetry and romance with his achievements. The best thing about him is that he has taken his horse with him. We always love a man who loves his horse, and the Cid was a Centaur and Babieca was his constant friend and companion. No doubt, Cervantes hinted at this popular legend in the story of Rosinante, that learned sarcasm which sounded the funeral chant of chivalry, that dead march of infinite wit. The Cid was like our young American gladiators who have left luxury for ranch life, have gone to the war as rough riders, in love with activity, out of door life, and adventures. Unlike them, he had to carve out his fortune with his sword; he was cruel and grasping, courageous, active, and energetic; but he was, like them, a manly man, and not afraid of anything on earth or elsewhere.

In the distribution of the Arab race all over Spain the Syrians obtained this portion in 1094, and an independent kingdom was established here by Abdel Aziz, who was conquered by the valiant Cid, who ruled here a cruel Dictator until his death in 1099. The story of the dead Cid tied on his renowned steed Babieca and sent into the ranks of the terrified Moors is but too familiar to our frightened, childish memories. It was captured, this glorious city, after many years, from the Moors, when they were finally

driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella, and its prosperity came to an end, having faded away for many a century. It has now revived in the last decade. These magical architects, the Morescos, who had arranged its marvelous bridges and palaces, who had watered its vagas and the huerta, were finally expelled by Philip II. in 1609, and the war of succession dealt the death-blow. But it is the "Valencia del Cid" yet. The old fellow left his thumb-mark here after the Moors. He is the godfather as they were the parents of Valencia. This hero, Rodrigo de Bivar, the Cid Campeador, stands out in bold relief against the gloomy background of his age as the prince of adventurers.

PRINCE MURAT'S EXPERIENCE WITH AMERICAN RIFLEMEN.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Buffalo Bill's aggregations, and other commands of a similar character, organized for hard fighting and rough usage in our war for humanity, are the legitimate successors of the noted American riflemen, who conquered at Cowpens and King's Mountain, fought the most remarkable battle and gained the most astonishing victory in the annals of warfare at New Orleans, carried the lone star flag of Texas to triumph, and blazed the road for civilization in the great west.

Napoleon Achille Murat, Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies, after some years' residence in America, served his personal friend, King Leopold, as colonel in the Belgian army, and when in garrison at Ath presented to an officer in a regiment of lancers a copy of some notes of personal observations in America, which his friend later translated and dedicated to Leopold I.

In these notes the Prince thus describes his somewhat thrilling experience with a small army of American riflemen during a campaign against a much larger body of Indians:

It is the militia of the west and south that a stranger should see. A regiment of mounted riflemen, which is composed of men inured to all the fatigues and privations of an almost wild, primitive existence, each mounted on his own horse, familiar to him, armed with his trusty carbine, to which in moments of emergency he has been not infrequently indebted for an excellent repast. These hardy horsemen think nothing of fatigue—in fact, laugh at it—while to them a campaign seems an agreeable party of pleasure. They have a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the woods, can find their way by means of the sun and observing the bark of trees, following the track of an enemy or a stag with incredible sagacity, assisted by their dogs—for each man possesses his favorite. They have no regular uniform; each arrives at his post just as he happens to be dressed, made up entirely by his wife from the cotton which he himself has planted. A hat made of plaited palm leaves shades his face, bronzed by the sun or maybe the fumes of his pipe. An otter skin, artistically folded and sewed, contains his ammunition, his necessities



COL. W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL) LEADING A PARTY OF INDIAN SCOUTS

for kindling a fire, together with his little supply of tobacco. A wallet attached to his saddle bow contains the provisions both for himself and horse. The animal is not less hardy than his master. A few handfuls of Indian corn a day are sufficient for him; but toward evening, on arriving in camp, he is unsaddled, the bridle taken off, and two of his legs being attached together, he is set loose in the wood, where the abundant grass soon affords him an ample and cheap supper.

Amid such a heterogeneous mass not much discipline can be expected. They have no regular maneuvers. Each fights on his own account, and as if by instinct.

It is a hunting excursion on a grand scale. They are, however, the troops who most distinguished themselves during the last war (1812) and who claimed the honor of having driven back the English at the battle of New Orleans. I have myself made a campaign with such a troop, amounting to three hundred men. They were commanded by a general of brigade. I set out as his aid-de-camp, myself forming his whole staff. I returned colonel of a regiment, and few periods of my life have afforded me such agreeable reminiscences. Never shall I forget our fording the passage of the Withlicootchie at midnight, by the light of the moon, with our signal fires blazing, and by the stronger but much more distant glare emanating from the forests which the Indians had fired during their retreat. That grand river, in all the majesty of virgin nature, ran between two banks of perpendicular rocks nearly sixty feet in height, and a narrow, steep footpath led on either side to the ford. The moon was beautifully reflected in the silvery waves, while their bright and almost phosphoric appearance was only interrupted by the long, dark line formed by our little army marching in single file. In this mode of life we remained for a period of about six weeks, on horseback the whole day, and at night encamped in the woods.

We only fell in with the Indians three or four times, but we could discover traces of them everywhere in our path, and it was by no means difficult to perceive that we were continually surrounded by them.

The sole cause of this war was the murder of a white family by the Indians in my own neighborhood, accompanied with circumstances of the most barbarous and unheard-of atrocity. Six white children from the age of two to twelve years were by them burned alive, while the father was murdered.

It was in order to arrest these murderers and compel the other Indians to retire within their territory, and, in fact, insure the tranquillity and peace of our families and save them from a probable general massacre, that we took up arms, and in which we completely succeeded.

This kind of half-civilized militia which I have just described is only met with on the frontiers of civilization. They would probably form the first

troops in the world, if well disciplined and exercised. This, however, could only be accomplished after they had been for some months under regimental colors. We may, therefore, always conclude that in open campaign, and during the first year of a war, these militia would always be beaten by regular troops. The case would, however, be far different in the second, and even from the commencement of the first year, in forests without roads, magazines, or resources of any kind.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

The accounts which special dispatches, newspaper exchanges, and the men themselves bring us as to the manner in which some of the towns of this State sent their volunteers to the front are affecting. There was Abbeville, for instance, which boasts the title of "The Cradle of the Confederacy." It suspended business wholly, and its people gathered in one body at the railroad station to cheer on its company of volunteers in blue, fifteen in excess of the quota; Godspeeds were given by Confederate veterans, who dwelt with fervor on the success of the national arms at Manila, and strong men wept with the women as the finest of the old town's young citizenship embarked for the war. And Chester, which with bands and flags and cheers kept enthusiasm at white heat for days, while recruits were enrolled to treble the numbers of the Lee Light Infantry—mark the name!—for the campaign for American honor; and kept open house for them all, and smothered them with flowers, and assembled to bid them farewell more than the population of the town. These are examples only of the spirit of South Carolina. Never was there a finer peace offering to a restored Union made with a sacrifice to war in its service!—*Columbia, S. C., State.*

POOR OLD SPAIN.

If our war for humanity shall result in making a decent republic out of Spain, and transforming the Spaniards into a civilized people, it will not have been in vain. And there seems to be a premonition of these desirable results in the conditions that prevail in the unhappy peninsula. Soon after our victory at Manila it was said that but for the necessity of getting the war credits voted in the Cortes, Senor Sagasta would have decreed the suspension of the constitutional guarantees, thus placing the whole country under military jurisdiction. The difficulties for the poor are worse than those of the government. The latter, by various expedients, can raise money; the former are unable to obtain either food or employment. The wages of the laborers are too small to buy sufficient food for themselves and their families. In the mining regions of Estrá Madura and other places the miners are nearly famished.

Meanwhile, speculators make corners to raise the price of food, and industry is paralyzed. In the Balearic Islands thousands of workmen are living upon alms. Catalonia, though the richest region in Spain, has suffered most deeply from the loss of the Cuban market. The Catalonian manufacturers



POOR OLD SPAIN!

recently tried to place their goods in the Philippine Islands. They were beginning to succeed, and their exports to Manila were increasing rapidly. This promising condition of things has been blighted by the war. To the Catalonian manufacturers there remain foreign markets only in Morocco and the

South American republics, and commercial relations with these countries are not yet fully developed.

The warehouses are filled to the ceiling with goods which will have to remain there till the war is over, and thousands of workmen, famished with hunger, will easily become the prey of political agitators and complicate the social and political situation of the country. The work of the political agitator is daily becoming more manifest, as the plight of the people becomes more hopeless. The Republicans declare that the moment the telegraph announces a new disaster to the Spanish arms, the great mass of the country will rise and sweep away everything. The Carlists say that if there are fresh disasters they will seize power. Therefore, the key to the situation is war news. The Carlists are well organized. The Republicans are divided by differences of programmes and the rivalries of their leading men. That portion which is capable of active practical work have endeavored to get the support of at least part of the army, without which they know they can hardly expect to succeed. So far they have not succeeded in forming an alliance with the military, who, they say, have imposed such conditions that the negotiations have had to be broken off.

They put much faith in Weyler, but he is simply waiting for his own chance, and will venture nothing unless absolutely assured of success. The report that Weyler has arrived at an understanding with Marshal Campos is untrue. They are not even on speaking terms. The nation, as a whole, is, however, indifferent to the struggles of parties, for it trusts none of them. What Spain needs above all other things is education among the masses of her people, and honesty and sincerity among her rulers. Without these she cannot expect to hold her own in the forward march of the nations.

On the 7th of May, after the full particulars of Dewey's famous victory at Manila had been telegraphed to all the world, a scene of the most extraordinary character occurred in the Cortes at Madrid. Senor Mella, a Carlist Deputy, first censured the government for not making an alliance with France and Russia, and severely denounced the scheme of autonomy, which, he asserted, far from averting trouble, had provoked it. He declared that President McKinley's messages were full of insults, which the Spanish government had tolerated. He said that Senor Moret, the Minister of Colonies, who was a failure, was obliged to be escorted when he goes into the streets, while Lieutenant-General Weyler is obliged to hide himself, owing to public ovations.

Senor Mella then quoted from Isaiah iii.: "As for my people, children are their oppressors and women rule over them. O, my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err and destroy the way of thy paths."

Vehement protests were entered, and Senor Sagasta cried:

"Such utterances were never heard inside this house."

The Speaker requested Senor Mella to withdraw his words, but this the Deputy refused to do, saying that they were Scriptural.

The President warned Senor Mella thrice, declaring that his refusal to withdraw the language he had used was disrespectful to the reigning dynasty, and then submitted the question of the expulsion from the chamber of the offending member. A division was taken amid a terrible uproar, resulting in the expulsion of Senor Mella by a vote of 199 to 19, the Republicans voting with the Carlists. Upon the announcement of the result both the Republicans and Carlists angrily left the chamber; but a decidedly Pickwickian turn was given to the affair by the declaration of the President that the expulsion applied only to that day's sitting of the Cortes! How very picturesque these Spaniards are in all their foolishness.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, THE IDEAL AMERICAN.

It may truly be said of this distinguished man that he is the highest type of an American citizen. No other nation could have produced Fitzhugh Lee.

As a student he was pre-eminent. In war he was superb. In the checkered game of politics he showed himself a master; in private life a model citizen; in diplomacy a true gentleman.

In everything he is an honest man. The chief articles of his creed are loyalty, honor, virtue.

Distinguished as is his career up to the time he was appointed Consul-General to Havana, his services since then eclipse his previous achievements.

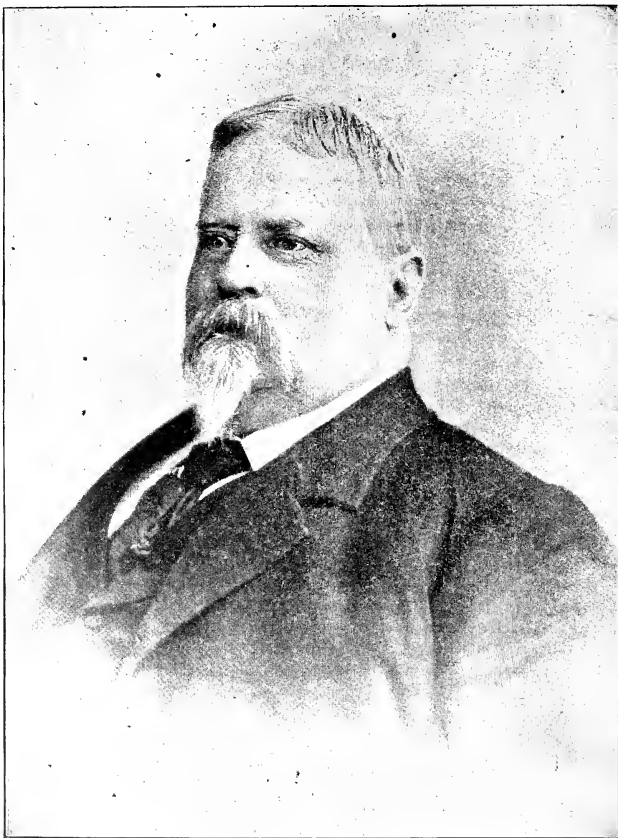
In this man are seen the influences of widely different civilizations. In many of his exploits he suggests a cavalier of the time of King Charles. He has shown a light-heartedness, a cheerful, reckless, dashing courage, that was the chief characteristic of the gay, laughter-loving, danger-scorning fighters of that day. In the fullness of his powers he displays the caution, the resources, the *finesse*, the statesmanship and cunning of a man schooled all his life in the devious ways of diplomacy. With this is coupled the soldier's quick decision, activity and courage.

When one reads of the exploits of Fitzhugh Lee's early life, it is difficult to reconcile the brilliant dare-devil recklessness, the love of fighting for its own with fate and misfortune, with the calm, resolute, far-sighted man upon whose shoulders rests a tremendous responsibility.

He is the grandson of Gen. Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," of revolutionary fame. His father, Sidney Smith Lee, was an officer in the United States navy.

Fitzhugh Lee was appointed to the military academy of West Point when he was sixteen. He was graduated at the head of his class and entered the cavalry service.

Never was there a more dashing trooper. There was never a better horseman in the United States army, and never a man who was better mounted. He was, like the trooper of romances, "a soldier from the feather in his hat to his clinking spurs," happiest when danger threatened, with a laugh always on his lips, adored by his men, respected and loved by his superiors.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

He was appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Cavalry, and his first duty was the drilling of recruits. But he soon saw active service. He was in the famous action of Wichita village, where four companies under Maj. Van Dorn fought 1600 Comanche, Lipau and Arapahoe warriors.

Lee had a hand-to-hand fight with a famous Comanche chief, a warrior famed throughout all the tribes for his prowess. Lee at that time weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, and his antagonist was at least thirty pounds heavier, but the former didn't hesitate a minute. He sprang toward the chief as he drew his revolver.

The Indian grasped Lee's pistol hand and raised his scalping knife. Lee grasped the redskin's wrist with his other hand. There was neither Indian nor white man near enough to interfere.

Lee realized that his antagonist was the stronger. He called into play the skill which made him the best boxer and wrestler at West Point.

Suddenly releasing the chief's hand, he struck straight from the shoulder, knocking his head backward. Again Lee shot out his left, and the dazed Indian staggered backward, but he quickly recovered. Lee grasped him, gave him the "back-heel," and bowled the big fellow over. It was the Indian's last fight.

"You had a pretty close call that time," said another officer, afterward Major Hayes.

"Yes," said Lee, "it took me some time to get my muscles up. Now I feel that I could get away with a dozen like him."

In one encounter an Indian arrow pierced Lee's side. He went on fighting for a while, but it began to bother him.

"Here, one of you fellows, pull this thing out; it's in the way," he called to a trooper.

A man tried and failed.

"Brace your foot against my body," commanded Lee.

The bugler did as he was directed. Lee's face became livid, but no cry escaped him. It was plain he was in frightful agony. Presently the head came off in his body and out came the shaft.

Just then Zymanski, an officer of the regiment, came up to the sorrowful group, whom the surgeon had told that Lee could not live. Zymanski did not know that Lee was wounded.

"Pretty close call," said Zymanski, pointing to holes in his hat, cut by bullets which had mowed a trench through his hair.

"O, Zymanski, you can't fool us that way," said Lee, laughing. "You set your hat on a stump and shot those holes through it yourself; you know you did."

"You're all right, Fitz," said Major Van Dorn, coming up. "A man who can make a joke when he is as near the grave as you are will recover."

Many a weary day of agonizing pain passed before Lee was on his horse again. The arrow-head was never found, and it was troublesome for years. Physicians say that it has long since been absorbed.

Lee was not twenty-five years old when he was appointed instructor in cavalry tactics at West Point. General Custer was one of his pupils. He was at West Point when the war broke out. Resigning his commission, he went to Virginia and entered the Confederate service.

He was the youngest of the great leaders of the Confederacy. He had a positive genius for cavalry warfare. At times his audacity knew no bounds; yet he was governed always by a caution which did not permit him to make blunders.

He was the life of the camp, brimful of fun and practical jokes. He rejoiced in social pleasures, the company of beautiful women. He loved the ball-room next to the battlefield. He constantly sought twenty-five hours in every day, so that he could put in half an hour more of fighting and half an hour more of dancing. He entered into battle with the same light-heartedness, the same laughing enthusiasm that he entered the ball-room.

The orchestra's invitation to waltz and the bugle's call to boots and saddles were the music he loved best. To those who did not know the sterling worth of the man—his war-like spirit, his genius for maneuvering, his keen insight into the real science of war—his success could not be explained.

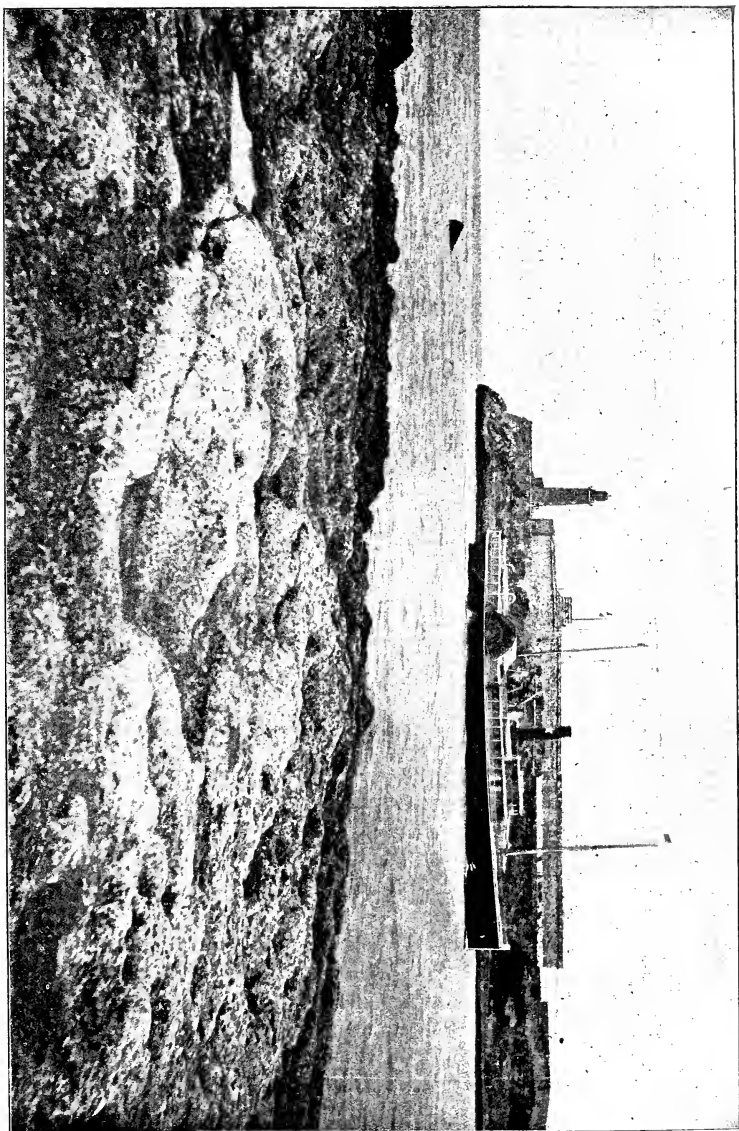
In that famous expedition around the army of General McClellan in 1862, in which Lee took so prominent a part, he acted as if it was a great frolic. Yet he won victory after victory, making no blunders, striking always at the right time. He captured a lot of men belonging to his old company, and greeted them cordially. He captured former brother officers, whom he promptly paroled and furnished horses.

His superiors knew the worth of General Lee. They had no hesitation in trusting to him the most critical operations, and he never failed. He took chances that seemed to be foolhardy and desperate, but he knew what he was about. His men would have followed the laughing, dashing leader to certain death with his smile reflected on their faces.

It is said that Lee realized that Gettysburg decided the fate of the Confederacy. But he never lost heart, never lost his courage or his smiling good humor. He danced and fought as much as ever, and was always the life of the camp, always merry.

No one ever saw him dodge a bullet or take the most ordinary precautions to protect himself. No one ever saw him in a fight when he wasn't laughing or smiling, save twice. At Winchester, where three horses were shot under him. One was Nellie Gray, the finest animal in the service, and Lee loved her. He wept when she went down.

The other occasion was at Appomattox, when his uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee, surrendered to General Grant. Then Fitzhugh Lee broke down and sobbed like a child.



ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR AND VIEW OF MORO CASTLE. (From a Photograph)

After the war General Lee went back to his home in Virginia and went to work on his farm. It was a hard struggle, but he succeeded. It was natural enough that he should be drawn into politics. He was the most popular man in the State, although his outspokenness made him many enemies.

When he was nominated for governor of Virginia in 1885, he entered the campaign with the same spirit that he entered upon his military battles, with an enthusiasm, daring and brilliancy. And he was successful.

When he headed the southern military organizations in the procession at the inauguration in 1885, no man in the line was cheered with such enthusiasm. And no man looked so well. Like all great cavalry leaders, Lee is more imposing on horseback than on foot. New Yorkers remember seeing him, four years later, ride at the head of the Virginia troops in the Washington Centennial parade. He rode a thoroughbred, and even those who did not know who he was could not help cheering him.

Such is a brief epitome of the life of the man before he was sent to Cuba. In 1896 the persecutions of Americans in the islands were a crying scandal and shame. There was need of a man of courage, discretion and force to represent the United States. This government wanted to know the truth about the revolution there. It wanted its citizens protected.

It has been said again and again that in all the United States no man was so fitted for the place. The President originally purposed to send General Lee to Cuba as a special commissioner, but afterward decided to make him consul-general, to succeed Ramon O. Williams, who had held the place for twenty years. General Lee was appointed on April 13, 1896.

The Spanish authorities had heard of General Lee. They knew of him as a cavalry leader, a real soldier, but they did not realize fully the manner of man he is.

General Lee was greeted with an elaborate courtesy, that delicate cobweb structure of politeness upon which hangs so much diplomacy. They found Lee a master of the game. He has the distinguished bearing of a Virginia gentleman in whom has been bred a nice regard for the amenities of life for generations. Instead of the bluff soldier they found a man who could meet their polite nothings with equally pleasant nothings.

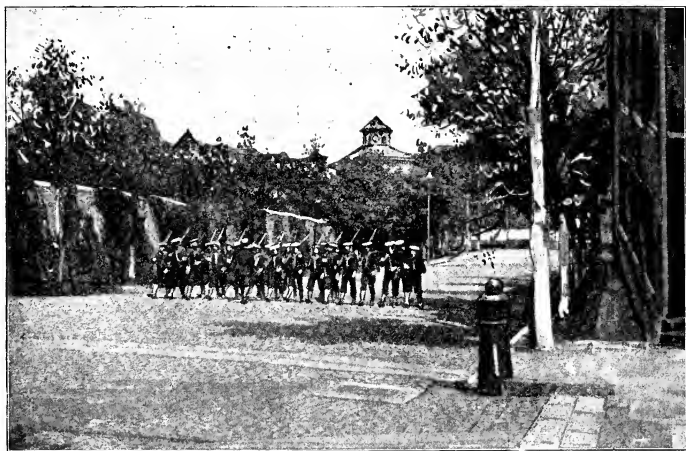
Had General Lee lived in the time of the cavaliers he would, no doubt, have been a famous duelist. In Havana he found himself continually embroiled in quarrels which required more skill, more courage and more *finesse* than were ever displayed on "the field of honor."

General Lee's hands were velvet. His words were like honey. He was feeling his way, investigating carefully and closely with his rich intelligence. The Spaniards could make nothing of him. In the game of fence he was their superior.

The Consul-General found many Americans in prison. He suggested to the Spanish government, so sweetly and gently, that they should be released, that the Spanish government was quite willing, out of pure kindness and courtesy. Then came the Ruiz incident. The American dentist had been murdered. Spain feared. Weyler thought it time to bluster.

Then it was that Weyler opened his eyes. This American was not made of putty. His courtesies were not his sole weapons. He was made of steel. He took his stand, took it boldly, always politely, but he was adamant. Moro Castle stands on no firmer rock.

Weyler had to give way. There was no help for it. He had met his match, more than his match. But for a moment the issue was in doubt.



SPANISH CONSULAR GUARD, HAVANA.

General Lee sent word to Mr. Olney, saying that he must have the fullest support of the government. No reply came. There followed a cable from General Lee announcing that his resignation had been sent on a steamer.

Nothing in the world is finer than a man who stands for right and justice, no matter what the cost. Not for one instant would he endure a slight or even the suggestion that he did not have full authority.

General Lee's resignation was not accepted, as all the world knows. He had his way; he was the right man in the right place.

Americans languishing in the foul Spanish prisons began lifting their heads with hope. Here at last was a man, a man who could see far, who knew the meaning of things, to whom justice meant something that was sacred, who would fight for it. He did not even wait for appeals. He inves-

tigated for himself. When he made sure, he sent word to the palace, never forgetting that "pine-apple perfume of politeness," yet always couched in terms that left no doubt of the firmness behind the message.

"I am in Cuba to protect the lives and property of Americans," said General Lee. He has lived up to this. No one has been too weak for him to succor, no one too powerful for him to attack when it became necessary.

From one end of the island to the other, wherever an American has been in danger, the hand of General Lee has been reached out to protect.

Bombs were placed in the consulate; there were threats of assassination, but General Lee pursued his way evenly and calmly, taking no heed, doing his duty. No man can tell how many lives he has saved.

A less resolute man, a less courageous one, lacking in the Anglo-Saxon pluck, would have been helpless. He would have seen Americans butchered almost before his eyes. A man less diplomatic, with less self-control, would have long ago embroiled this country in a war with Spain. Never was there offered more opportunities or better excuses for blunders. Never was a man placed in a situation more trying.

There is no doubt that Spain has been long seeking an excuse for ridding herself of so remarkable a man, but General Lee would give no excuse. He never overstepped the bounds, and he has never failed in accomplishing that which he has desired.

After the blowing up of the *Maine*, although he knew as soon as any one did the cause of the disaster, he bore himself with a composure, displayed a judgment and repression that marked him as a really brave man. His demand for a Court of Inquiry was significant enough. He realized what had taken place.

When the Spanish authorities refused to let American divers make an examination of the *Maine*, General Blanco learned that General Lee could speak to the point; that when he had determined upon a course he could stand against the whole Spanish government.

It was practically within the power of General Lee to declare war. He was the pivotal point upon which turned the whole affair. He gained his end without yielding a hairsbreadth, as he has done ever since he went to Cuba. He gained it without the suggestion of an open rupture.

He cared for the wounded and dead as if they had been his children. He made the Spanish authorities do as he desired, and did not bully. There is a magnificent strength in the man which commands the respect of the Spanish. They have neither man nor men they can measure against him.

General Lee feels that he has been handicapped by a great name. It has stimulated his pride and ambition, but it has not inspired any vanity. When asked, recently, if this heritage had helped or hindered him, he said:

"It has been a heavy load. I have had the reputation of a lot of ancestors, as well as my own, to look after. Whatever good I have done has been credited to them, and whatever of evil has been charged to me was magnified, because people said they had a right to expect much better things of a man of my blood and breeding.

"When I was running for Governor of Virginia, John Wise said that if my name had been Fitzhugh Smith, I never would have secured the nomination. I replied that I had known a good many good men named Smith, and would have been as proud of that name as of the one I bore. In that way I got the votes of all the Smiths in Virginia, and a letter from a man who told me never to forget Captain John Smith, our first settler, who killed Pocahontas."

When Fitzhugh Lee was sixteen years old President Fillmore appointed him a cadet at West Point, where he was known as "The Flea," on account of his slight stature, physical activity, and because he always signed his name F. Lee. He stood low in scholarship, but high in tactics and military science, and was first in horsemanship in his class. He was more of a soldier and an athlete than a student, and was a great favorite with both faculty and the cadets. Otherwise, he would have been dismissed from the institution, for he gained a greater reputation for mischief and escapades than any cadet up to his time had been guilty of. His Uncle Robert never received a demerit. Fitzhugh got enough for the entire family, and all he could carry without the exercise of a great deal of grace, from the Academic Board. He was graduated into the famous Second Cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was Colonel, Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, and George H. Thomas, Major.

On being asked, recently, what he did when the war was over, he replied: "I rode from Appomatox Court-House to Richmond, stopped at my Uncle Robert's house for a few days, came up to Alexandria to visit some relatives, and then went down the Potomac to a farm I had inherited, and began to plow the ground. I continued to do so until I was elected Governor of Virginia, in 1885."

General Lee plays the violin and piano, and has a fine barytone voice. He is fond of society, particularly that of young people, feels at home every-



GENERAL LEE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

where, under all circumstances, has a tender sympathy and deep, poetic sentiment, and used to write verses to his wife in their courtship days.

"What three things do you like best in the world?" said an inquisitive correspondent to him soon after his return from Cuba.

"Women, horses and songs."

"What is your favorite song?"

"You will have a heap o' fun if you join Lee's cavalry."

"What, of all you have seen in your experience, do you admire most?"

"My wife and daughters."

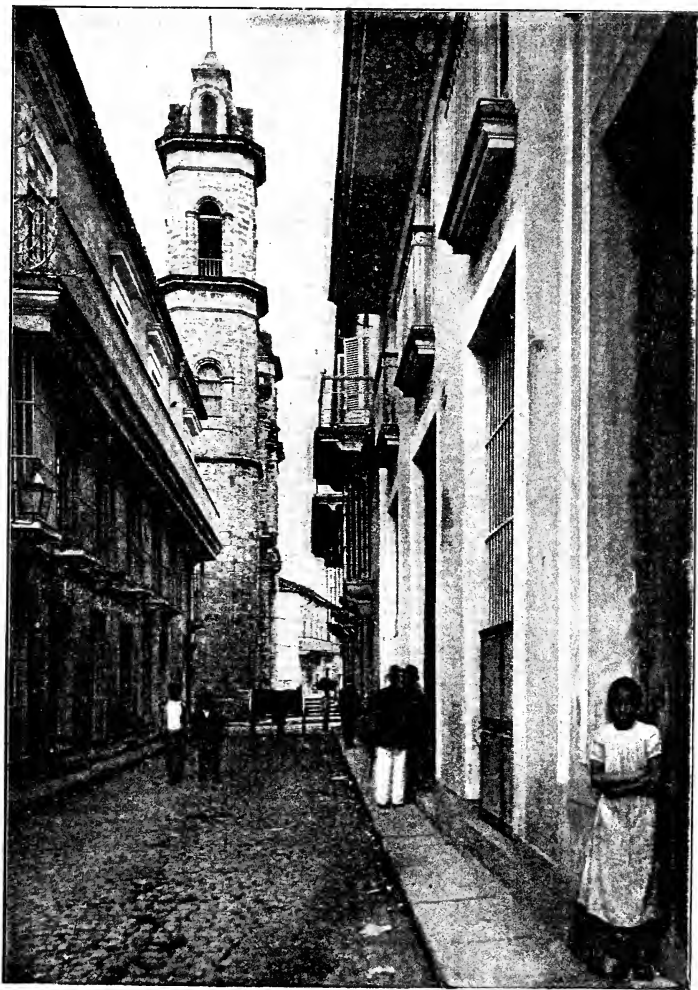
GENERAL LEE'S PLAN FOR CAPTURING CUBA.

The following account of a highly-interesting interview with General Lee, in the Hotel Ingletterre, Havana, with incidental descriptions of Matanzas and its surroundings, was furnished by Hon. Amos J. Cummings, member of Congress from New York:

Some weeks ago, in the cozy apartment of General Fitzhugh Lee, in the Hotel Ingletterre, Havana, a plan of campaign against the city was distinctly outlined. It was direct, plain and practical. The General and his congressional visitors had talked amid the curling smoke of fragrant cigars. Photographs of the Lee family adorned the room, making it homelike and attractive. There was a *bal masque* not far away, and its strains of music floated faintly through the open window. On this night the officers of an Austrian corvette were being entertained at the palace of the Captain-General. All the approaches thereto were guarded by Spanish troops. Under the order of General Blanco no one was admitted within the charmed circle without giving the countersign. It was at this banquet that the Austrian commander alluded to the trouble between Spain and the United States, and assured his hearers that Austria had not forgotten the fate of Maximilian in Mexico. The remark was hailed as a threat against the United States, and was cheered to the echo by the officers of the Spanish army and navy.

General Lee, after a cheery conversation, parted the window curtains and invited his visitors to a tiny balcony overhanging the street. The view was enlivening. The Prado was bathed in the effulgence of electric lights, and the statue of Isabella adorning the oblong park fronting the hotel looked like an alabaster figure. All was life and activity. A cool breeze came from the ocean. A stream of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen poured along the Prado—dark-eyed *senoras* and *senoritas* with coquettish veils, volunteers, regulars and civil guards in tasty uniforms, and a cosmopolitan sprinkling of Englishmen, Germans, French, Italians, and other nationalities, Americans being conspicuous. Low-wheeled carriages rattled over the pavements in scores, many filled with ladies *en masque*, on their way to the ball. Occa-

sionally the notes of a bugle were heard, and anon the cries of negro news-boys shouting "*La Lucha.*"



STREET IN HAVANA, SHOWING PORTION OF THE COLUMBUS CATHEDRAL. (From a Photograph)

It was while watching this ever-moving panorama that the conversation turned upon the approaching war. All agreed that war was at hand, and

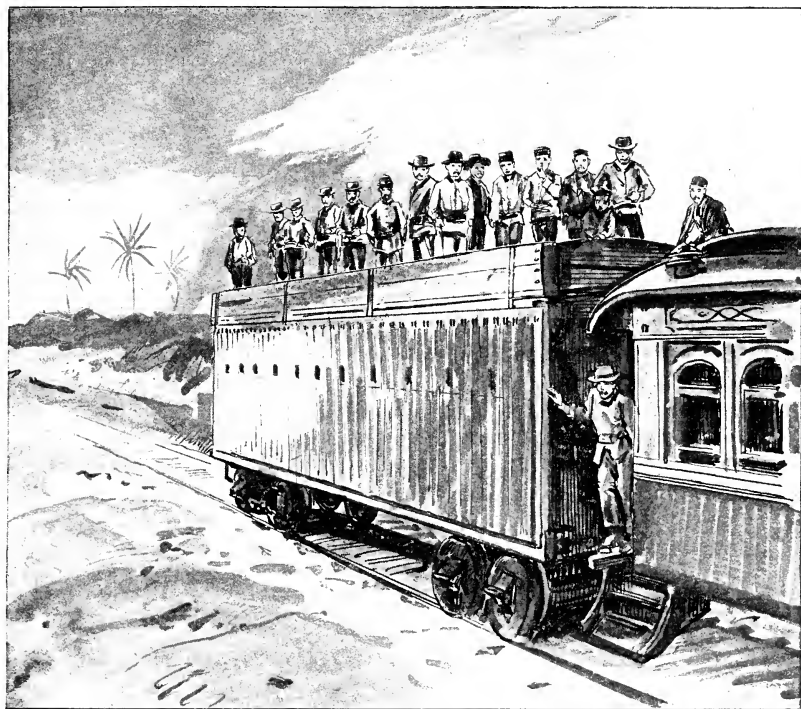
that it ought to be short, sharp and decisive. The General knew the surrounding country thoroughly, and tersely outlined the situation. He selected Matanzas as a basis of operations. He had visited that city, and had inspected the roads leading to Havana. The fortresses of Matanzas are antique, and their guns of very little value. They would not stand an assault of the American navy for more than three hours. A landing could be effected without danger, and the occupation of the city made complete. Aside from this, Matanzas is salubrious, and fully as near Key West as Havana. The air is pure, and water plentiful, and as clear as crystal. The city itself is within striking distance of the capitals of the four western provinces. A railroad runs to Havana; another to Guines, south of Havana, and from there to Pinar del Rio. There are at least a dozen railroads in the province. One runs direct through Coliseo and Colon to Santo Domingo, and from there to Sagua la Grande; another runs direct from Santo Domingo to Cienfuegos, and still another to Santa Clara. There is also railroad communication with Remedios, on the northern coast.

Matanzas is a little over sixty miles from Havana. The roads are good, and its railroads may be used to great advantage by the invaders. An American army might approach Havana by railroad, the same as General Butler went from Annapolis to Baltimore, in 1861. General Lee was confident that after a landing at Matanzas, at the head of 10,000 Union and Confederate veterans, he could capture Havana within a week. Such a landing, however, ought to be made before the rainy season sets in. Havana has no fortifications of any account in the rear, and is practically unprotected from assault. Maceo repeatedly mustered his troops within five miles of the city, and could undoubtedly have captured it before the return of Martinez Campos from Matanzas. He deemed it military prudence to restrain his men. The English evidently made a mistake over one hundred years ago when they landed near Havana and laid siege to Moro Castle. Many men died from sickness who might have been saved if Matanzas had been seized and made a base of operations.

The fortifications at Havana, however, are much stronger than at the time of the English invasion, under the Earl of Albemarle, in 1762. There were 10,000 British troops in this expedition, and they were only two months in capturing the city. It was the English who built the Cabanas, a fortress nearly a mile long, and far more formidable than Moro.

General Lee's visitors were much impressed with his analysis of the military situation. They left him at midnight, all agreeing that it would be a just retribution for an American army corps to enter Havana with Fitz Lee at its head. His bearing in the city was magnificent. Ever wary and watchful of American interests, he visited the Captain-General's palace at any hour of the day or night, when they were threatened. Of course, the feeling

against him among the Spaniards was very bitter, but no insulting word was ever uttered within his hearing. Outwardly all were polite, if not affable. One night, at 11 o'clock, the General was informed that a clearance had been refused to an American yacht then in the harbor. Secretary-General Congosto had told him early in the afternoon that there would be no trouble about her papers. Indignant at Congosto's trickery, the General seized his hat, and at the midnight hour walked down to the palace and ascended



RAILROAD TRAIN RUNNING BETWEEN HAVANA AND MATANZAS.

the marble steps, between scowling Spanish sentries. In measured words and dignified manner he upbraided the government officials for their treachery, and the captain of the yacht obtained his clearance papers in the morning.

On the following morning at 6 o'clock two of the congressional delegation started for Matanzas. They arose before daylight and crossed the harbor in a ferryboat that would have disgraced Hoboken a quarter of a century

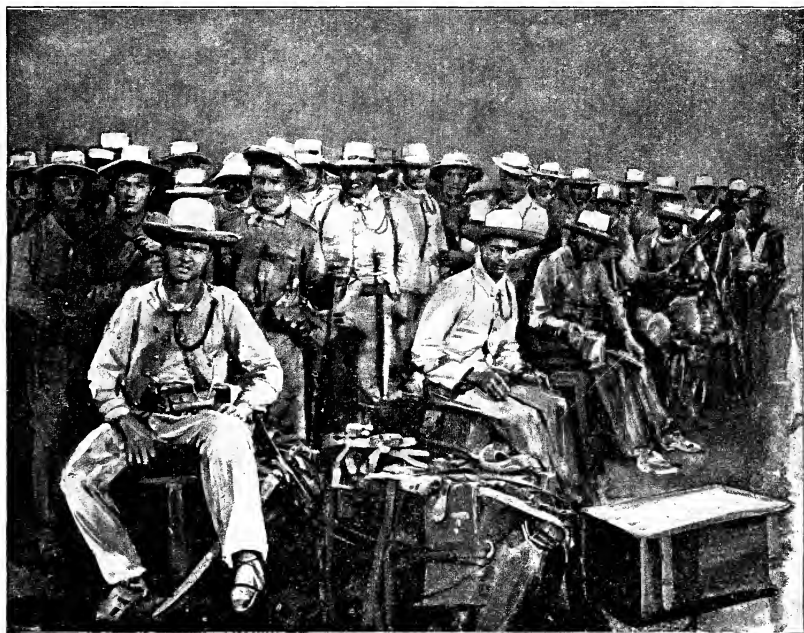
ago. To the left of the landing is the arena for bull fights. Crowds swarm to these fights on Sunday, and fairly revel in the brutal sport. The train was made up of five cars—first, second, and third class. Two of the cars were ironclad. The fare from Havana to Matanzas, first class, is \$13 in Spanish gold. These cars are furnished with cane-bottomed seats and no racks. The windows are never washed, and the floor of the car is swept once a week. There was an improvement upon the American system in one respect—the name of the station which the train was approaching was always posted at the forward end of the car. The railroad, by the way, is not a government institution, and no trains are run after darkness sets in. The first station out was Guanabacoa, a town which has frequently been taken by the Cuban patriots. The country was rolling and the soil quite sterile, nor was there any sign of cultivation. Spanish block-houses capped many a hill, and the ditches along the railroad were fenced in with barbed wire. At times immense hedges of cacti and yucca lined the ditches.

Ten miles beyond Guanabacoa the train reached Minas. This was a town of a half-dozen houses, containing a five-acre pen, into which Weyler had driven the *reconcentrados* from the surrounding country. It was said that eight hundred had died in this pen. Probably a dozen starving creatures were still living. Their terror of the Spanish troops was so great that they did not dare approach the train. Before leaving Minas a range of mountains in the south came into view.

At Minas the soil has a rich, red tinge, and is said to be marvelously productive, but there were no signs of cultivation, nor was anybody but a Spanish soldier seen between stations. The whole country is depopulated, and runs riot in tropical vegetation. Campo Florida was the next station. It is a populous town about fifteen miles from Havana. The soil between Campo Florida and Jaruco was very rich, and had evidently been devoted to the cultivation of tobacco. From either side of the cars mountains could now be seen, resembling the Blue Ridge of Virginia. The country was dotted with palms. They were scattered like oaks on wild land in California or cedars in the Old Dominion. Most of them were royal palms, although genuine Florida palmettos were frequently seen. Barren places were given up to a short palm with circular leaves and a top resembling the head-dress of an Aztec chief. It is said that the seed of this palm was carried to Cuba by slaves brought from Africa.

The succeeding villages are Bainoa and Aguacate. Both had apparently been thriving places, but many of the old habitations had been destroyed. Those that remained were surrounded with miserable huts erected by the *reconcentrados* to shelter them from the sun. Very few of these starving people were seen, the great majority having gone to the silent land. Aguacate was near the boundary of the Province of Matanzas. From this place

to the city of Matanzas there is no town worthy of mention. The country is mountainous, and the mountains are covered with a scrub growth, the retreats of the insurgents. About ten miles from Matanzas, on the left of the road, stand what are known as the Breadloaf Mountains. They rise from the plain like the Spanish peaks in Colorado. These mountains are said to be the headquarters of General Betancourt, who commands the insurgents in the province. The Spaniards have offered \$1,000 reward for his head. Several



GROUP OF SPANISH SOLDIERS IN MATANZAS.

efforts have been made to secure it, but in all cases the would-be captor has lost his own head.

As the train approached Matanzas the horses of Spanish foraging parties attracted attention. The men rode marsh grass ponies laden with bales of young shoots of sugar-cane that grow wild on the abandoned plantations. There were probably one hundred of these foragers, and as they spurred their steeds to the utmost speed a cloud of dust arose in their wake. The depot at Matanzas was surrounded with starving *reconcentrados* and Spanish soldiers. Aside from this, however, the city gave every sign of prosperity. A beau-

tiful stone bridge crossing the Matanzas River had just been completed, and beyond it a palatial structure of light cream material was being built.

There is no more charming spot in Cuba than Matanzas. The bay is like a crescent in shape, and receives the waters of the Yumuri and San Juan rivers, two small unnavigable streams. A high ridge separates them. On this ridge, back of the town, stands a cathedral dedicated to the Black Virgin. It is a reproduction of a cathedral in the Balearic Islands. The view from its steeple is magnificent. Looking backward, the valley of the Yumuri stretches to the right. It is about ten miles wide and sixty miles long, dotted with palms, and as level as a barn floor. The Yumuri breaks through the mountains near Matanzas Bay, something like the Arkansas River at Canyon City. Carpeted with living green and surrounded with mountains, this valley is one of the gems of Cuba. The San Juan Valley is more wild and rugged. There were slight signs of cultivation in the Yumuri Valley, but none in the San Juan. The city itself has about 48,000 inhabitants. Nearly 10,000 *reconcentrados* have died here since Weyler's order, and 47,000 in the entire province, which is not larger in area than the State of Delaware. The Governor's palace fronts a plaza shaded with magnificent palms. In this plaza twenty-three persons died of starvation on the 12th of November last. This information comes from Governor d'Armis himself.

General Lee was right. No better spot could be selected as a base of operations against Havana. A cool sea breeze is usually in circulation, and the air is soft and balmy. There are few mosquitoes, and encampments unsurpassed for convenience and salubrity might be made on the ridge between the Matanzas and the Yumuri. Indeed, a Spanish detachment is occupying the yard of the Church of the Black Virgin. It is surrounded by a thick stone wall, and is a fortification far stronger than the famous stone wall at Fredericksburg.

The Spaniards have already learned the value of Matanzas as a military post. There are block-houses on most of the elevations surrounding the city, and there were no signs of disease in the detachments occupying them. The camp-kettles show no lack of food, and the soldiers themselves are clean and urbane. The only thing that they lacked, apparently, is discipline. Squad drills are unknown, although the most of the soldiers are recruits lately landed from Spain. The officers spend their time in the city lounging around the hotels and restaurants. Fearful stories are told of the atrocities perpetrated by a general ferocious in aspect and insolent in manner, who was a favorite of Weyler, and who is an intimate of Molina. The *reconcentrados* gaze at him in horror, remembering the atrocious butcheries committed by him long before Weyler's brutal order was issued. If one-half of the stories told of this man's cruelty are true, the buccaneers of the Spanish main were angels of mercy in comparison with Weyler's favorite.

DEWEY'S BREAKFAST.

The Victory at Manila.—Greatest Naval Battle in the History of the World.—Full Account of the Battle.—Incidents of Personal Daring.—Anecdotes of the Fight and of the Officers and Men.—Life of Admiral Dewey, with Numerous Interesting Events of His Youth and Manhood.

THE BATTLE.

Commodore Dewey's laconic dispatches tell the story of the greatest sea fight in the history of the world. They will forever henceforth rank as models of celebrated announcements of victory by great commanders. The language is simple, direct, explicit, and free from all vain-gloriousness. One instantly wonders, after reading the dispatches, if Dewey realized that he had fought and gained the greatest naval victory recorded in the annals of mankind.

First Dispatch.

MANILA, May 1.—Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: *Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezos, Marques de Duero, Correo, Velasco, Isla de Mindanao*, a transport and water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American Consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him. DEWEY.

Second Dispatch.

CAVITE, May 4.—I have taken possession of naval station at Cavite, Philippine Islands, and destroyed the fortifications. Have destroyed fortification at bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control the bay completely, and can take the city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. The Spanish loss is not fully known, but is very heavy. One hundred and fifty killed, including captain, on *Reina Christina* alone. I am assisting in protecting Spanish sick and wounded. Two hundred and fifty sick and wounded in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents. DEWEY.

Let us contrast these modest dispatches with the bombastic address of Captain-General Augusti, issued a few days before the battle; and for the purpose of making the contrast more emphatic, and still further illustrating the difference in the intelligence and civilization of the two nations, we will include the message of President McKinley to the Congress of the United States, announcing the victory:

President McKinley to Congress on the Battle of Manila Bay.

"To the Congress of the United States:—On April 24th I directed the Secretary of the Navy to telegraph orders to Commodore George Dewey of the United States navy, commanding the Asiatic squadron, then lying in the port of Hong Kong, to proceed forthwith to the Philippine Islands, there to commence operations and engage the Spanish fleet.

Captain-General Augusti of the Philippines to Residents of the Islands.

"*Spaniards*:—Between Spain and the United States of America hostilities have broken out. The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess a spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortune to abuse our hospitality, using means that civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.

"Promptly obeying that order, the United States squadron, consisting of the flagship *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord* and *Petrel*, with the revenue cutter *McCulloch* as an auxiliary dispatch-boat, entered the harbor of Manila at daybreak May 1, and immediately engaged the entire Spanish fleet of eleven ships, which were under the

"The North American people, constituted of all social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war by their perfidious machinations, their acts of treachery, their outrages against the laws of nations and international conventions.

"The struggle will be short and decisive. The gods of victories will give us one as brill-



REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

HERO OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE.

protection of the fire of the land forts. After a stubborn fight, in which the enemy suffered great loss, these vessels were destroyed or completely disabled, and the water battery at Cavite silenced. Of our brave officers and men not one was lost and only eight injured, and those slightly. All of our ships escaped any serious damage.

"By May 4th Commodore Dewey had taken possession of the naval station at Cavite, de-

liant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand.

"Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all nations, will emerge triumphant from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those United States that, without cohesion, without history, offer only infamous traditions and ungrateful spectacles in her chambers, in which appear insolence, defamation, cowardice, and cynicism.

stroying fortifications there and at the entrance of the bay, and paroling their garrisons. The waters of the bay are under his complete control. He has established hospitals within the American lines, where two hundred and fifty of the Spanish sick and wounded are assisted and protected.

"The magnitude of this victory can hardly be measured by the ordinary standards of naval warfare. Outweighing any material advantage is the moral effect of this initial success. At this unsurpassed achievement the great heart of our nation throbs—not with boasting or with greed of conquest, but with deep gratitude that this triumph has come in a just cause, and that by the grace of God an effective step has thus been taken toward the attainment of the wished-for peace. To those whose skill, courage and devotion have won the fight, to the gallant commander, and the brave officers and men who aided him, our country owes an incalculable debt.

"Feeling as our people feel, and speaking in their name, I at once sent a message to Commodore Dewey, thanking him and his officers and men for their splendid achievement and overwhelming victory, and informing him that I had appointed him an Acting Rear Admiral. I now recommend that, following our national precedents and expressing the fervent gratitude of every patriotic heart, the thanks of Congress be given Acting Rear Admiral George Dewey of the United States navy for highly distinguished conduct in conflict with the enemy, and to the officers and men under his command for their gallantry in the destruction of the enemy's fleet and the capture of the enemy's fortifications in the Bay of Manila."

"Her squadron, manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago, with ruffianly intention, robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty, and pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable.

"American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realization the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were acquainted with the rights of property, to kidnap those persons they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural and industrial labor.

"Vain designs; ridiculous boastings. Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the realization of their designs. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mockery, or impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God. The images you adore thrown down by the unbelief of the aggressors shall not prove the tombs of your fathers. They shall not gratify lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate property accumulated in provision for your old age.

"They shall not perpetrate these crimes, inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish a base people that is claiming to be civilized and cultivated. They have exterminated the natives of North America instead of giving them civilization and progress.

"Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is covered with laurels, fight with the conviction that victory will crown your efforts, and to the calls of your enemies oppose the decision of a Christian and patriot, and cry, 'Vivi Espana!'"

On the day he sailed from Mirs Bay to go in search of the enemy, Commodore Dewey called his officers around him and told them that he proposed to fight the Spaniards on the very first day he could get at them, and this, he believed, would be the following Sunday.

When the fleet arrived off Subig Bay, a short distance north of Manila, the day before the fight, the Commodore again called his officers together on the flagship, and outlined to them every detail of the plan of attack. The precision with which the plan was executed reflects credit on the wisdom and boldness of the commander, and the faithful courage of his captains.

The position occupied by the Spaniards, backed by their heavy guns on shore, gave them an enormous advantage.

The American fleet consisted of six vessels, none of them first-class battleships. They were accompanied by the dispatch-boat *McCulloch*, which, of course, added nothing to the fighting strength of the squadron. These vessels are historic, and their names are as follows:

OLYMPIA (*Flagship*).

PETREL.

BALTIMORE.

CONCORD.

RALEIGH.

BOSTON.

These six ships entered the harbor in the order in which they are named, and they preserved this order during the entire battle. They destroyed and sank ten Spanish warships, and burnt one large steamer.

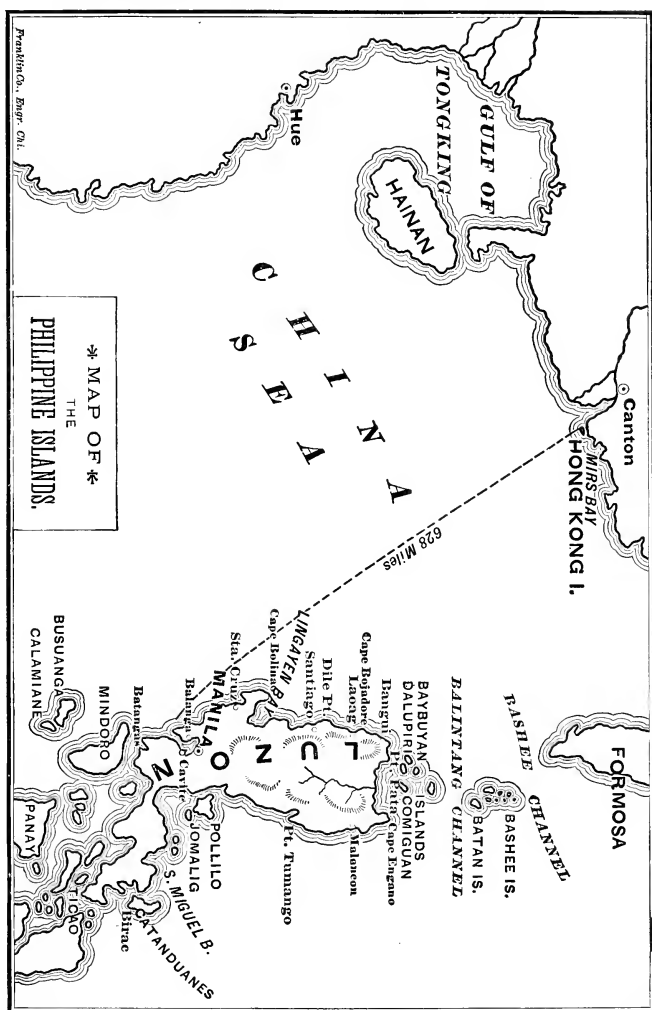
The fleet reached Manila Bay at 8 o'clock on the evening of April 30, 1898. It was a bright moonlight night, and, with all lights out and not a moment's delay or hesitation, the ships steamed boldly into the bay. The flagship had passed the fortifications on Corregidor Island and was a mile beyond before a shot was fired or any evidence given that the presence of the fleet was known to the Spaniards. Then, one heavy shot went screaming over the *Raleigh* and the *Olympia*, and plunged harmlessly into the water. It was followed by a second, which fell far astern of the vessels.

Instantly the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, and the *Boston* became roaring sheets of flame as their big guns thundered back an angry reply. The *Concord's* shells exploded, apparently, exactly inside the shore battery which had fired the first shots, and that battery was a thing of the past—it was heard from no more during the fight.

The ships slowed down to barely steerage-way, and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns. Thus the squadron silently advanced a distance of seventeen miles toward the interior of the bay, and at daybreak had reached a point within five miles of the city of Manila, and opposite the fortifications at Cavite arsenal. Here, also, the Spanish fleet was discovered, lying under the protection of the guns on the shore. The Spanish Admiral's flag was flying on the protected cruiser *Reina Christina*, the *Castilla* was moored head and stern to the port battery, and toward the sea from these were the protected cruisers *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Quiros*, *Marques del Onero*, and *General Lezos*. These ships and Admiral Montejó's flagship were under way, and remained so during most of the action. The Spaniards were protected by four formidable land batteries, besides their own strength, which was nearly equal to that of the Americans.

With the United States flag flying at all their mastheads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles.

The *Concord's* guns boomed out a reply with two shots. No more were fired, because Commodore Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city.



As the ships neared Cavite two powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the *Olympia*, throwing immense volumes of water high into the

air, but doing no harm to the fleet. The Spaniards had misjudged the position of our ships. No one knew how many more mines there might be ahead, but Dewey had learned his trade under Farragut, at New Orleans, and in Mobile Bay, and he kept on without faltering. Mines and torpedoes did not frighten him.

A few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery in Manila. But soon the gunners got a better range, and the shells began to strike near or burst close aboard the American vessels, from both the batteries and the Spanish ships.

The heat was intense, and our men stripped off all their clothing except their trousers. Meanwhile, the two shots from the *Concord* were the only notice our ships had taken of the storm of shells that was now raining around them.

As the *Olympia* drew nearer all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate at the after five-inch gun came a hoarse cry:

"Remember the *Maine*."

It arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns.

This watchword was caught up at the turrets and firerooms, wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post.

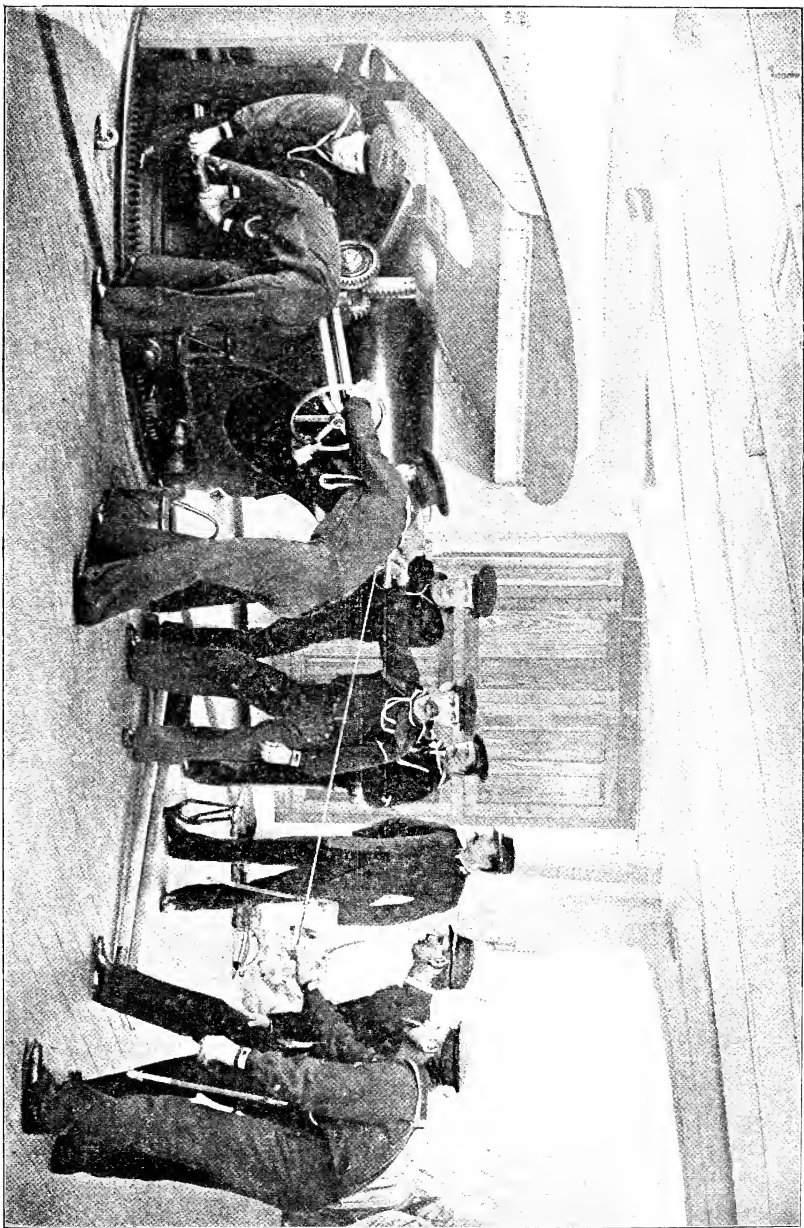
"Remember the *Maine*" had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the *Maine's* crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

The *Olympia* was ready to begin the fight.

Commodore Dewey, his chief of staff, Commander Lamberton, an aide, and Lieutenant Stickney, with Executive Officer Lieutenant Rees and Navigator Lieutenant Calkins, who conned ship most admirably, were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning tower, as it was thought unsafe to risk losing all the senior officers by one shell.

"You may fire when you get ready, Gridley," quietly remarked Commodore Dewey, at precisely forty-one minutes past five o'clock, and instantly the starboard eight-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Similar guns on the *Baltimore* and the *Boston* sent two hundred and fifty pound shells hurtling toward the *Castilla* and the *Reina Christina*.

And now the battle was on in all its fury. The American fleet swung in front of the Spanish ships and forts in single file, firing their port guns; then, wheeling, they passed back, firing their starboard guns. This movement was repeated five times, the entire American fleet passing all the Spanish ships and batteries at each maneuver, and each time drawing in closer and



FIRING THE BIG GUNS AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

closer, and delivering a fire at more deadly range. During two hours and a half there was a tremendous resistance by the Spaniards. They had eleven ships and five land batteries in full play, against six American warships. But the American markmanship was faultless. Every shot seemed to count against ship or shore battery, while most of the Spanish powder was burned in vain.

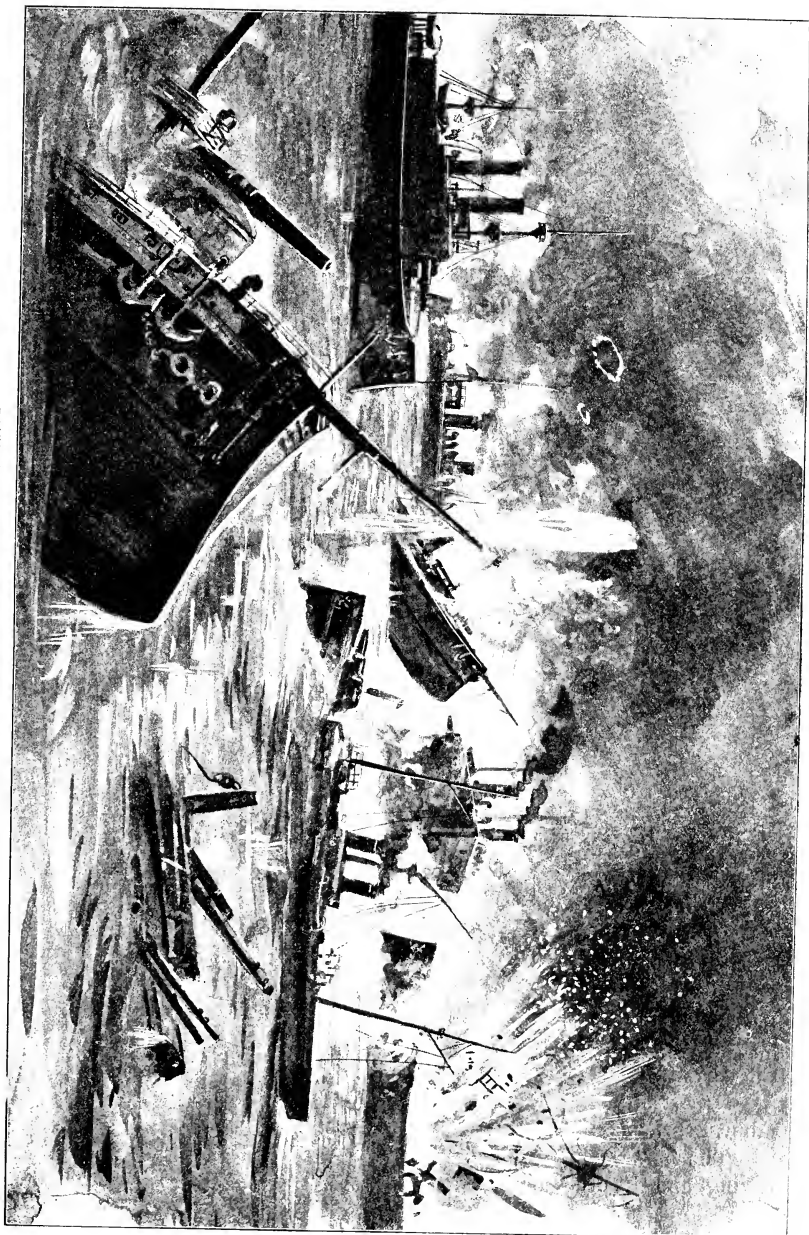
The piercing scream of shot was often varied by the bursting of time-fuse shells, fragments of which lashed the water like shrapnel, or cut into the hulls and rigging of the American ships. One large shell came straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge, where Commodore Dewey and his officers stood, but fortunately fell short less than one hundred feet. A fragment of this shell cut the rigging over the heads of the group of officers; another struck the bridge gratings; and a third passed just under the Commodore and gouged a great hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful, but the men laughed at the danger and chatted good-humoredly. A few nervous fellows could not help dodging, mechanically, when shells would burst right over them, or close aboard, or struck the water and glanced overhead, with the peculiar spluttering roar made by a tumbling rifled projectile. The Spanish ships were sailing back and forth behind the *Castilla*, and keeping up a tremendously hot fire. One shot struck the *Baltimore* and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped up her main deck, disabled a six-inch gun and exploded a box of three-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men. The *Olympia* was struck abreast the gun in the ward-room by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage.

The signal halyards were cut from Lieutenant Brumby's hand on the after-bridge. A shell entered the *Boston's* port quarter and burst in Ensign Doddridge's stateroom, starting a hot fire; and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires were quickly put out. Another shell passed through the *Boston's* foremast just in front of Captain Wildes, on the bridge.

Still the flagship steered for the center of the Spanish line, and, as the other ships were astern, she received most of the Spaniards' attention. Owing to the deep draught of the *Olympia*, the Commodore felt constrained to change his course at a distance of 4000 yards, and run parallel to the Spanish column.

"Open with all guns," he said, as he quietly stood on the bridge; and as the huge ship swung majestically round until her port broadside bore on the Spanish fleet, the flame leaped from the muzzles of all her five-inch rapid firers, and the crash that followed was answered by a deep diapason from her turret eight-inch guns. Then it seemed as if hell itself had suddenly opened its sulphureous caverns in Manila Bay. The other vessels joined in the work, and their shot and shells, shrieking like a thousand demons through

BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.—"BEFORE BREAKFAST."



the air, plunged into the fortifications and crashed through the iron sides of the ships, creating a havoc among the Spaniards that was simply appalling. But, protected by their shore batteries, and the American ships being kept at a distance by the shallow water, they continued the fight with a degree of heroism that was admirable.

After having made four runs along the Spanish line, finding the chart incorrect, Lieutenant Calkins, the *Olympia's* navigator, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy; and with lead going to watch the depth of water the flagship started over the course for the fifth time, running within 2000 yards of the Spanish vessels. At this range even six-pounders were effective, and the storm of shells poured upon the unfortunate Spanish began to show marked results. Three of the enemy's vessels were seen burning, and their fire slackened.

Dewey's Breakfast.

At the close of the fifth run, the most remarkable incident of this or any other battle that was ever fought took place. At thirty-five minutes past 7 o'clock the signal to cease firing and pass out of the range of the enemy's guns floated from the flagship, and instantly a silence fell upon the bay that seemed like the stillness of death after the fury and uproar of the preceding two hours. Gracefully the ships of the squadron passed to the rear, saluting and cheering the flagship as they went by, and for the next three hours and fifteen minutes the time was wholly devoted to the preparation and serving of breakfast! Was there ever anything so cool and methodical in all the history of the world! Coffee was made, pork was broiled, potatoes were fried, and breakfast was eaten by the men and officers with as much unconcern as if the ships were riding at anchor in some friendly harbor. "Dewey's Breakfast" will go down to future ages as the most remarkable event that ever occurred in connection with a battle on sea or land.

The cessation of firing and withdrawal of the ships led the Spaniards to suppose that the Americans were beaten, and they took advantage of the lull in the fight to telegraph accounts of their "glorious victory" all over the world. It was this premature announcement which enabled the Minister of Marine at Madrid to exclaim that it was "with the greatest difficulty he could restrain his joyful emotions;" and it also created in the hearts of millions of patriotic Americans sentiments of doubt and apprehension, for it was just one week after the battle was fought before the truth was flashed over the wires in Dewey's famous dispatches.

Breakfast having been disposed of, and everything put in order, at ten minutes before 11 o'clock the signal went up for close action.

The *Baltimore* had the place of honor in the lead, with the flagship following, and the other ships as before.

The *Baltimore* began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at sixteen minutes past 11 o'clock, making a series of hits, as if at target practice. The Spaniards replied very slowly, and the Commodore signaled the *Raleigh*, the *Boston*, the *Concord* and the *Petrel* to go into the inner harbor and destroy all the enemy's ships. By her light draught the little *Petrel* was enabled to move within 1000 yards. Here, firing swiftly but accurately, she commanded everything still flying the Spanish flag. Other ships were also doing their whole duty, and soon not one red and yellow ensign remained aloft except on a battery up the coast.

The Spanish flagship and the *Castilla* had long been burning fiercely,



SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ARSENAL.

and the last vessel to be abandoned was the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, which lurched over and sank.

Then the Spanish flag on the arsenal staff was hauled down, and at half-past 12 o'clock a white flag was hoisted there. Signal was made to the *Petrel* to destroy all the vessels in the inner harbor, and Lieutenant Hughes, with an armed boat's crew, set fire to the *Don Juan de Austria*, *Marques Duero*, the *Isla de Cuba* and the *Correo*.

The large transport *Manila*, and many tugboats and small craft fell into the hands of the victorious Americans. The loss in material value to the Spanish nation has been estimated all the way from six to thirty millions of dollars, with a loss in men of nearly four hundred killed and over seven hundred wounded. We did not lose a man, and only eight were wounded, none of them seriously.

All the American damage was practically on the cruiser *Baltimore*. When she made her gallant dash in the second engagement some ammunition on her deck exploded, and this was what injured most of the Americans who were hurt.

The second assault was simply terrific. Ship after ship of the Spaniards sank or were run ashore to keep them from sinking or falling into our hands.

It was a glorious May-day for America and her gallant sailors. The next day, May 2, Admiral Dewey landed a force of marines at Cavite. They completed the destruction of the Spanish fleet and batteries, and established a guard for the protection of the Spanish hospitals.

Incidents of the Great Battle.

A few days after his great victory at Manila, Admiral Dewey wrote the following modest account of the fight to an officer of the navy who was one of his classmates at Annapolis, and who is now stationed at Washington City. After referring to the splendid and effective marksmanship of his gunners, the hero of Manila says :

"As we moved past Corregidor, the *Olympia* being in advance, suddenly, not fifty yards to the right, there was a muffled roar, and a column of water shot upward thirty or forty feet high. In a moment, another to my left. 'So the place is mined,' I said to Lamberton. Just then I recalled what Farragut said to Drayton, of the *Hartford*, in Mobile Bay, when the monitor *Tecumseh* blew up, torpedoed, very near the old flagship. Drayton looked a little uneasy—almost any man would at that time and place—when Farragut roared out through his trumpet: 'D—— the torpedoes! signal fleet to follow me.' I signaled the fleet to follow, and it did, most gallantly.

"I opened on the Spanish flagship *Maria Christina* with my eight-inch guns at 5800 yards. Every shot took effect. The Spanish Admiral Montijo fought his ships like a hero. He stood on his quarter-deck until his ship was ablaze from stem to stern, and absolutely sinking under his feet; then, transferring his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*, he fought what was left of his fleet, standing fearlessly amid a hail of shrapnel until his second ship and over one hundred of her crew sank in a whirl of water like lead.

"It seems to me that history, in its roll of heroes, should make mention of an admiral who could fight his ships so bravely and stand on the bridge, coolly and calmly, when his fleet captain was torn to pieces by one of our shells at his side. I sent him a message, telling him how I appreciated the gallantry with which he had fought his ships, and the deep admiration my officers and men felt for the commander of the *Maria Christina*, who nailed his colors to his mast and then went down with his gallant crew. I think, my dear Norton, that had you witnessed this, as I did, you too would have sent the brave sailor the message I caused to be sent him, to which he responded most courteously."

The incident of nailing the flag to the mast, referred to in terms of such high praise by Admiral Dewey, is thus described by a correspondent who witnessed it:

The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* made a most magnificent show of desperate bravery. When her commander found she was so torn by the American shells that he could not keep her afloat, he nailed her colors to the mast, and she sank with all hands fighting to the last. Her hull was completely riddled, and her upper deck had been swept clean by the awful fire of the American guns; but the Spaniards, though their vessel was sinking beneath them, continued working the guns on her lower deck until she sank beneath the waters.

Dewey Obeyed Orders.

Commodore Dewey's orders were to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet; and never were instructions executed in so complete a fashion. At the end of seven hours there was absolutely nothing left of the Spanish fleet but a few relics.

The American commander had most skillfully arranged every detail of the action, and even the apparently most insignificant features were carried out with perfect punctuality and in railroad time-table order.

At the end of the action he anchored his fleet in the bay before Manila, and sent a message to Governor-General Augusti, announcing the inauguration of the blockade, and adding that if a shot was fired against his ships, he would destroy every battery about Manila.

Not a man on board the American fleet was killed, not a ship was damaged to any extent, and only eight men were injured slightly on board the *Baltimore*.

This grand achievement is quite as much due to the generalship of Commodore Dewey as to the fact that the American gunners, ships and guns are superior to anything in the same line afloat anywhere. Credit must also be given to the fullest extent to the officers under Commodore Dewey, for, to a man, they seconded their gallant commander in every way possible, and thus helped him earn the laurels which are so justly his.

After leaving Hong Kong the Commodore sailed in a direct line for the Philippines, touching first at a point near Bolinao, north of Manila. Here he requested the agents of the insurgents, who had accompanied him, to disembark and ascertain the strength and disposition of their forces, to notify them of his intention to change the form of government, and arrange to prevent needless bloodshed, being exceedingly anxious to prevent the rebels from having any excuse to commit excesses. But, for reasons known only to themselves, they refused to land under any consideration; and the American fleet then coasted south in search of the Spanish ships, but failed to find them. On arriving at Subig Bay the Commodore sent the *Baltimore* and *Concord* to

reconnoiter the enemy, but they found no Spanish ships there, and he then decided to enter Manila Bay the same night and risk the mines. They reached Manila about eight o'clock that night, as previously stated, and immediately entered the bay without the slightest resistance. The Spaniards had not established a patrol, and there were no search-lights at the entrance to the harbor. In fact, the American ships would probably have passed inside the bay without a challenge, had it not been that some sparks flew up from the *McCulloch's* funnels. Thereupon a few shots were exchanged with the batteries on Corregidor Island, but the ships kept steadily on their course. The early hours of the morning revealed the opposing vessels to each other, and the Spanish flagship opened fire. Her action was followed by some of the larger Spanish warships, and then the Cavite forts opened up and the smaller Spanish vessels brought their guns into play. The Americans made no reply, but silently and majestically sailed onward until they were within about 4000 yards of the enemy, when they opened fire and the battle commenced in earnest.

During the engagement a Spanish torpedo boat crept along the shore and round the offing, in an attempt to attack the American store ships, but she was promptly discovered, was driven ashore, and was actually shot to pieces.

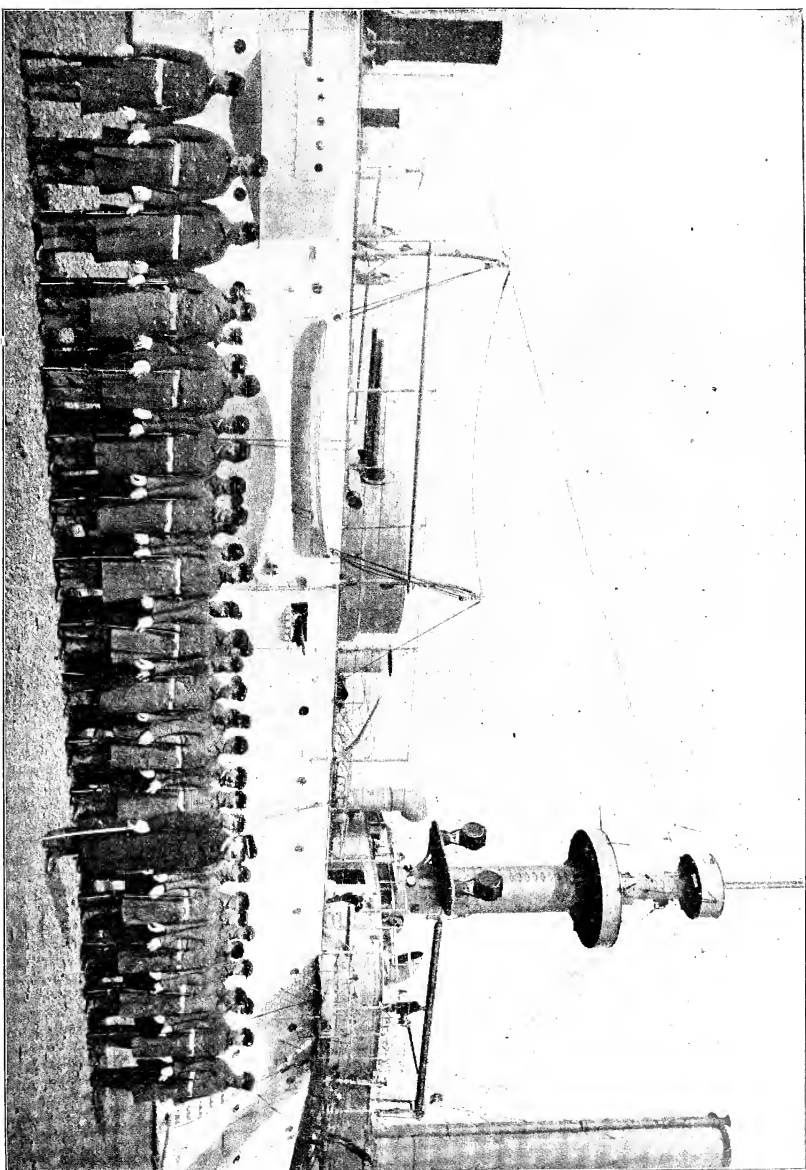
The *Mindanao* had in the meanwhile been run ashore to save her from sinking, and the Spanish small craft had sought shelter from the storm of steel behind the breakwater.

By two o'clock the *Petrel* and *Concord* had shot the Cavite batteries into silence and heaps of ruins, when a white flag was run up over the arsenal, as a sign that they had surrendered.

Spanish Treachery.

Early the next morning Commander Lamberton and another officer, with a small force of marines, were dispatched on the *Petrel* to take possession of the arsenal. On reaching a point within 500 yards of the shore, they discovered that the arsenal was occupied by about 800 Spanish seamen armed with Mauser rifles. As the white flag had been hoisted the day before, Commander Lamberton could not understand what the Spaniards intended to do, and before leaving the *Petrel* ordered Commander Wood to keep his men at their guns, and if he and his party were not back in one hour to open fire on the arsenal.

On landing, they were met by Captain Sostoa, of the Spanish navy. He was next in rank to Admiral Montijo, who had been wounded in the battle and conveyed to Manila. The Americans went with Captain Sostoa to the arsenal headquarters, which was at once surrounded by an armed guard. Commander Lamberton told the Captain that he was surprised to see his men



LANDING OF THE MARINES UNDER COMMANDER LAMBERTON.

under arms after they had surrendered on the day before. Captain Sostoa replied that they had not surrendered, but had merely hoisted the white flag to enable them to remove their women and children to places of safety.

"When the Spanish flag came down and the white flag went up," exclaimed Lamberton, hot with rage at the duplicity of the Spaniards, "no other interpretation could have been put upon it except that it was an unconditional surrender. Besides," he continued, "the women and children ought not to have been at the arsenal."

Captain Sostoa said in reply: "You Americans came on us so early that we had not time to remove them. If you had not begun the battle so soon, all the women and children would have been out of the way."

Lamberton reminded him that the Spaniards fired the first shot. "However," he added, "we are not here to discuss past events. I come, as Commodore Dewey's representative, to take possession of this arsenal. The Spaniards here must surrender their arms and persons as prisoners of war. Otherwise, our ships will open fire on them."

Then Captain Sostoa said he could do nothing, not being in command, and would have to consult with his superior.

Commander Lamberton refused to recognize any one but the senior officer actually present, who must comply with Commodore Dewey's provisions. Captain Sostoa asked to have the Commodore's terms put down in writing, which was done, as follows:

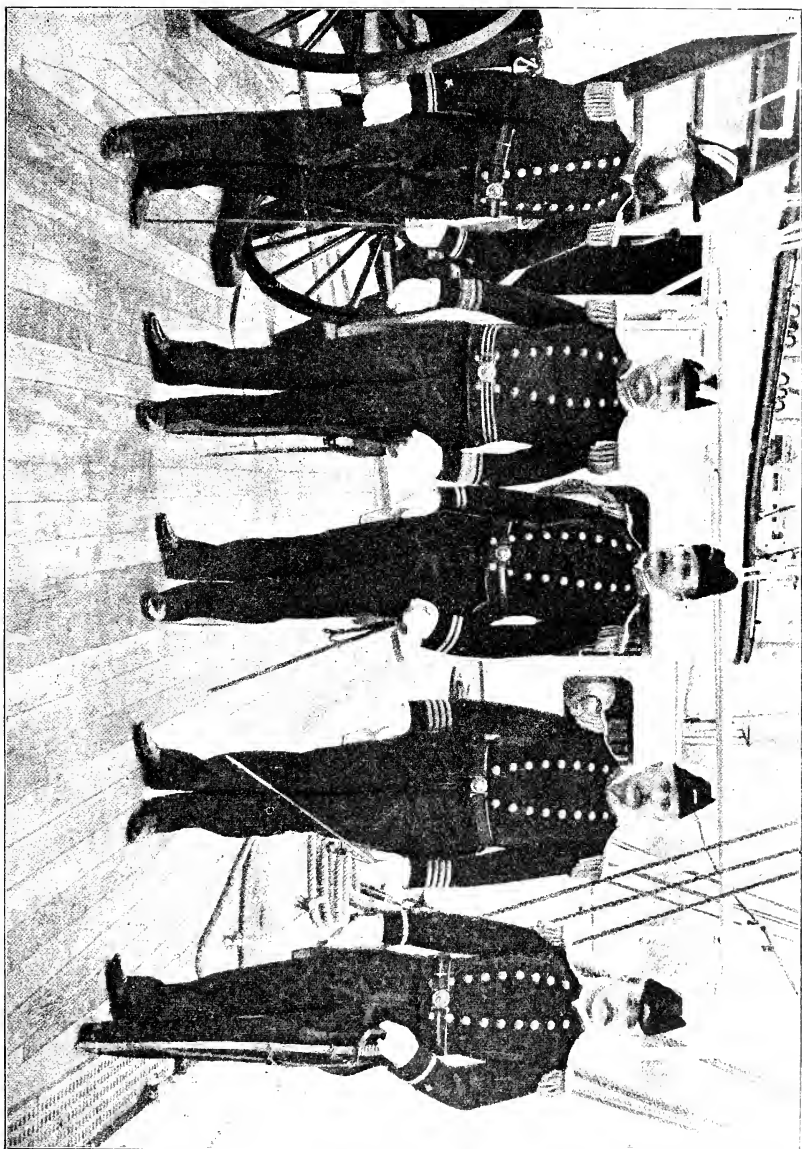
"MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, May 2, 1898.

"Without further delay, all Spanish officers and men must be withdrawn from Cavite arsenal. No buildings or stores must be injured. Commodore Dewey does not wish further hostility with the Spanish naval forces at Manila. The Spanish officers will be paroled and the forces at the arsenal will deliver up their small arms."

Then Captain Sostoa pleaded for time. The conversation had been conducted in Spanish, which had caused a good deal of delay in translation, and the time when Commander Wood was to open fire was now nearly up. Consequently, Lamberton gave them two hours. He said: "If the white flag is not rehoisted over the arsenal at noon, we shall reopen fire."

He and his party then returned to the *Petrel*, and were just in time to prevent Commander Wood from opening on the arsenal with all his guns. At 10:45 the emblem of peace was hoisted; but when the Americans landed to take possession, they found that every Spanish soldier had marched off to Manila, carrying his Mauser rifle with him—another evidence of Spanish honor.

The only death on the American side was that of Chief Engineer Randall, of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, who died suddenly from the excessive heat and prostration, while the ships were passing the forts at the entrance to the bay. He was buried at sea, with military honors, the following day.



OFFICERS OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET.

The *McCulloch* was of no value as a fighting machine, and was kept at a long distance from the scene of action; but during the battle a strange vessel was seen entering the harbor, and the Commodore signaled the little *McCulloch* to find out who she was. This duty was quickly and boldly performed. The stranger proved to be the British merchant ship *Esmeralda*, and on being informed of the situation by the *McCulloch*, she took advantage of the cessation of firing during "breakfast time" to steam up the harbor out of harms' way.

"To Hell With Breakfast!"

When the ships drew away for breakfast during the fight, the temper of the men was well illustrated by the almost tearful appeal of one of the gun captains to Commander Lamberton: "For God's sake, Captain, don't stop now; let's finish 'em up right off; to hell with breakfast!"

On Saturday, the day before the battle, Commodore Dewey met and kindly accosted a privileged petty officer known as "Old Purdy," who has been in constant service in the army and navy for nearly fifty years. The old man "shifted his quid," hitched up his trousers, and said:

"I hope you won't fight on the 3d of May, Commodore."

"Why not?" asked Dewey.

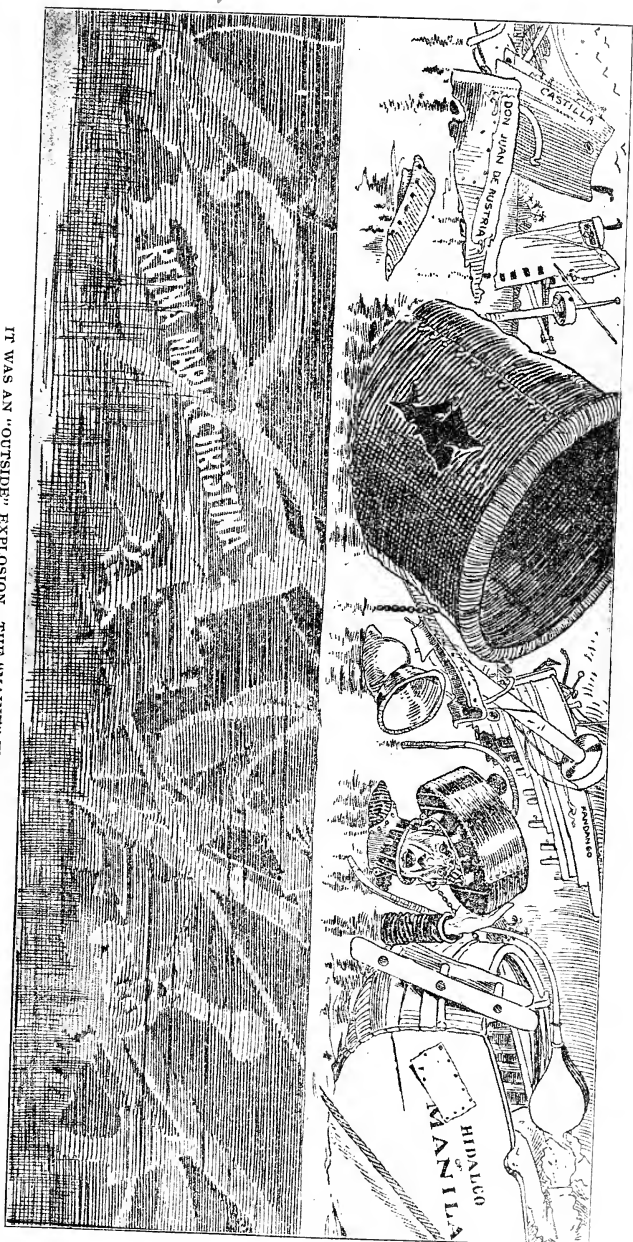
"Well, you see," the old man answered, "I got licked last time I fought on that date."

Purdy had been with Hooker at Chancellorsville, and, with true sailor superstition, he did not like that anniversary.

All of our men suffered greatly from the heat during the action, for they were shut up below with furnaces blazing and the tropical sun pouring down its heat rays. Probably several of the men would have succumbed but for the excitement of the battle.

Eight Spanish bodies were found unburied on Monday night and were given burial Tuesday morning, a Catholic priest being called upon to read the burial service over the remains. The bodies presented a horrible sight. One had the head almost wholly carried away. Another had been struck in the stomach by a large projectile, cutting everything away to the backbone. One very large man, apparently a naval officer, was not only mangled, but burned, and all the bodies were frightfully bloated. To add to the horror of the scene, several lean, wolf-like dogs had discovered the bodies and still further mutilated them.

The Spanish defeat was advertised for miles away by the ships burning in Cavite Bay, and as soon as the natives ashore learned that the Spaniards had been driven out they began coming in crowds to pillage. Finally, they became so bold as to attack the hospital, and it was necessary either to send a guard of American seamen to protect the wounded or to transfer them to Manila. The latter was done on Wednesday, Commodore Dewey utilizing captured steamers for this duty.



IT WAS AN "OUTSIDE" EXPLOSION.—THE "MAINE" WAS REMEMBERED.

All the houses of the Spaniards in the town of San Roque, near Cavite, were absolutely gutted by the natives, who even ventured into the arsenal and carried off many boat-loads of furniture and stores before the marine guard was posted at the gates.

The *Castilla*, which was set on fire in Sunday morning's battle, was a magnificent mass of flames twelve hours later, and continued to burn all night with brilliant intensity. An American officer writes: "I boarded the *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon* and *Marques del Onero* while they were still burning. I found them fitted up with fine Canet rapid-fire guns and most of the modern improvements. I did not discover until after we had spent the afternoon in their vicinity that all their large guns had been left loaded with powder and shell, making them peculiarly dangerous to small boats. The guns generally laid level just above the surface of the water. As several of them were pointed at the arsenal, their charges were first drawn, then 'drowned,' as the fire might reach them any moment."

The Archbishop Again in Evidence.

After the battle, Captain-General Augusti made strenuous efforts to conciliate the rebels, authorizing the establishment of native councils, and offering other inducements for them to lay down their arms and make common cause with the Spaniards in driving out the invaders. The Archbishop of Manila added his influence to that of the Captain-General, in the following frantic appeal to such of the rebels as had embraced the Christian faith:

"Christians, defend your faith against heretics who raise an insuperable barrier to immortal souls, enslave the people, abolish crosses from cemeteries, forbid pastors to perform baptism, matrimony, or funeral rites, or to administer consolation or grant absolution."

But it was all without avail. The native Philippines were too well schooled in the devious ways of Spanish treachery to be caught with such appeals; they fell on stony ground and brought forth no fruit.

Several of the preceding incidents are referred to in the following official dispatch from Captain-General Augusti to his home government:

"The enemy seized Cavite and the arsenal, owing to the destruction of the Spanish squadron, and established a close blockade. It is said that, at the request of the Consuls, the enemy will not bombard Manila for the present, provided I do not open fire upon the enemy's squadron, which is out of range of our guns. Therefore, I cannot fire until they come nearer.

"A thousand sailors arrived here yesterday evening from our destroyed squadron, the losses of which number 618.

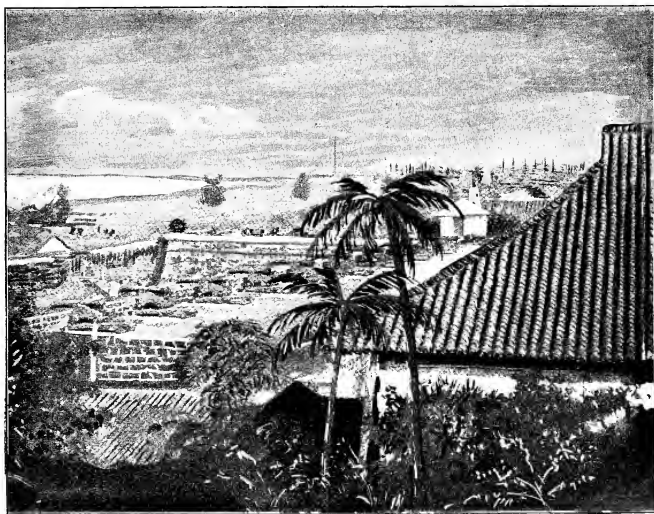
"A conference of the authorities has been held, at which it was decided to send influential emissaries to the provinces to raise the spirits of the

people, especially those provided with arms, and endeavor to induce them to abandon the insurrection."

The doughty Captain-General's remark that he could not fire on the enemy until they came nearer, will be universally appreciated.

The Krupp guns on the esplanade at Manila were fired continuously during the engagement, but Commodore Dewey did not reply to them, and the battery afterwards hoisted a white flag in token of surrender.

The total Spanish loss in this battle is supposed to have been about 1000 men, but it will probably never be known with accuracy. Commodore Dewey, in his second dispatch, states that one hundred and fifty were killed



FORTIFICATIONS ON THE MANILA ESPLANADE.

on their flagship alone. About one hundred were killed and sixty wounded on the *Castilla*. The *Reina Christina* lost her captain, lieutenant, chaplain and a midshipman by one shot, which struck her bridge.

It is said that the Spanish ships did not get under steam until after the alarm was given. It is said, also, that the Spanish commander informed the Governor-General, before the battle commenced, that it was advisable to surrender in the interests of humanity, as it was impossible to resist successfully, but that he and his men were willing enough to fight and die. Even when the Spanish flagship was shot half away, her commander, though wounded, refused to leave the bridge till the ship was burning and sinking, her stern shattered by a cannon shell, and her steam-pipe burst.

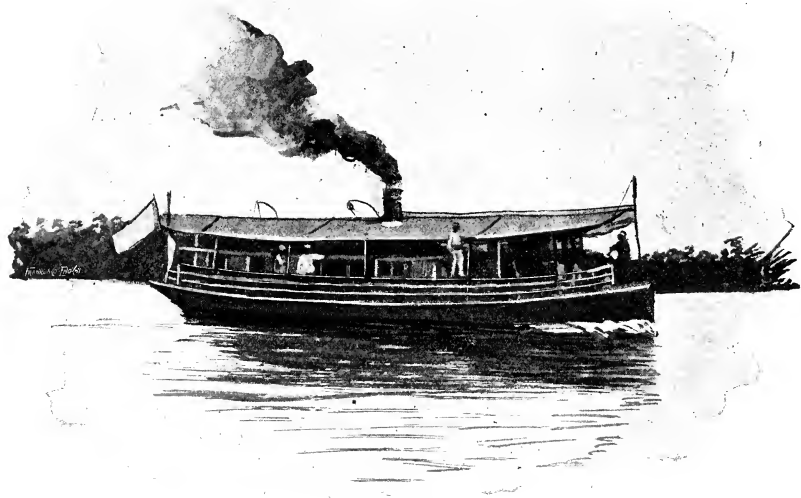
Capturing Spanish Gunboats.

There were several Spanish gunboats about the Philippines. One of these was chased up the Pasig River by the *Petrel*, soon after the battle of Manila. The Spaniard sent a boat to negotiate terms of surrender. "Our only terms," said the Captain of the *Petrel*, "are unconditional surrender or fight."

To this the Spaniard answered: "We are willing to fight. Please allow us to send for ammunition, because our store is exhausted."

The polite request of the Spaniard was not complied with.

Another gunboat, the *Callao*, was captured early Thursday morning following the battle. It was a picturesque and somewhat thrilling incident.



SPANISH GUNBOAT.

The *Callao* had been cruising for sixteen months among the southern Philippine Islands, and was blissfully ignorant of the fact that war had been declared between Spain and the United States. She steamed into the harbor, coming up between Corregidor Island and the mainland, and headed for Cavite, with Spanish colors flying, wholly unconscious of danger. Not until the unsuspecting gunboat was fired upon by the *Raieigh*, *Boston*, and *Olympia* did she realize what had happened.

It was six o'clock in the morning, before breakfast, when the *Callao* was first sighted. She had already come into the bay. Every glass in the fleet

was turned toward her, and when the Spanish flag could be distinguished there was great surprise. Was this one little ship going to attack our whole fleet? Or did she hope to run the blockade and dodge into Pasig River in broad daylight? The entire American squadron, with the Stars and Stripes waving from every vessel, must have been plainly visible to the stranger; but she did not hesitate—her course was straight toward Cavite.

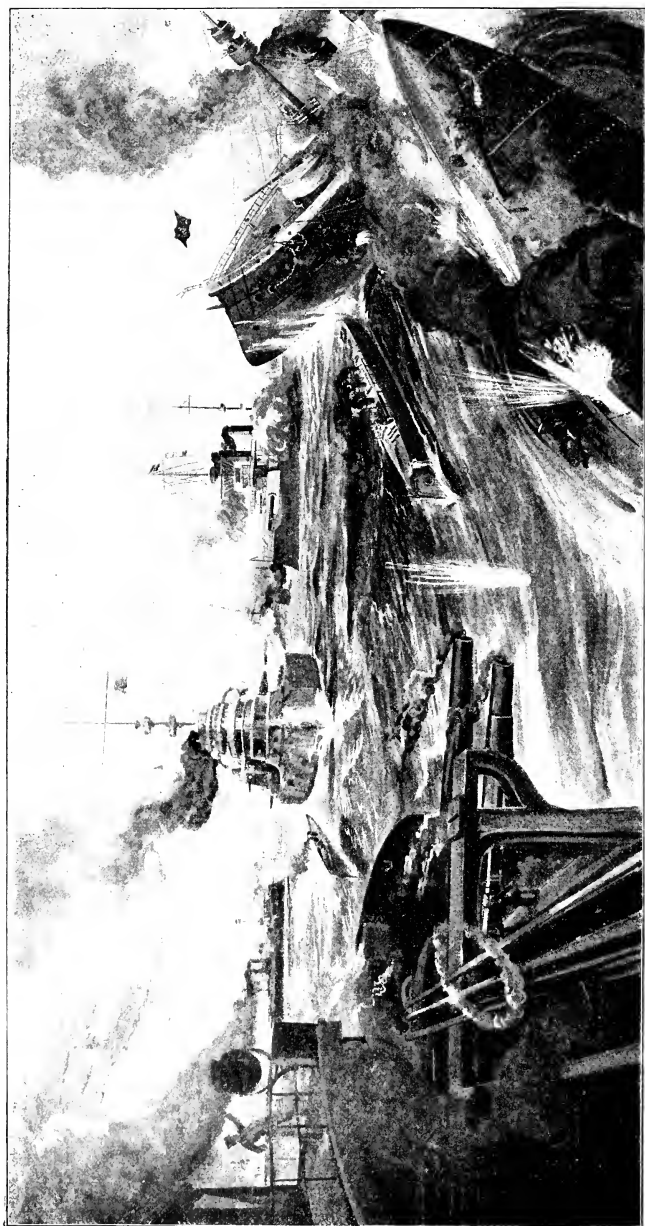
Signals were passed, and the *Raleigh* moved out to intercept the stranger. The *Callao* did not slacken speed, and the *Raleigh* sent a shot across her bow. Ignoring this, the Spanish boat held its way to Cavite, with all signals flying. As she showed no intention of stopping, the *Raleigh* increased speed and steamed for her, and fired several shots, none taking effect.

The flagship, which had been watching this strange performance, got a long range and opened with six-pounders. The *Boston* sent an eight-inch shell just in the rear of the vessel. Shots were dropping all around the adventurous Spaniard, but she made no response.

When the heavy firing was directed toward her, she hauled down the Spanish flag and hoisted a white flag at the foremast; but she did not slacken her speed, still holding a steadfast course toward Cavite, without deviating to get out of the way of the American squadron. Those who were watching her foolhardy advance, believed that the commander was either stark mad or else had determined to commit suicide in the most picturesque manner possible. It was really inspiring to see this Spanish midget charging boldly toward our great fleet.

When the white flag failed to check the firing, and the shells from the *Olympia* and *Raleigh* threatened destruction at any moment, the Spaniard came to a sudden stop. The firing then ceased, the white flag being accepted as a token of surrender. A small boat was lowered from the gunboat, and the Captain went to the *Raleigh*. As he clambered up the side of the American cruiser and met Captain Coghlan, he learned for the first time that war had been declared, and that he and his command were prisoners of war. He was surprised and sorrow-stricken. It seemed that his spectacular entrance to the bay had been inspired by ignorance rather than courage. The Captain said he had started to rejoin the Spanish fleet at Manila, but he had no intimation that war was at hand. Accordingly, he entered the bay that morning without the least fear. Even when he saw our fleet off Cavite he was not suspicious. The first firing from the *Raleigh* he supposed to be target practice, so he hoisted signals to reveal his identity. When the shelling was directed straight at him, he realized that he was being fired upon, and so he hoisted the white flag and stopped to find out what was the matter.

After the first words of explanation, Captain Francisco Pou of the *Callao* looked toward Cavite and asked: "Where is the Spanish fleet?"



WHERE IS THE SPANISH FLEET?

"There is no Spanish fleet," replied Captain Coghlan. "It has been destroyed."

The commander of the *Callao* was completely dazed when he heard the result of the engagement of May 1st. He conducted himself with dignity, although the men of his command were badly frightened when they found themselves in the hands of the enemy. The boat carried a crew of twenty-four natives and six Spaniards, including the officers. All these were given personal possession of their small arms and rifles, and sent ashore at Cavite, from which point they hoped to reach Manila.

As the country around Cavite and Manila is swarming with insurgents, it is doubtful whether they succeeded in joining the Spanish forces. Admiral Dewey treated his prisoners kindly, and ordered that they be permitted to take such arms and ammunition as they considered necessary to protect themselves on their way to Manila. The men were released on parole of honor, promising not to use arms against Americans under penalty of being shot, if captured at any time allied with Spanish against American forces.

The Spanish Admiral's Explanation of His Defeat.

"Our defeat," said Admiral Montijo to a visiting German officer, "is to be mainly attributed to the fact that for two years our gunners had been without target practice. Our resources had been limited, and we had not been authorized to make the heavy expenditures necessary for practice-firing of the guns. The Spaniards fought with great valor and determination, but the gunners could not fire with accuracy. At the time of the engagement we had plenty of ammunition on all the vessels, and a reserve of several tons in the arsenal at Cavite. This fell into the hands of the Americans after the battle. Our powder magazines were well stocked, and we had some new guns that we had not had time even to mount."

The Admiral admitted that many of the guns of the Spanish fleet were modern, and the total equipment of the Spanish vessels, added to the shore batteries, made a greater fighting strength than that of the American squadron.

It appears that there had been great activity in the Spanish fleet for several days before our arrival, May 1st. The general impression in Manila, although Admiral Montijo does not admit that he had made such a plan, is that the Spanish fleet intended to engage the American squadron at the entrance of the bay and prevent it from entering. The Spaniards believed that the battle would be fought at Corregidor. They were supremely confident of victory for their ships. This is proved from the fact that they had been drafting reserves and most of their ships were double-manned. They carried with them these extra sailors to man the Yankee ships, which they expected to capture. This was admitted by Admiral Montijo, and this overcrowding of their ships was one of the causes of their heavy loss.

There is no doubt that both the naval officers and the civilians believed that the American fleet would not dare to pass Corregidor batteries and enter the harbor immediately upon its arrival. Even if the batteries did not repulse our war vessels, it was believed that the Americans would hesitate to run into the bay on account of the mines and torpedoes, which, according to Spanish report, were as thick as blackberries around the channel entrance. The Spanish had taken care to send word to Hong-Kong that the entrance to the key was underlaid with destructive mines. It is probable that Admiral Dewey's Yankee shrewdness led him to believe, after hearing these reports in Hong-Kong, that the Spaniards had been unable to put mines in the deep channel. He seemed to take it for granted that if they had been prepared to blow up the American fleet at the entrance of the bay, they would not have said so.

During the attack on Cavite two English residents hoisted the British flag above their houses, believing that the American gunners would respect it. Whether they could distinguish the flags or not, the two English houses were uninjured, although directly in the line of fire. The feeling in the Philippines between the British and Americans was of the most friendly character from the start, and our men were also on friendly terms with the officers and crews of all the foreign warships, by whom they were complimented and toasted on all sides for their great victory.

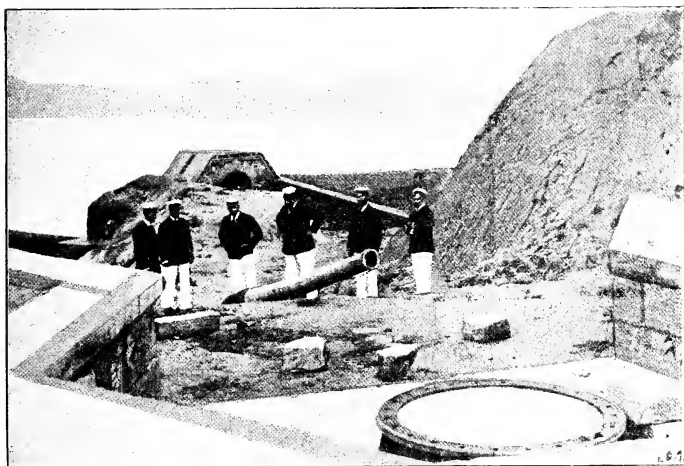
Dewey Cut the Cable.

On a proposal to the authorities to continue temporarily under the American flag, pending the termination of the war, the Spaniards delayed their decision and kept wiring to Madrid. The Americans requested the privilege of using the wire, and when this was refused Dewey ordered the cable cut. This left him without telegraphic connections, and news of the great battle had to be sent to Hong-Kong by the dispatch-boat *McCulloch*, which caused a delay of seven days.

The Spaniards Taken by Surprise.

The sailing of the American fleet from Hong-Kong, April 27th, was promptly cabled to Manila, and, despite all that the authorities could do to prevent it, was soon known throughout the island. Many of the better class immediately hurried aboard merchant vessels with their valuables and fled. Those left behind took no courage from the confident boastings of the Spanish army and navy officers, but gave way to a panic from fear of what would happen when the natives were encouraged to practice the lessons in savagery that Spain has been so long and so carefully teaching them. It was known to the Spanish authorities that the American fleet would be almost certain to arrive in the evening of Saturday. The Spanish fleet, which the Governor-General had been overpersuaded by Admiral Montijo to order to sea to meet

and destroy the "coward Yankee pigs," was recalled Saturday afternoon and lined up seven miles down the bay from Manila, at Cavite, where the arsenal, dry-docks and naval workshops were defended by a long line of earthworks. Those works had been greatly strengthened of late, notably by the addition of several big modern guns. They were regarded as very formidable by the old-fashioned Spanish military engineers. The fort on Corregidor Island, the battery on Caballo Island, and the works on the mainland points to the north and south of those islands were all in readiness, and the chain of mines which guarded both channels were prepared to blow up each American ship as it passed. Saturday night fell with the Spaniards on land and water quite cheerful over the coming engagement. When the guns at Corregidor

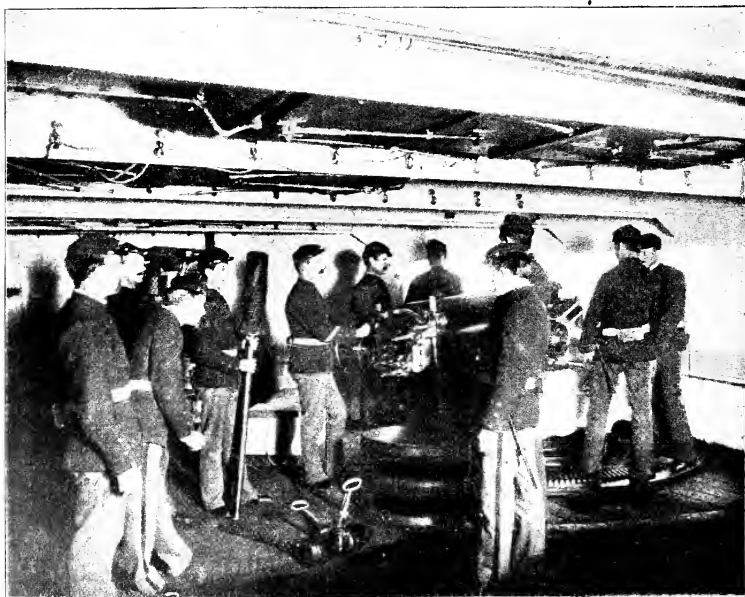


AMERICAN OFFICERS VIEWING WRECK OF SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

suddenly boomed out, all the other guns about the entrance to the bay took up the cry. The anxious people of Manila, twenty miles up the bay, poured into the streets. They thought the battle had begun in reality.

It was a night of terror in Manila. The women and children fled to the churches, while the men rushed to and fro in the streets. Dismay seized upon the Spanish soldiers. They had not believed that the Americans could ever get past the entrance batteries and mines. Long before dawn the panic became a frenzy, because of the reports that came from the interior of the island that the natives were massing for a descent upon the city to pillage and to massacre. When day broke the tens of thousands watching on all sides of the vast and beautiful harbor saw the enemy in line of battle about ten miles out, directly in front of Manila.

With the bright American flag floating gayly over each ship, with the rigging, the decks and all visible appointments so neat and trim, the fleet seemed out for a holiday rather than awaiting the opening of the only real demonstration of an iron-clad fleet in action that the world has had. The Spaniards could hardly believe their own eyes on seeing this formidable apparition in the very center of their harbor, almost within firing distance of the capital city of their last remaining eastern possession. It seemed incredible, impossible. They had not long to watch and speculate. The sun was



COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MARINES IN HANDLING THEIR GUNS DURING THE BATTLE.

hardly clear of the horizon before the American fleet began to steam in slow and stately fashion straight in toward the city, near which were anchored three men-of-war from three different nations—France, Germany, and England. The decks and rigging of these ships were thronged with eager officers and sailors. Discipline seemed to have been forgotten in the intense desire to see what the Yankees would do—those Yankees who, in three-quarters of a century, had never sent a hostile fleet into any port of a European power.

On came the American fleet, until it was within about three miles of Manila. Then the Spanish guns of the battery at the end of the Mole spoke.

But the shot fell short. Instantly, from the Spanish fleet, steaming slowly up from Cavite, came several shots. The American fleet turned. The two duelists were face to face. To expert eyes the Spanish fleet seemed far inferior; yet, to the people watching and apparently to the Spanish officers and sailors, the difference did not appear great. The Spanish ships were of older patterns rather than smaller, and were far more numerous.

They consisted of the *Reina Christina*, of 3000 tons, with six 6-inch and two 3-inch guns.

The *Castilla*, with four 6-inch and two 5-inch guns.

The *Isla de Cuba* and the *Isla de Luzon*, with four 4.7-inch guns.

Three torpedo boats, each of which the Spanish naval officers thought could take care of the *Olympia* and the *Baltimore*.

In addition to these were the *Don Antonio*, the *Ulloa*, the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Velasco* and ten gunboats, besides batteries on the shore all along the low peninsula.

To get the full effect of all their guns, the Spaniards formed so that the Americans would have to face not only all the guns afloat, but also all guns on shore at Cavite, while from the rear the strong batteries of Manila could perhaps send aiding shots. The Americans were vastly overmatched in everything except those sterling qualities of courage, coolness in action, and precision of marksmanship, which in all battles have invariably counted for more than mere numbers.

When the Commodore saw that his maneuvering had brought his ships within the proper range, he gave his famous order to Captain Gridley, and the battle opened in earnest. There were one or two sharp cracks, then a succession of deafening roars, followed by one long, reverberating crash that boomed and bellowed from shore to shore. A huge cloud of smoke lay close upon the waters, and around it was a penumbra of thick haze. Through this the American ships could be seen moving, now slowly, now more rapidly, flames shooting from their sides and answering flames leaping from the Spanish ships and land batteries, while now and then from the direction of Manila came a hollow rumble as the big guns there were discharged, more from eagerness to take part than from hope of lending effective aid.

The Spanish flagship, having got up steam, advanced out of line to meet the *Olympia*. Commodore Dewey had issued an order for his fleet to concentrate its guns on the flagship, and the signal was obeyed with telling effect. A perfect tornado of shot and shell was rained upon her until she retired, utterly disabled. The *Olympia* fired an eight-inch shell, which raked the *Reina Maria Christina* throughout her length and caused her boilers to explode, killing her captain and sixty men. She drifted away on fire, a hopless wreck.

It was said before the fight that the reduction of the fortifications at Manila would be impossible without battleships. Commodore Dewey did not have a single armored vessel in his squadron—not even an armored cruiser—but he sailed in on Farragut's "damn-the-torpedoes" principle, and cleaned out everything in his way. He appears to have gone on the principle of doing thoroughly one thing at a time. He first attended to the Spanish fleet, ignoring the forts that were hammering at him, and when the ships were disposed of he proceeded at his leisure to dismantle the batteries and take the city.

What an Officer Saw.

An officer who witnessed the fight from the deck of the *McCulloch*, gives a number of interesting particulars. He says:

"Among the men it was supposed that the engagement would be fought in the dark, with all the horror of guessing which was friend and which foe. But Admiral Dewey evidently knew his enemy. I confess that my teeth chattered and that I felt qualmish. Perhaps I would rather have been at home. Some of the men were nervous. One lieutenant was surly, and another sang softly to himself. I was told afterward that Howard, on the *Concord*, was found reading his Bible. But Dewey led right ahead.

"The dawn came out of the black suddenly. Then we saw 'the old man' standing on the bridge of the *Olympia*, with the ships all about him cleared for action.

"Right ahead of us lay the Spanish fleet and the Cavite forts. Far up the bay was Manila. We were in for it.

"'Boom!' sounded Cavite.

"'Bat-t-t!' came from the Spanish flagship, firing a modern gun.

"But neither shot came near enough to throw any water on anybody. The enemy were close in shore and had rigged and fixed some sort of log booms, as well as stone piers, outside of their position, while behind them loomed the arsenal and the four big batteries. To the south was another battery, well in range.

"From this on I must tell the tale as it has been told to me, rather than I experienced it, for the *McCulloch* was directed to keep out of the mix-up, our light armament and lack of armor protection rendering us vulnerable and ineffective.

"I heard a great cheer and looked up. Flaming, flickering on the sky from 'the old man's' flagship was the thrilling signal:

"'Remember the Maine.'

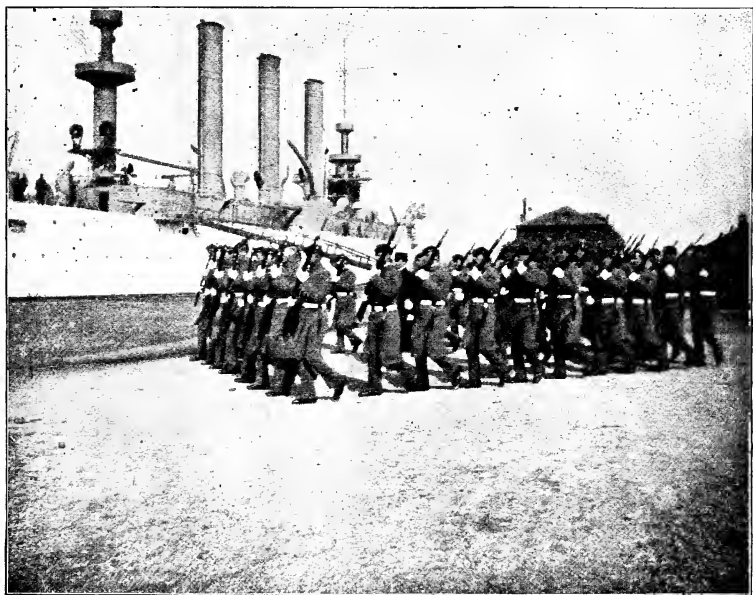
"Cheer rose on cheer and shout on shout as the different ships caught the meaning of the fluttering signal flags.

"The Spaniards were popping right merrily now. The sharp reports showed that they had some good guns to work with, and our boys began to think they had their work cut out for them.

"'Good-bye, boys, we'll give 'em hell for you,' shouted some one from the *Boston* as she steamed into action.

"But though the Spaniards volleyed and thundered, the American ships answered never a word. There was no spout of flame from turret or sponson; Dewey was taking his Yankee time with dreadful deliberation.

"The *Olympia* went on in grim silence. My heart pounded like a hammer, and I'm sure that the men going so deliberately into action must have



DRILL EXERCISE ON SHORE AFTER THE BATTLE.

felt as nervous as girls getting ready for their commencement diplomas. Most of them never had been under fire before.

"Then off the bow of the *Baltimore* suddenly vomited a great spout of water, black with the harbor mud.

"'The mines! The mines! They're among the mines!' cried our men.

"A jet like a geyser came up near the *Raleigh*. Great waves washed out from these eruptions.

"But on went Dewey, and on went the fleet. It seemed to me it was at least two hours since we were ordered out of the line of battle. I found afterward it really was about twenty minutes.

"Suddenly, as the *Olympia* forged ahead, something happened. There was a great roar. The *Olympia* disappeared in smoke. We at first feared she had hit a mine and was gone. But out she came in the light and roared again. It was a time for Americans to cheer, and we cheered. I cried, and I know Captain Hodgdon did. I had thought that the mouth of hell yawned for our gallant fleet.

"But once the *Olympia* opened, I knew that everything else had been imitation war. Our men fired those guns as if they had been doing nothing else all their lives; and as one by one the Spanish vessels were cut down, I came to realize that I was among men and fighters, and began to regain my courage.

"When Dewey decided that it was time to take breakfast, and the ships began to withdraw, the Spaniards sent up a mighty shout, evidently supposing that our fleet was in full retreat and the victory won. But 'the old man' was merely hungry, and wanted a cup of coffee before finishing the business.

"'We haven't begun to fight yet,' he said quietly, as the Spanish cheer came across the water.

"Once the smoke lifted, it could be seen that the *Christina*, the *Castilla*, the *Don Juan de Austria*, and the *Isla de Mindanao* were done for. All were ablaze, and their crews could be seen working like ants to subdue the flames.

"The Spanish Admiral's flag was seen transferred from the *Maria Christina* to the *Isla de Cuba*. Lieutenants Calkins and Nelson begged permission to make a dash in the *McCulloch's* launch to capture Admiral Montijo. But the bold request was declined, and preparations to renew the engagement were proceeded with in the most business-like manner, though the men persisted in slapping each other on the back, claspings hands, and doing a few horn-pipe steps whenever the officers were not looking.

"Almost three hours were consumed in the preparation and disposal of breakfast. Then out steamed the *Baltimore* in front, to bear the brunt of the fighting. And there was to be no nonsense.

"Right at the Spaniards went the big American cruiser, and she caught about all the Spanish fire there was left. One well-aimed shot exploded a shell on her deck, and five men were hit by pieces of shell or bits of *débris*.

"Right for the *Reina Christina* and *Don Juan de Austria* steamed the *Baltimore*, without firing. Three of her men were hit, in addition to those hurt by the first explosion, but she steamed right on.

"Then she swung and fired, and from that time there was no sound from the *Christina*. Her captain was killed in that discharge, and those of her men who were not disabled tried to leave her as best they might.

"There was a great explosion as the *Baltimore*, *Olympia* and *Raleigh* fired into the *Don Juan de Austria*, it being ascertained afterward that a shell from the *Raleigh* pierced to the Spaniard's magazine.

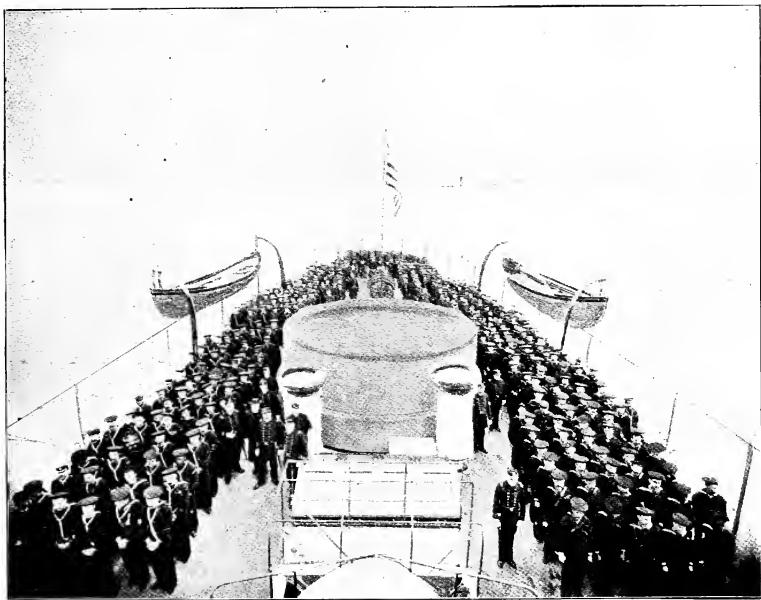
"Some of the pieces of the *Don Juan de Austria* tore away the upper works of *El Cano*, and the *Petrel* did the rest.

"The *Concord* rapidly accounted for the *General Lezos*, and the *Boston* sank the *Velasco*, named after the hero of the defense of the Moro at Havana.

"The honor of blowing up the arsenal is disputed, but Gunner Corcoran, on the *Olympia*, has a better claim than Vining, of the *Petrel*.

"It was just two hours and five minutes after the *Baltimore* waded into this second attack before the battle was all over.

"The Spanish surrendered everything they had left to surrender, and ran



SUNDAY MORNING ON THE "OLYMPIA" A WEEK AFTER THE BATTLE.

out of the crumbling Cavite forts. The little *Petrel* fired the last gun at the forts.

"Admiral Montijo fled to Manila with all of his staff and such officers as had not been killed.

"The Spanish destroyed many of their own ships, so they would not fall into our hands.

"Many of the wounded Spaniards were cared for by friends, but the military hospital and Cavite cathedral were crowded. At the request of the surgeons, Commodore Dewey transferred many of the wounded to Manila under the Red Cross flag.

"The Spaniards had been announcing that the Americans would kill every one at Cavite when they landed. A long procession of priests and Sisters of Mercy met the boat from the *Petrel*, and as the occupants landed they begged them not to injure the wounded. The Americans rescued some two hundred Spaniards and sent them ashore."

And so ended the greatest naval achievement in the annals of the world. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar was great, but he lost hundreds of men and many ships, while Dewey lost not a man and not a ship, and only had half a dozen injured, and some of these only badly scratched.

Modesty and Completeness of Dewey's Dispatches.

Commodore Dewey's report of his operations in the Philippine Islands is as brief and pointed as one of Grant's famous war dispatches. The Commodore states in as few words as possible that he has destroyed Spain's Asiatic fleet; that he did this without any loss in ships or men; that he has taken possession of the naval station at Cavite, and destroyed its fortifications; that he has destroyed the fortifications at the entrance of the bay, and has paroled the garrison; that he controls the bay completely, and can take the city at any time; that his squadron is in good health and spirits; that he is protecting the Spanish sick and wounded, and that he will protect foreign residents.

The use of simple, modest language in reporting great victories is characteristic of eminent soldiers and naval commanders. Perry said from Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Napier said from India, "Pecavi" (I have Scinde). Havelock said, in the hour of his greatest victory, "I am in Lucknow." Cæsar said, "I came, I saw, I conquered." Grant telegraphed from Appomatox, "General Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself." There is in Grant's dispatch no note of triumph, but a simple statement of a tremendous fact. There is in Commodore Dewey's dispatch the same simplicity, with no exultation over a great victory.

Another point emphasized by the battle of Manila is the difference between a well-equipped and well-officered squadron and one that is not well equipped and not prepared for war. There was more talk about the Spanish fleet and Spanish fortifications in the weeks before the battle than there was about the American fleet. No boasts were made as to what our squadron would do. Commodore Dewey prepared for this campaign so quietly that not even the English correspondents at Hong-Kong had any information as to the thoroughness of his preparation or his purposes. When he was fully prepared he sailed quietly for Manila, proceeded to destroy the Spanish fleet and to secure the results of his victory. The reports as they came from Spanish sources made it clear that one of the greatest victories of naval history had been won at Manila. The official report adds to the luster of the achievement.

Nelson, Farragut and Dewey

Nelson's first great achievement was the battle of the Nile. It won for him the admiration of the naval world. It was the foundation of his fame as the Napoleon of the sea. Trafalgar rounded out a career which really began in the battle of the Nile in the summer of 1798. Dewey's boldness in getting between the enemy's fleet and the shore was a parallel to Nelson's policy in that battle, and his strategy when the actual fighting came was substantially the same, striking the center of the hostile fleet and then destroying the wings in succession. Defeat in either battle would have put the attacking fleet at the mercy of a savage foe, to be crushed by the jaws of an irresistible vise. Nelson had the French fleet on one side and the French army on the other.

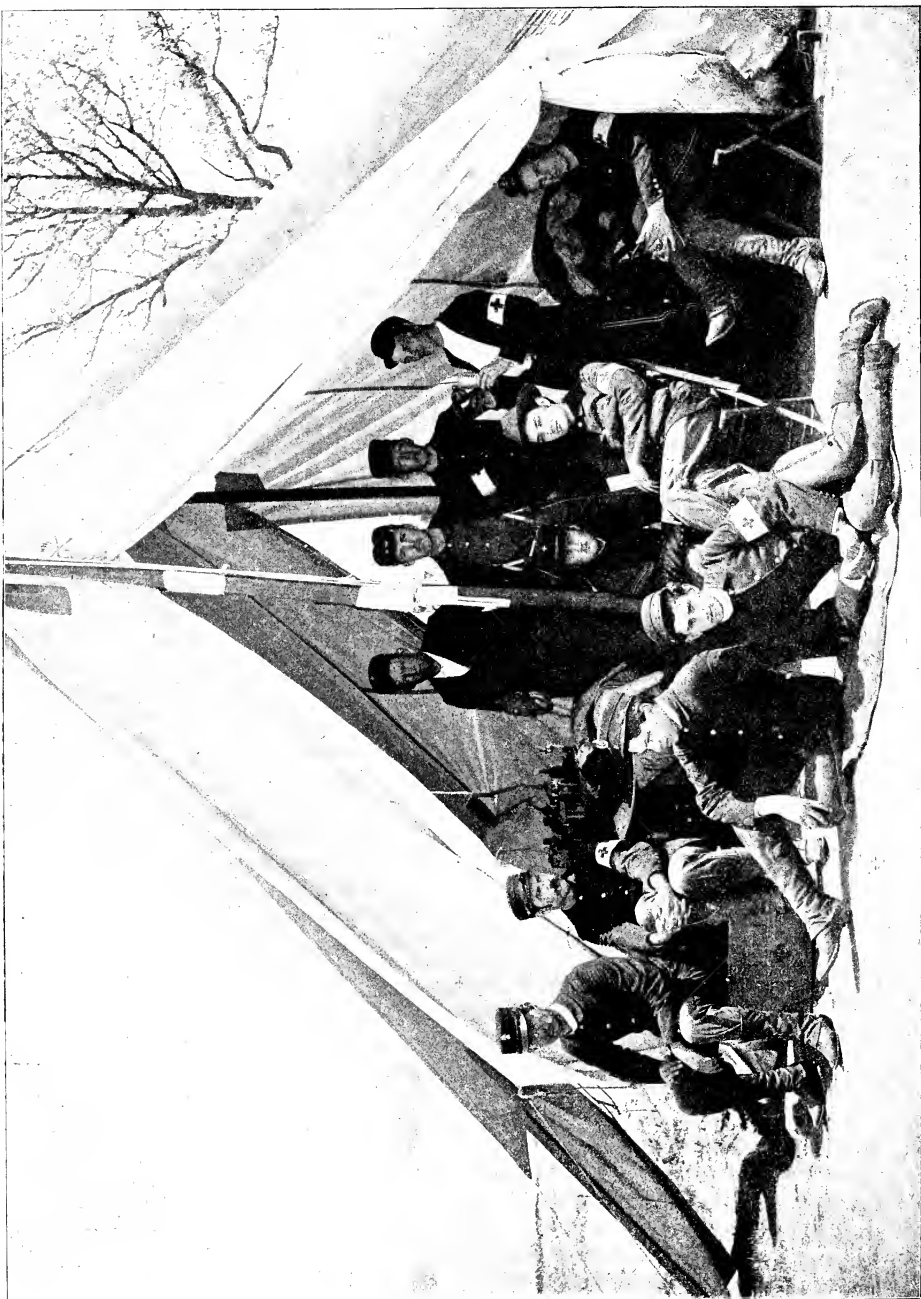
But in one important respect the two cases could not be parallel. Torpedoes and submarine mines were unknown in the days of Nelson. They belong in the interminable list of nineteenth century inventions. Nelson ran no risk of being blown up in the act of pushing in between the fleet and the French land forces. At this point the Nelson-Dewey parallel ends and the Farragut-Dewey parallel begins.

The pluckiest and most memorable thing done by Farragut—the act of high daring which made his name shine out in American naval history with especial luster—was the steaming boldly on into Mobile Bay, undeterred by the knowledge that the harbor was mined. The great Admiral knew his danger. It was in no spirit of foolhardiness that he braved it. In the calm of the night before he wrote to his wife that he had prayed, "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And he added, "It seemed to me as if in answer a voice commanded, 'Go on!'" And on he went. The next day, when he reached the point of danger, the language of the saint at his orisons gave way to the speech of the soldier in action, "D——n the torpedoes!" With his heroic soul aflame, the sense of danger made him contemptuous of fear. "Four bells," he shouted, and the signal was obeyed by subordinates as dauntless as the commander.

Dewey's Victory Foretold by a Friend.

Dr. Walter McClurg, who has a commission as lieutenant in the United States Navy, and is an old acquaintance and friend of Commodore Dewey, made a very remarkable prediction regarding the outcome of the battle at Manila several days before it took place. He based his prediction on his knowledge of the characteristics of the commander, and he could not have foretold the results more accurately if he had waited until after the battle to make his predictions.

"I know Commodore Dewey well," said Dr. McClurg. "He is a fighter in every sense of the word. He is a man somewhat after the style of 'Fighting Bob' Evans, commander of the *Iowa*, and he is not going to Manila for



HOSPITAL CORPS IN THE FIELD.

fun. He is a man who would rather cut the cable than receive pacific instructions from the Washington government. We have had no news from there for a day or two, and I would as soon believe that Dewey has cut the cable as that the Spaniards are refusing to allow any news to be sent from Manila.

"Dewey knows the lay of the land around Manila as well as any man living. He is not likely to be fooled by any such ruse as the Madrid dispatches indicate is going to be worked to catch him napping. His plan will likely be to silence the guns of the Spanish fleet, and then sail right into Manila harbor and take the town.

"As for the forts at Manila, they might as well be card houses if he opens fire on them. One great trouble is that the batteries completely surround the city, and it would be impossible to shell them without wrecking the town. Every shot that is aimed a little high will plow its way clear through the city, and unless the forts capitulate without resistance, there is apt to be great loss of life.

"The Yankee Commodore is not a half-way man. He never resorts to half-way measures. He knows that he must secure a foothold in the Philippines, and unless Spain is able to mass a sufficient fleet in those waters before he gets there to blow his ships clear off the earth, he will wade in and clean the Spaniards out without much ceremony.

"Above all, Dewey is a man who acts quickly. He could not settle down to a siege such as has been kept up off the north coast of Cuba. He is going to Manila for action, and nothing short of peremptory orders from the department at Washington will stop him. Now that he is away from Hong-Kong, and cannot be reached by cable, look out for what will happen."

And the expected happened in due course of time and regular order.

Interesting Particulars About Admiral Dewey's Officers.

Captain Gridley of the *Olympia*, Captain Coghlan of the *Raleigh*, and Captain Wildes of the *Boston*, who fought together at Manila, were classmates at the naval academy, graduating in 1863, and Gridley and Wildes roomed together. Dyer of the *Baltimore* is not a graduate of Annapolis, but came into the navy as a volunteer during the war. Captain Gridley was from Erie, Pennsylvania, where he married a daughter of Judge John P. Vincent, one of the most eminent jurists of Pennsylvania. He was considered one of the ablest officers in the service. About three weeks after the battle of Manila he was "condemned," as the medical examiners express it, on account of rupture, from which he had been suffering for some time, and was sent home, but died on the passage, near Kobe, Japan, June 4. The Admiral accompanied him out of the bay, bidding him an affectionate, and, as it proved to be, a last farewell on the deck of the ship as she took her departure.



THE BUGLE CALL.

Lieutenant Calkins of the *Olympia* is famous as a writer upon naval science. He has taken at least five gold medals for prize essays upon professional subjects.

Lieutenant Winterhalter of the *Baltimore* was on the battleship *Illinois* during the World's Fair. He has only one eye. The other was accidentally shot out by a lady in an archery tournament. Lieutenant Tappan of the *Raleigh* commanded the caravel *Pinta*, and Lieutenant Howard of the *Boston* commanded the *Nina* when they were brought over from Spain before the World's Fair.

Lieutenant Braunersreuther of the *Baltimore* is famous for having the longest name of any man in the navy, and for receiving a gold medal from the Humane Society for rescuing a woman from drowning at New London some years ago. She happened to be his mother-in-law.

Sumner C. Payne, the executive officer of the *Olympia*, is one of the ablest and brightest officers in the navy. He comes from Maine, and has been serving with the Asiatic squadron since 1895.

Lieutenant-Commander Colvocoresses, the executive officer of the *Concord*, is a Greek. His father was picked up at sea, on a wreck, by a man-of-war, about 1845, with three other refugees from the Cretan rebellion, and turned out to be a first-class seaman. He was afterwards promoted to be an officer, and his son, the present lieutenant-commander, was appointed to the naval academy as an acknowledgment of his services. Colvocoresses is a scholarly man, with a taste for art and archæology. It was he who made the exploration of the ruins of Isabella, the first city in the New World, for the Latin-American Department of the World's Fair, and brought the foundation of the governor's house, probably the first civilized structure ever erected in this hemisphere, to be exhibited in La Rabida at the World's Fair.

Lieutenant John Gibson, who is on the *Boston*, is from Kentucky, and is a man of noted scientific attainments. He has spent a good deal of his life as instructor in modern science, at the naval academy at Annapolis, and has invented several valuable contrivances for use on shipboard.

Lieutenant Plunkett of the *Petrel* is a son of Colonel William H. Plunkett, who commanded the Seventeenth Wisconsin Regiment during the war of the rebellion. He was appointed to the naval academy by President Hayes in 1879 and graduated in 1883. Lieutenant Plunkett is one of the tallest men in the navy, being several inches over six feet in height.

Spain's Ships Went First to the Junk Pile.

The prediction of Lieutenant A. de Caula, of the Spanish navy, published in the *Illustrated Spanish-American* just before the commencement of hostilities, seems quite amusing at the present time. The lieutenant thus expressed himself over his own signature:

"As the United States has no tradition at all in her naval history, it will surprise no one if in the near future we hear that all her vessels have been relegated to the junk pile.

"Fortunately for us, large smoke-stacks and the petty pride of the Yankees cannot frighten us, especially when we know through themselves that most all the chief officers of the navy, mostly very old, have to contend with men working on board ship merely for wages. They fight, calculating in dollars the amount of courage they will be expected to display in battle."

In view of the foregoing, and judging by the quantity and quality of courage recently displayed by the gallant "jack-tars" of the American navy, it may be inferred that they draw very large salaries; and in the case of Admiral Dewey and his men, this inference is sustained by the amount of prize money to be distributed among them.

The commanding officer of a fleet or squadron on duty under the orders of the commander-in-chief of a fleet or squadron, receives the sum equal to one-fiftieth part of any prize money awarded to a vessel of such division for a capture made while under his command, such fiftieth to be deducted from the moiety due to the United States, if there be such moiety; otherwise, from the amount awarded to the captors. The fleet captain receives one-hundredth part of all prize money awarded to any vessel or vessels of the fleet or squadron in which he is serving, except in a case where the capture is made by the vessel on board of which he is serving at the time of such capture. When such is the case, he shares in proportion to his pay with the other officers and men on board of the vessel.

The commander of a single vessel, on the other hand, receives one-tenth part of all the prizes awarded to the vessel under his command, provided the vessel at the time of the capture was under the command of a commanding officer of a fleet or squadron, or a division. If he acts independently, then he receives three-twentieths. After the deductions mentioned are made, the residue is distributed and proportioned among all others doing duty on board, including the fleet captain and all borne upon the books of the ship, in proportion to their respective rate of pay in the service.

All the vessels of the navy within signal distance of the vessel or vessels making the capture share in the prize. Vessels not of the navy are not entitled to share in the prize except the vessel or vessels making the capture.

A bounty is paid by the United States for each person on board any ship or vessel of war belonging to an enemy which is sunk or otherwise destroyed in an engagement by any ship or vessel of the United States, or which it may be necessary to destroy in consequence of injuries sustained in battle, of \$100 if the enemy's vessel was of inferior force. If the force opposed is equal or superior, then \$500 is divided among the officers and men in the same manner as prize money.

When the actual number of men on any destroyed vessel cannot be ascertained satisfactorily, the prize money is estimated according to the complement allowed to vessels of its class in the navy of the United States.

It is estimated that the bounty to the men in Admiral Dewey's command will amount to \$200,000. Dewey's share is estimated at \$7,500. The warrant officers probably will receive \$350 each, and the men \$50 each. In this estimate is not included the value of the vessels that Dewey captured. These are the *Manila* and *Callao*.

In addition to these prizes were guns, ammunition and stores of various kinds which were captured at Cavite and Corregidor Islands. Without definite knowledge as to the extent of these stores, and basing their estimate on the press dispatches and on Dewey's telegrams, department officers are of the opinion that the total value of the prizes and bounty to be distributed among the 1850 officers and men of Dewey's squadron will closely approximate \$1,000,000.

Surprised the Whole World.

"The battle of Manila," said Benedetto Brin, Italian Minister of Marine, "has surprised the whole world by its result. The United States owe this first brilliant success of their arms to the boldness of the commander of the American squadron. I believe the Spanish disaster at Manila will shorten the war."

Admiral Moscardia, of the Italian navy, said: "The battle at Manila does great honor to the American fleet. The Spaniards have given proof of incredible lack of foresight, and have shown phenomenal incapacity. If the Spaniards have not known how to defend the Philippines, how can they expect to save Cuba?"

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, of the British navy, says Dewey's victory is another illustration of the fact that it is the men behind the guns that win battles. He said: "It was a brilliant stroke. Everything, as I have often said before, depends upon the *man* in naval warfare. Dewey is an able officer. He brought his coals and workshops with him. He thought out and planned the whole affair with consummate skill and foresight. Dewey's strategy was thoroughly good. It was business from start to finish. Of course, when he got inside the harbor, he could easily pound the Spanish ships, and he did it splendidly. It was a case of short, sharp, and decisive work, and, as I always contend that everything depends on the individual man, it was Dewey's victory."

Lord Brassy, who was recently Governor of Australia, and who was also Secretary of Admiralty during Mr. Gladstone's last administration, says: "The sudden descent of the United States on the Philippines, and the probability that she will keep them, has come as a surprise to the world, and well it might. To think of being able to secure such an invaluable posses-



CARTOON REPRESENTING CHANGE OF EUROPEAN SENTIMENT AFTER THE BATTLE.

sion, with its 10,000,000 inhabitants, all as a result of a few hours' fighting. Such a result as this is, indeed, calculated to appeal to the imagination; and yet it is, of course, nothing else than the simple result of superiority at sea. Without this, all attempts at colonial empire are doomed to failure. This war is a most striking verification of what Captain Mahan has taught us in his classical work on sea power. It proves the truth of his contentions, and places him in the front rank of political thinkers of our time."

Another distinguished Englishman, Vice-Admiral Philip Howard Colomb, and also inventor of improved methods for signaling at sea, greatly admires the pluck and courage of Dewey and his men at Manila. The Admiral says: "I doubt if there ever was such an extraordinary illustration of the influence of sea power. A superior fleet has attacked and beaten a Spanish fleet supported by batteries, and, it now appears, it passed those batteries and has taken up an unassailable position off Manila. The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the ranks of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which Dewey has shed upon the American navy. It may be bad for the world, for assuredly the American navy will never accept a subordinate place after this exhibition of what it can do."

The splendid victory at Manila not only astonished the nations of Europe, but it produced a very decided change in the sentiments of their rulers toward the American people. This seems to have been particularly true of the highly spectacular youth who holds down the destinies of the German empire. All news of the battle of Manila reaching the German foreign office was at once communicated to the Emperor, who marked the movements of the two fleets on special war maps in his personal possession. He compared the size and the armaments of the vessels composing the Spanish and American squadrons. To his *entourage* he has expressed his high opinion of the attack made by the vessels of the United States, especially praising the unusual valor displayed by Commodore Dewey's squadron in following the Spanish warships into the harbor of Manila and forcing them to fight. In commenting on this fact, the young man said:

"There is evidently something besides smartness and commercialism in the Yankee blood. These fellows at Cavite have fought like veterans."

It is reported that, in his private capacity, William is inclined to be on the side of the United States, but in view of the grave dynastic interests involved in Spain by the war, he is unusually cautious in expressing his views on the situation.

The Spanish Press on the Results of the Battle.

Dewey's victory came like the shock of an earthquake to the Spanish press and people. They confidently expected that their fleet would utterly wipe out the American squadron, even in a fair fight on the open sea; but when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and destroyed their fleet, and blew up their land batteries and forts, as a mere breakfast spell, they were thrown into a dazed and bewildered condition of almost speechless astonishment. So far as their mental horoscope extended, it was something entirely out of the line of possibilities. The press went wild, and abused the Spanish officials in the most unmerciful style. Mere overgrown children, as they are, it was impossible for them to take a reasonable view of anything.

El Nacional exclaims: "What is taking place in the telegraph service is truly scandalous. So far as provincial correspondents are concerned, the Black Cabinet has seldom worked so thoroughly as at the present moment, when it depends upon a Minister who calls himself a Liberal."

El Nacional is the organ of the Weylerites, and its irritation was provoked by the government's suppression of the facts about the battle. Still further commenting on the subject, it said:

"Yesterday, when the first intelligence arrived, nothing better occurred to Admiral Bermejo, Minister of Marine, than to send to all the newspapers comparative statistics of the two contending squadrons. By this comparison he sought to direct public attention to the immense superiority of a squadron of ironclads over a squadron of wooden vessels, dried up by the heat in those latitudes. Spain undoubtedly sees therein the heroism of our marines, but she sees also, and above all, the nefarious crime of the government. It is unfair to blame the enemy for possessing forces superior to ours; but what is worthy of being blamed with all possible vehemence is this infamous government, which allowed our inferiority without neutralizing it by means of preparations. A good battery on Corregidor Island, with great reflectors, and guns capable of sweeping the seas for miles around, would have kept the American squadron out of the bay. In Corregidor there were only a few wretched guns taken from the warships a few days ago. This is the truth. Our sailors have been basely delivered over to the grape-shot of the Yankees, a fate nobler and more worthy of respect than those baneful Ministers who brought about the first victory and its first victims."

The hysterics of *El Nacional* were fully supplemented by the incoherent shrieks of *El Heraldo*, of Madrid:

"It was no caprice of the fortunes of war. From the very first cannon-shot our fragile ships were at the mercy of the formidable hostile squadron. They were condemned to fall, one after another, under the fire of the American batteries, powerless to strike, and were defended only by the valor in the breasts of their sailors. What has been gained by the illusion that Manila

was fortified? What has been gained by the information that the broad and beautiful bay, on whose bosom the Spanish fleet perished yesterday, had been rendered inaccessible? What use was made of the famous island of Corregidor? What was done with its guns? Where were the torpedoes? Where were those defensive preparations concerning which we were required to keep silent? We cannot define it. The government has not defined it for the information of the country, and, although the greater portion of yesterday's Cabinet council was devoted to the subject, the government has refused to issue even a note, leaving us in ignorance respecting its views on this fateful event. There is nothing rash in the suspicion that the government's attitude in this matter is a desire to hide a part from the truth. This, however, is a baneful mistake."

And this wail comes from *El Liberal*:

"Those of whom in these columns we have required an explanation of the occult causes which brought about the catastrophe of Manila have met our demands with silence. They have employed force to silence those who, in the streets, have protested against the real authors of our great misfortune, and for this have proclaimed a state of siege. Our eyes would indeed be full of tears and our souls filled with sadness, but our vital force would not be weakened, if we were certain that the destruction of our Philippine squadron and the glorious death of its crews were attributable solely to war and its vicissitudes. Unfortunately, we have not this consoling certitude. Unfortunately, we are all depressed with a presentiment that the disaster of Sunday will be repeated in other places, owing to the same causes. This suspicion, embodied in the public conscience, does not allow the investigation of the accusation and, if necessary, the punishment. Our fatherland requires its soldiers to fight without analyzing the risk or counting the numbers, but not that they should do this under conditions of horrible inferiority and while employing weapons deprived of their edge.

"Even a purely numerical advantage, if we had enjoyed it, would have been utterly useless without guns of larger caliber, without protection, and without the means of attaining a speed equal to that of the enemy's ships. It is not a question of numbers, but of the quality of the warships. We are certain that Admiral Montijo himself, and the brave officers of his squadron, did not entertain one moment's hope of victory. We have reasons for believing that the Admiral, over and over again, drew the government's attention to the insufficiency of his forces and resources, and repeated these warnings in very unmistakable terms immediately after the declaration of war."

It is decidedly amusing to read these plaintive wailings and impotent excuses after the battle, and compare them with the boastful tone and contemptuous flings at "Yankee pigs" which were so freely indulged before that event. It is a verification of the old adage that he who laughs last laughs much the best.

A Little Patriot Who Wanted to Fight With Dewey.

The following incident, first mentioned in a St. Louis paper, affords a good idea of the intense fervor of the wave of patriotism that has swept over our land:

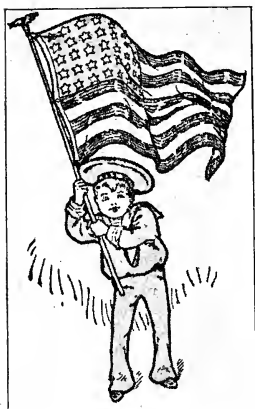
The most precocious child ever at the Four Courts was a prisoner there for nearly eight hours yesterday. The little fellow was William Mitchum, four years of age, living with his mother at No. 3018 Lucas avenue. He had the war fever, and tried to make his way to the Philippines. He got as far as Union Station, where he was arrested and sent to the Four Courts. He was turned over to Matron Breen, and was her prisoner until the child's mother called for him late in the afternoon. The baby wanted to see his father before

going to Manila, and with five cents in his pocket went to Union Station to go by way of New York, where his father lives.

Toddling up to the ticket office window the little fellow reached up his hand, deposited his five cents on the marble slab, and lispingly demanded a ticket to New York, where his papa lived. The ticket seller looked over to see what kind of a customer he had. When he saw a little shaver not old enough to be out alone he called one of the station policemen, and had the child sent to the Four Courts.

Mrs. Mitchum, the child's mother, called for him and took him from the Four Courts at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. The little boy broke away from her and tried to escape. Officer Throckmorton followed in pursuit, and captured the tiny fugitive a square away.

For the past two years Mrs. Mitchum has been living with her mother in this city. Her husband lives in New York. "The child caught the war fever," she said, "from hearing me read the war news every morning and afternoon aloud to my mother. He listened intently, and is remarkably well-informed for a child of his age. Since the naval fight in the Pacific, he has constantly been asking questions about 'Vanila,' as he called it, and he told me and his grandmother he was going to 'Vanila.' We let him go out to play in the neighborhood with a little boy at nine o'clock yesterday morning. That is the last we saw of him until we found him in the police station."



A LITTLE PATRIOT.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S LIFE.

Dewey got his first smell of gunpowder with Farragut. As an ambitious young ensign he heard Farragut give this order:

"Don't waste powder on the forts; run by them and save your ammunition for the enemy's ships."

A day or two later he heard Farragut reprove a commander for taking too many chances at long range. "Fight close," said Farragut.

These orders stamped themselves indelibly on young Dewey's memory. He said to a companion: "If I am ever in command of a fleet I shall remember those instructions."

The battle at Manila proves that Dewey meant what he said. The universal comment of his fellow-officers in the service has been: "Farragut's tactics over again."

The hero of Manila is an out-and-out Yankee. The Deweys are one of the oldest and most distinguished families in New England. To get at the root of the family tree you must go back to 1633, when Thomas Dewey came to this country from Dorchester, England, and settled at Dorchester, Massachusetts. His descendants became chiefly conspicuous as educators and writers. The first soldier to achieve any distinction was Israel Otis Dewey, one of the offshoots of the family, who settled in New Hampshire. He was on the staff of Governor Halle when the civil war broke out. He joined the army and served till the close of the war. He died in May, 1888, at Boston.

Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, another lineal descendant of Thomas Dewey, settled in Montpelier, Vermont, and engaged in the practice of medicine. He was Commodore Dewey's father. The family lived in a fine old colonial mansion in State street, almost opposite the State house. While there Mr. Dewey abandoned the practice of his profession and became president of the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont. His son Charles, brother of the Commodore, has succeeded him in that position.

Life insurance was profitable at that time, and Doctor Dewey was able to support his family in affluence. Mrs. Dewey, though not ostentatious, liked to make a display commensurate with her husband's income. People living in Montpelier will tell you to-day of the handsome barouche she used to drive, the horses bedecked with silver-plated harness and trappings. Mrs. Dewey is said to have been a very beautiful woman, a native of Vermont. She was a devout Episcopalian, and brought her children up as such.

Love of the sea is almost inherent with a New England lad, and young George Dewey was no exception to the rule. He used to neglect his school lessons to read tales of the sea, and Doctor Dewey had no end of trouble with him. George was a rebellious pupil. This is vouched for by Maj. Z. K. Pangborn, of Jersey City, who, fresh from college, undertook to manage the district school at Montpelier that young Dewey attended. The school had a

hard reputation. Pangborn's immediate successor left because a few of his pupils stood him on his head in a snow-bank. It was generally said at Mont-



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM ON BOARD A WARSHIP.

pelier that nobody could govern that school. Pangborn thought he could, and he was allowed to try.

The first day he went to the school he found Dewey up a tree throwing stones at another boy. He told him to stop. Dewey's reply was more forcible than polite. It consigned Pangborn to satanic regions. Everything went smoothly for a day or two, but the teacher saw certain indications that trouble was coming. So he bought a nice rawhide whip, which he tucked away over the door, and placed several sticks of good hickory on top of the pile in the old wood box.

Next day the fun began, and young Dewey was right in it. One of the pupils was disorderly, and the teacher told him to take his seat. He obeyed; but, to the anger of the schoolmaster, seven of his larger companions joined him on the bench. When they were ordered back to the class, young Dewey stepped toward the teacher and said:

"We are going to give you the worst licking you ever had."

The teacher went for his rawhide and hostilities began. In two minutes Dewey was on the floor howling for quits, and the next biggest boy was in the game.

He met the same fate. In the struggle that followed Pangborn lost the rawhide, but he reinforced himself with one of the hickory sticks. One of the pupils was knocked unconscious. When the rebellion was over the pupils understood quite well that Pangborn was master of that school. He took Dewey home to his father and reported him as "somewhat the worse for wear, but in better condition for school work."

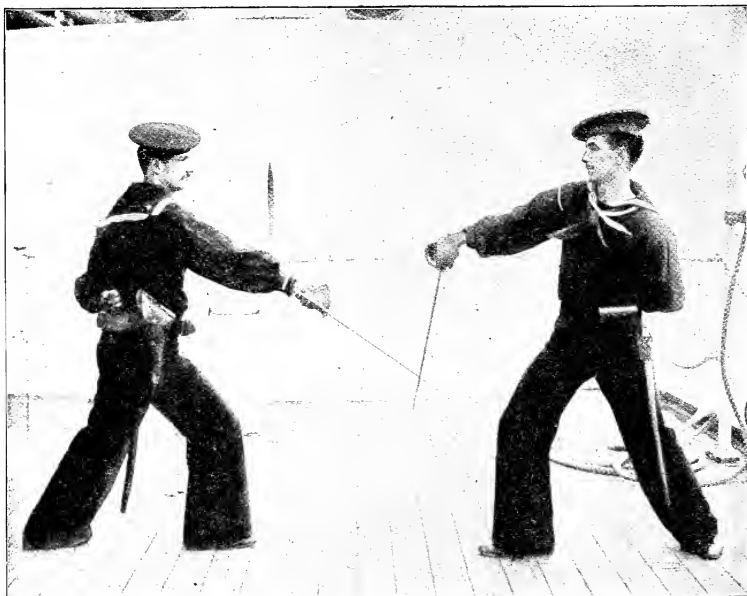
"You did right," said Doctor Dewey, when he heard the story. "George will not give you any more trouble. He will be at school to-morrow."

He was; and after that was a most exemplary pupil. The father of one of the other boys tried to get a warrant for the arrest of the schoolmaster, but there was not a magistrate in the county who would issue one. Young Dewey was a friend of United States Senator Proctor, who promised to get him into the Naval Academy at Annapolis if he would study hard and fit himself for it. Doctor Dewey did not altogether approve of this; but seeing that the boy's heart was set on it, he sent his son to the Norwich Military Academy at Northfield, Vermont, where he could learn something of drill and manual at arms.

Here once more young Dewey's rebelliousness against discipline caused trouble. It was the custom to punish offenders by making them shoulder a musket and, no matter what the weather, march a certain number of times around a big elm tree on the school-ground in full marching uniform. Young Dewey walked many a weary mile around that tree in hot weather. His chief trouble seemed to be that he could not keep from fighting. His father wrote him once:

"Never fight; but when you do, fight for all you are worth and see that the other fellow gets licked."

In 1854 young Dewey thought the world was nothing but a path of roses for him when he passed a successful examination for the Annapolis Naval Academy. He was seventeen years old then—a slender, active young fellow with rather high cheek-bones and piercing eyes. There was nothing in his four years' course there to indicate that he would one day fill one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the American navy. It is said of him that he was enthusiastic in his studies and labored hard to reach a high place in his class. But he found himself in competition with a great many other



CADET SWORD EXERCISE.

bright young men with similar ambitions, and he had all he could do to hold his own with them in the course.

When he was graduated in 1858 he was assigned to the frigate *Wabash*, in the Mediterranean squadron, where he remained until the outbreak of the civil war. Returning home Ensign Dewey was detailed to the *Mississippi*, one of Farragut's fleet in the West Gulf squadron. He took part in the capture of New Orleans, and was one of the officers rescued from the *Mississippi* when Captain Melancthon Smith set fire to her in 1863 rather than let the Confederates capture her.

After the destruction of the *Mississippi* Lieutenant Dewey did not go to Mobile with the rest of Farragut's fleet, but was assigned to duty up the James River, under Captain McComb. He was also on the boat that engaged the rebels below Donaldsonville. In 1864 he was sent to the steamer *Agawam*, of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. The *Agawam* was one of the warships sent to attack Fort Fisher, and this gave young Dewey another opportunity to distinguish himself. His valiant service there led to his appointment as lieutenant-commander the next year, and he was sent to the old *Kearsarge* for duty. The following year he was transferred to the flagship *Colorado*, of the European squadron.

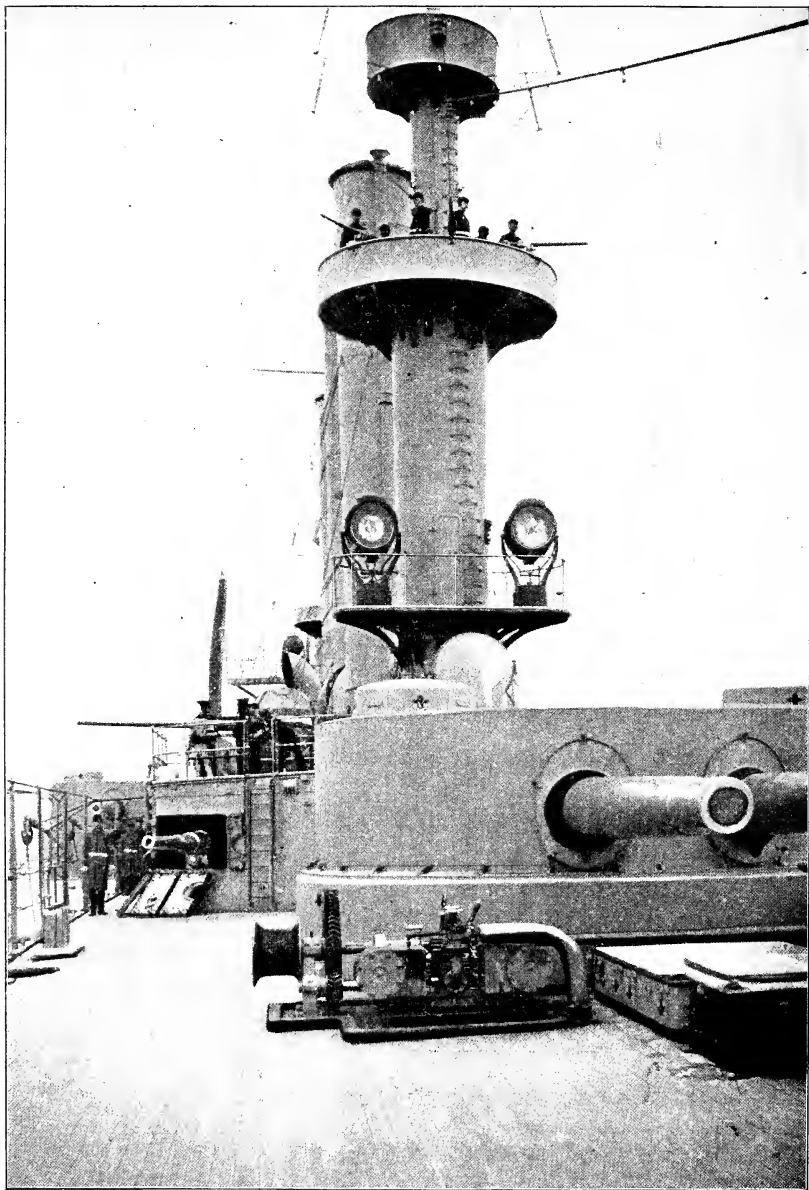
Very little was heard of him until 1868, when he was assigned to shore duty at the Naval Academy. Commodore Dewey has seen very little shore duty. Probably few men in the navy have seen less. That is why the public has heard so little of him until the brilliant victory at Manila made him the talk of the civilized world. It was while doing duty at Annapolis that he began to extend his acquaintance in Washington and to give people a chance to see what manner of man he was with his sea togs off.

One thing conspicuous about him was the extreme neatness of his dress. Associates less careful in their attire used to speak of him as "Dandy Dewey." But with the Commander it was not affectation. He was just as neat in other matters. At work he never allowed papers to accumulate on his desk. Always a very busy man, he always appeared to have plenty of leisure. He was systematic to a fault.

Dewey in middle life was a man of medium height, rather broad and thick-set, with a well-knit figure, giving indication of an abundance of energy and vitality. He has a large, aquiline nose, dark hair, and an iron-gray mustache; he is clean-shaven otherwise. His eyes are dark and very bright. They give you the impression that he sees and knows all that is going on about him, no matter in what particular direction he happens to be looking at the moment. One of his Montpelier neighbors used to say of him that he could "see through a stone post."

But Commander Dewey's shore leave was not of long duration. Early in 1870 he was made commander of the *Narragansett*, and assigned to special service for more than two years. This was followed by another year ashore at a torpedo station. Then, in 1873, he was put in charge of the Pacific survey—a very important piece of work. This was followed by shore duty again, as light-house inspector. Commander Dewey was made secretary of the board, and retained that position until 1882, when the government sent him to the far corners of the earth on the *Juniata*, in command of the Asiatic squadron.

In 1884 he came back, was promoted to captain and put in charge of the *Dolphin*, which was one of the first four vessels of the original White



QUARTER-DECK AND FIGHTING TOPS OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

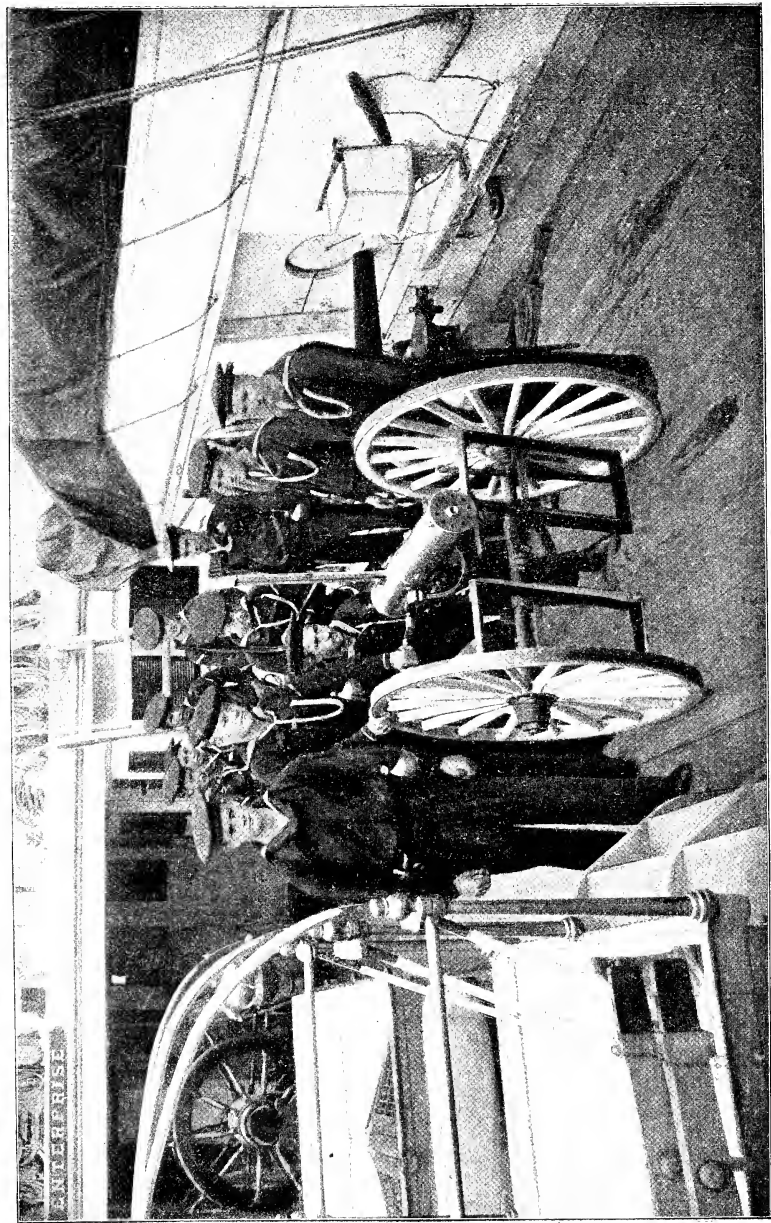
Squadron. The following year he was transferred to the *Pensacola*, and went to Europe in charge of the squadron. He did not come back to this country again until 1888, when he had another period of shore leave, and became chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, with the rank of Commodore. In those days Washington society saw a good deal of him again. He lived there until he was ordered off to Asiatic waters for the second time.

An interesting story is told of a visit he paid to his native town. On the way there he stopped to see his old schoolmaster, Major Pangborn, who was then living in Boston, and took occasion to thank him for the trouncing he had administered. "I was a pretty unruly boy, and if you had not taught me a lesson in self-control I might have landed in state prison," said Captain Dewey.

When he got to Montpelier everybody was very glad to see him, but the children, who had been told war stories about him, were a little afraid of his piercing eyes. This distressed Captain Dewey, for he is very fond of children; so he took the trouble to win their confidence and affection. In the afternoons he used to gather them under the trees in the capitol grounds, and tell them stories about ships and sailor men. Before he went back to Washington all the little boys and girls were calling him "Uncle Captain."

Nothing has been said all this time about Captain Dewey's wife. She was a daughter of War Governor Goodwin, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a fighting Democrat, who fitted out the first New Hampshire regiment at his own expense rather than call an extra session of the legislature. Miss Goodwin was a woman of pluck and indomitable spirit—a fitting mate for such a man as Captain Dewey. Her sister married Captain Joseph Bradford, U. S. N., now deceased. Mrs. Dewey's son, George Goodwin Dewey, was given his middle name after her family. Mrs. Dewey died at Newport, about twenty years ago. Her son lived with his grandparents until he was sent to Princeton College. He was graduated about a year ago, and is now employed in a dry goods house in Worth street, New York. George Dewey, Jr., is very proud of his father's great victory. He has been receiving letters from him all the time, telling about his presentation to the Emperor of Japan and all that sort of thing; but the last letter was very short, because the Commodore was "busy." That was about the time he received orders from the government to buy up all the coal he could lay his hands on. Speaking of his father, young Dewey says:

"My father has an indomitable belief in the American navy and in the Yankee sailor. He has often told me that it is the best navy on earth. Father is a strict disciplinarian. A man cannot disobey him without being punished for it. Next to the navy, he is proud of the State of Vermont. If there is any glory coming, he will want Vermont to share it."



GATLING GUN CREW READY FOR ACTION.

One great thing about Commodore Dewey noticed by his associates in Washington, was his affability and approachability. There was nothing of the snob about him. Even the men aboard ship with him in war time speak of his extreme courtesy when he was officer of the deck. Dewey is one of those quiet men who make terrific fighters when they are aroused. Discretion is one of his most notable qualities, yet his action at Manila shows that he is possessed of a reckless daring that has excited the admiration of naval commanders all over the world. His friends say it was a case where risks had to be taken, and the Commodore was the man to take them. He simply *had* to win the first battle of the war and wipe Spain's fleet from the Pacific, and he did it.

Commodore Dewey is as good a sportsman as he is a sailor. He is as ardent a fisherman as Joe Jefferson. For many years his headquarters, when off duty, have been the Patuxent Club, near Marlboro, Maryland, and the Mount Vernon Ducking Club, at Quantico.

He is as much at home on the back of a spirited horse as he is on the bridge of the *Olympia*, and he handles himself with all the grace of a well-seasoned cavalryman. It is seldom that naval officers take to horseback riding, and it has been said that men of the navy can neither make speeches nor ride horses. Commodore Dewey has never tried to make a speech, but he knows how to manage a horse as well as a fleet, and for years he was one of the best-known riders in Washington. He never indulged in the rough, cross-country races, but he was a member of the Hunt Club, at Washington, and often followed the hounds in the drag hunts. He rode a high-stepping, large horse, sat in an English saddle, and used short stirrups.

A day or two before his departure for the Pacific station, Commodore Dewey was at the house of another naval officer, a relative of his, who had been at Manila. They had a map of the Southwest Pacific, and the Commodore had a good many questions to ask about the Philippine Islands, which he had never visited. His fellow-officer explained to him how huge the harbor was, New York bay being small in comparison, and showed him the positions of the fortifications at Cavite and Corregidor. Even then the Cuban conflict was looming up as a possibility, and Commodore Dewey's eyes twinkled as he looked up from the map and said: "I'd like to try my luck at bombarding those forts." His wish has been gratified, with a result that has electrified the world and made this quiet American gentleman the greatest of all historical sea fighters.

"Dewey was a cadet at Annapolis when I was a midshipman," said Rear-Admiral Walker, who has been his intimate friend since boyhood. "I recollect that he sang in the choir at the Naval Academy. He has made a record as a remarkably capable officer, both as a fighter and as a strategist. The affair at Manila he did up in a thorough and skillful way. He is entitled

to the highest praise for the manner in which he maneuvered the fleet. It was just like him to sail right past the fortifications and through the mines with which he had been led to believe the harbor was filled. We of the navy hate nothing so much as we hate bungling and dawdling. Dewey carried out the popular wish—short, sharp, decisive. His work must command the admiration of the world."

"When I first met George Dewey he was a boy at school," remarked Senator Proctor, in a recent conversation.

"His father was Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, of Montpelier, Vermont, a man possessed of great force and energy of character. He organized an insurance company at Montpelier which has been the greatest business success of any concern of the kind I know of. The company is now managed by two of the Commodore's brothers, Charles and Edward.

"My acquaintance with George Dewey in his school-boy days was slight. But our families were acquainted. They went to the same Episcopal church in Montpelier, and his brothers were always friends of mine. These circumstances led naturally to the growth of an intimacy between us from the time I first came to Washington, nine years ago. It was then, in fact, that we renewed our old acquaintance.

"Commodore Dewey is a very kindly man, but, as recent events have shown, not at the expense of being resolute. He is a charming man socially and very popular. His strong point, next to his bravery and naval skill, is judgment. In him the stern qualities that make the fighter are united with a superior discretion. He would be a success in any sort of business in life, whether as a lawyer, merchant, or in any other role. To sum him up in a word: he is a man of large caliber."

Dewey has always been a kindly officer to men forward. As a commanding officer he seems to have been intolerant only of a liar. For the liberty breakers, f'c'sle scrappers, over-night drunks, and other petty offenders aboard the ships under his command, he has always had an exceedingly unobserving eye, and he has been noted for some difficulty he has had with his hearing apparatus when such offenders have been reported to him in the course of duty.

"Give him a show. He'll be good now, I guess," is a remark he used often to make when as a ship commander he had to receive the necessary reports of deck officers about the little breaks made by men forward. But he was a terror in his handling of a liar. A bluejacket who would stand at the mast before him and try to give him a cock-and-bull story instead of coming right out and owning up to his delinquency, was in for trouble, and a whole heap of it. As a commander he liked and demanded candor. No other game went with him.

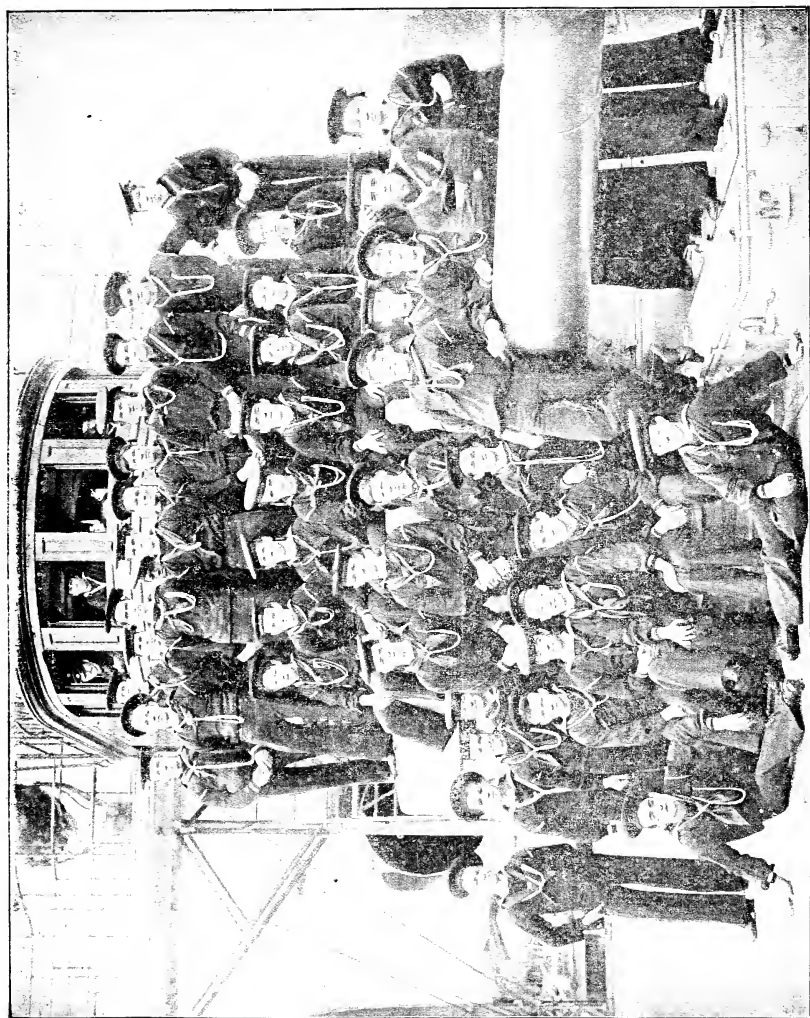
An Old Sailor's Story.

"Dewey is a man with big, piercing eyes," said a messenger in the Navy Department who made a cruise with the master of Manila. "He's what I'd call a little fellow as to height, but he surely looked bigger'n a Dutch frigate when he stood on his side of the mast and you were up in front of him. But he was a tender-hearted man on the cruise when he and I were shipmates. He'd try not to see or hear things that he didn't want to see or hear. None of us knew him—up forward, I mean—as a commander. Some of us had been shipmates with him when he was a deck officer, and had never got the worst of it at his hands. But we weren't sure how he'd stack up as a skipper. We weren't long in finding out. We had to sailorize all right, but there wasn't much brigging with Dewey. He didn't like to see a man in double irons on his tours of inspection. We hadn't been to sea with him very long before we got next to how he despised a liar. One of the petty officers went ashore at Gibraltar, got mixed up with the soldiers in the canteens up on the hill, and came off to the ship paralyzed. He went before Dewey at the mast next morning. He gave Dewey the 'two-beers-and-sunstruck' yarn.

"'You're lying, my man,' said Dewey. 'You were very drunk. I myself heard you aft in my cabin. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect to find total abstinence in a man-o'-war crew. But I do expect them to tell me the truth, and I am going to have them tell me the truth. Had you told me candidly that you took the drop too much on your liberty, you'd have been forward by this time, for you, at least, returned to the ship. For lying, you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying.'

"After that there were few men aboard who didn't throw themselves on the mercy of the court when they waltzed up to the stick before Dewey, and none of us ever lost anything by it. He'd have to punish us in accordance with regulations, but he had a great way of ordering the release of men he had to sentence to the brig before their sentences were half worked out.

"Dewey was the best liberty-granting skipper I was ever shipmates with. He hated to keep quarantined men aboard when the good conduct men were flocking off to the beach. One fine Christmas Day in Genoa harbor all the men entitled to shore liberty lined up at ten o'clock in the morning to answer muster before taking the running boats for the shore. There were about forty of us, myself among the number, who were quarantined aboard for having raised Cain ashore in Nice a few weeks before. Our quarantine was for three months, and it wasn't half run out on this Christmas Day. Dewey stood at the break of the poop, with his hands on his hips, watching the liberty party line up. Us fellows that couldn't go were standing around the gangway, smoking our pipes, and looking pretty down in the mouth, I guess. The big liberty party—there were a couple of hundred of



A "QUARANTINED" CREW.

them in the batch—finally got away, and the ship was practically deserted, except for us quarantined fellows. Dewey watched us for awhile out of the corner of his eye. We were leaning over the side, watching the receding running boats with the big liberty party. Dewey went up on the poop and walked up and down, chewing his mustache, and every once in awhile shooting a look at us men up forward. Finally, he walked down the poop ladder and straight forward to where we were grouped.

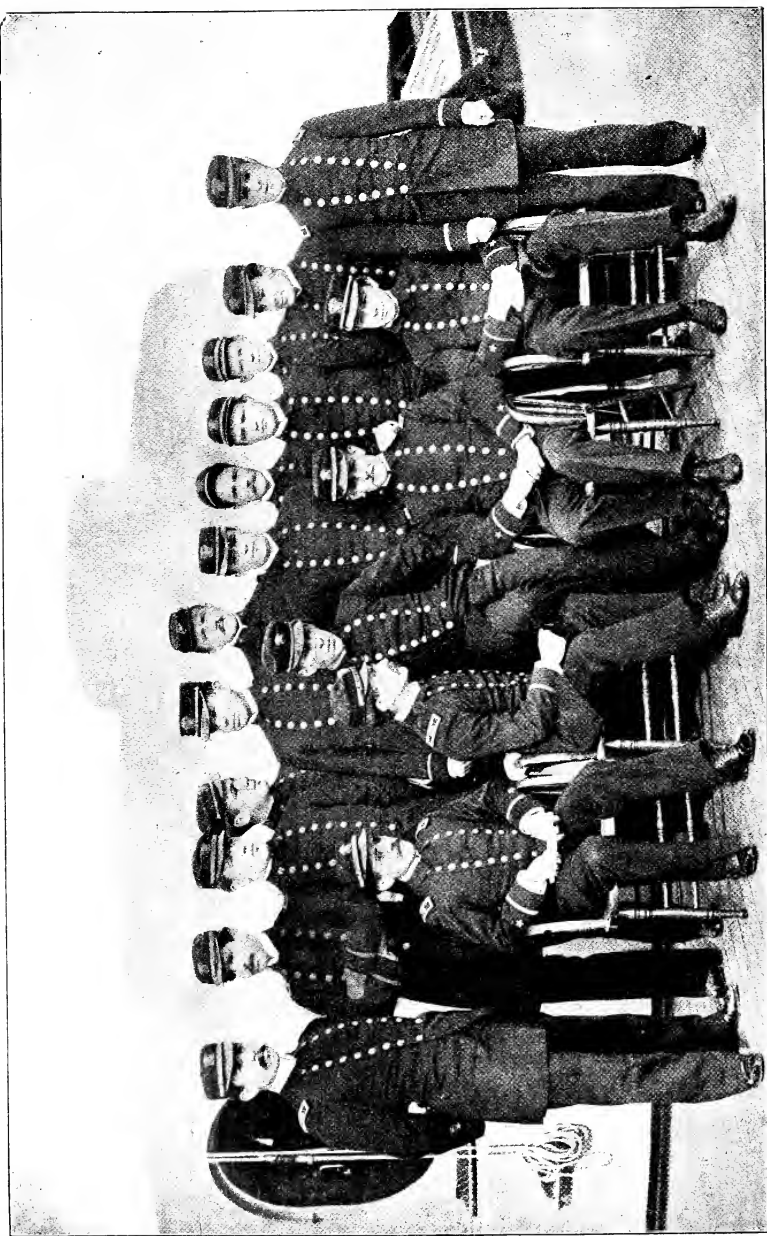
“‘You boys hop into your mustering clothes and go on off to the beach. I’ll let you have a couple of the running boats when they return. Come back with the other men when you get ready. Don’t raise any more trouble ashore than you can help.’

“‘There wasn’t a man in the gang of us that didn’t want to hug little Dewey for that, and you can gamble that we gave him a ‘cheer ship’ that rang around the harbor of Genoa. We all got marked in the log as ‘clean and sober,’ too, when we got back to the ship; for we weren’t going to do any cutting up on Dewey after the way he’d treated us.’”

“‘There is one thing about Dewey,” said a naval officer at Washington, the other day. “He has always insisted that his ship should be as well dressed as he. And we must all acknowledge that Dewey’s boat was invariably the spick and span of the squadron, his sailors the cleanest, and his drills the smartest. He makes it an unbreakable rule that everything on his vessel can only be done one way, and that the right way. No slovenliness is tolerated. And I have no doubt that it was his methodical care of all the details that made it possible for him, 7500 miles from home, to take his fleet 628 miles from the nearest friendly port, carrying coal and ammunition with him, sail into a hostile harbor, and make a fight upon a hostile fleet and hostile forts that will be celebrated for all time in the history of naval warfare for its daring and its success.”

Dewey's Coolness.

The man who can stand on the bridge of a warship, as Dewey did, and coolly face such a storm of shot and bursting shells as that which rained upon the American fleet in Manila Bay, possesses a self-restraint that cannot but command the admiration of the world. This characteristic is one that has distinguished Admiral Dewey all through his life. In the midst of the most imminent peril, requiring quick and decisive action, his coolness seems never to desert him. A good story is told, which not only illustrates this distinguishing feature of his nature, but also the high regard in which he is held by the men under his command. It was during the spring of 1887, when Admiral Dewey, then a captain, had command of the flagship *Pensacola*, a sailing vessel, in the Mediterranean. While *en route* from Athens to the coast of Spain, the vessel encountered a series of short but violent squalls,



JUNIOR OFFICERS OF AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.

which not only greatly retarded her progress, but proved intensely wearing on the crew.

One night, when the inconstancy of the weather was particularly annoying, the officer of the watch happened to be a young lieutenant who was very unpopular with the men, being what is termed in nautical vernacular a "bucko." Several times during the watch all hands had been called to shorten sail, and they were naturally very much exhausted from racing back and forth from the decks to the upper rigging. Finally, the order was again given to make sail, and the tired sailors set about to put it into execution. But, after the work had been accomplished, and all hands had come down from aloft, it occurred to the officer that the men had not exhibited sufficient alacrity to suit him, and, advancing to the break of the poop, speaking trumpet in hand, he thundered a torrent of epithets at the crew, following it up with an order to lay aloft and go through the tactics of shortening sail by way of drill. Unfortunately, however, he had failed to reckon upon the inborn spirit of the American sailors, and right here their forbearance forsook them, and not a man of their number made a movement to execute the overbearing order. Wildly flourishing his trumpet, the now frenzied martinet threatened and cursed and stormed, but to no avail; the blood of the crew was up, and they cursed back, ridiculed, laughed him to scorn. Suddenly the sea and sky were seen to grow darker to windward, and it was clear that another squall was imminent.

Alive to the danger to which the ship, with all her canvas spread, was exposed, the Lieutenant retreated from his threatening attitude, and urged, entreated, implored the men to save the vessel, but in vain—they had been driven to sheer desperation, and only scoffed at him the more. Onward came the tempest, its fierceness foretold by the livid shafts of lightning which repeatedly flashed from its inky depths. The Lieutenant was in despair. A livid pallor overspread his face as he gazed in horror, first at the lowering clouds and then at the bellowing canvas. Suddenly from out the cabin companionway a form emerged. It was the Captain. In an instant his glance had taken in all—the approaching storm, the defiant crew, the suppliant officer, the flapping sails—and then, clear and loud, rang out his order: "All hands shorten sail!" That was all. But it was sufficient. Before the last word of that command had been uttered the rigging was full of flying sailors, cheering their captain, as they sped to their task, and in a twinkling every foot of canvas had been stowed and the ship placed under bare poles. Even before they could regain the decks the gale burst upon the vessel, demonstrating only too forcibly the fate another moment's delay would have hurled upon her.

When the shock had passed and the crew had assembled in readiness to obey the next order, Captain Dewey addressed his first words to the officer of

the deck. "Go to your room," he said. Then, turning to the crew, he commanded, without the least suspicion of rebuke in his tones: "Boatswain, pipe down!"

The Old Lady's Story.

An old lady from Vermont, who knew the Deweys when George was a very small boy, relates this characteristic story:

"Know George Dewey?" she said. "Well, I guess I did. My, but he was a mischievous boy! And a schemer? Well, I guess one of his teachers found that out. It was in the fall of the year and the apples were ripe on the trees. There was one orchard with a particularly fine tree in it, and the boys, they did hanker after that fruit. I don't know as I blame 'em for it, either.

"At any rate, George Dewey he put two of the other boys up to helping him, and they just pretty near cleaned out all the apples there were on that tree. Mad? Well, you never saw a man as mad as the owner of the orchard was, and he run right off to the school teacher to complain. The teacher thought he'd be real smart, so when the boys were all in their seats he told them about the apple stealing, and he said:

"Now, I want the guilty boys to understand that I know just who did this and that they will be severely punished if it happens again."

"But law! he couldn't fool George Dewey. George never blinked, but he made up his mind he'd show that teacher a thing or two. So he kind of started a rumor that there was going to be another raid on the orchard the next night, and then what do you think he did? Well, he and those other boys got an empty hogshead and they put it under the tree with the fine apples. The next night they hid in another tree and watched. Sure enough the teacher came stealing along, and, when he spied the hogshead, he crawled into it so as to have a good place to wait for them. Just as soon as he had got in, the boys sneaked up behind the hogshead and started it rolling down the hill, teacher and all, bumpity—bump-bump! My! By the time it had stopped and the teacher had managed to get out, the boys were pretty nearly home, and he hadn't any more idea than the dead who'd done it. You can just be sure that it wasn't the teacher that told the story.

"Oh, that George Dewey was a funny boy! I remember about his taking a neighbor's baby out in its little carriage. He wasn't nothing but a little shaver, but you couldn't get ahead of him even then. He got to running the baby buggy up and down the walk, just lickety-split, and the first thing he knew he ran it off the walk and spilled out the whole business. Well, he just grabbed up the baby and the covers and the pillows, and was dumping them into the buggy, when the baby's mother came rushing out. The boy never blinked. You'd have thought he was the Lord Mayor of London.

"'I haven't any more time to give to the baby now, Mrs. ——,' he said, just as pompous as you please. 'Will you please take her into the house?' and he stalked away' as if he had never gone off for a walk in his life. No, sir. The folks that knew George Dewey when he was a boy in Vermont weren't surprised at his victory. I guess they wouldn't be surprised at anything George Dewey did."

The Admiral's Love Affair.

A story is told in the Washington clubs by friends of Commodore Dewey about a previous but entirely different sort of engagement from the one at Manila that he had once with Spain, in which he came out second best. Dewey's devotion to Miss Virginia Lowery, the handsome daughter of Archibald Lowery, one of the most prominent and wealthy of the "residential set" in Washington, is well known here. Miss Lowery was beautiful and a woman of definite views as to what would make up her happiness. When very young she became engaged to a dashing, impecunious secretary of the Spanish Legation, Count "Jack" Brunetti. Her father refused to sanction the affair, but, declining all other offers, even that of the present hero of the hour, Miss Lowery kept during twenty years her plighted troth. Three years ago, with the consent of her father, she became the wife of the Duke d'Arcos, her devoted and loyal admirer, who not only inherited a title and estate, but represented his country as Minister to Mexico.

They say Dewey resented bitterly his defeat by a foreigner, and it is probable that he sent hot shots at Manila with added vim on that account.

Dewey's Reward.

A lady correspondent suggests, in order that George Dewey may have a rich reward, "a popular subscription, the proceeds of which be presented in the most delicate manner to him as a loving gift from his grateful, proud and admiring fellow-countrymen."

Admiral Dewey cannot be paid in money for his great services. The value of his work in Manila cannot be measured in dollars and cents. His reward is in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, which is given without stint, in the proud consciousness that he has deserved well of his country, and in the certainty of an imperishable renown.

His greatness is fully recognized, and he will not die in want. The fair correspondent forgets that he was made an Acting Rear-Admiral by the President's order, and this has been followed by an act of Congress making him Rear-Admiral, and a joint resolution conveying to him the thanks of the nation. She forgets, too, that it is not a great misfortune to die poor. God's blessing, which is invoked upon the great Admiral, seldom takes the form of wealth, which is oftener a curse.

It is time for us to think of something better than money as a reward for great public service. George Dewey himself is no doubt better satisfied with his rank, the gratitude of the country as expressed in the resolutions of Congress, and the certainty of his place as an historical figure, than he would be with a money gift. He cannot afford to take money. He cannot afford to die rich. There should be no alloy in his treasure of fame, which will never die.

The richest man in America would be enriched if he should lose his money and gain Dewey's well-earned honor.

Battle Poems.

The victory at Manila Bay has inspired our native poets to a very remarkable degree, and resulted in the production of a number of pieces that will live on their merits after the excitement of the war is over. We offer a few of the best:

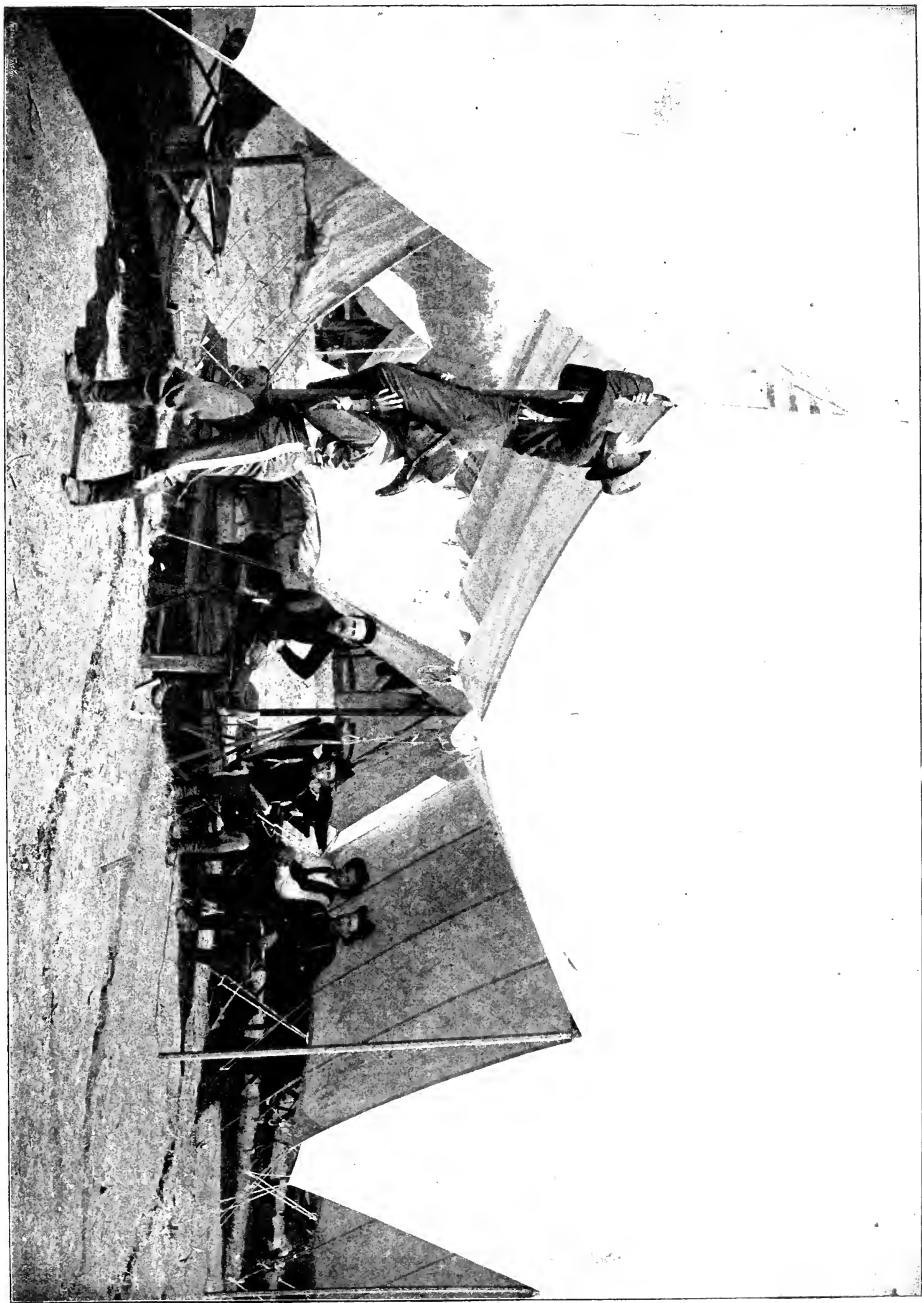
Let the Eagle Screech.

Say, mister eagle, if you still
Have your screech with you, now
Is the time to show them how
To fill
The air with sounds, such as will shake
The mountains and make
The very old earth quake.
Get out, O bird,
And screech as you alone
Know how to screech! Screech till you're
heard
From zone to zone!
Screech till it is known
Everywhere
That our flag is still there!
Screech, O pet bird of the free,
So that the wronged in every land
May know that Liberty
Is still in business at the same old stand.
Search out the highest crag
Where
The starry flag
Floats in the air
And when you reach
Your perch up there
Proceed to teach
The listening world the lesson of your
screech!
—Cleveland Leader.

Dewey.

Oh, de Spaniards blow, en brag, en bluster,
'Twell Dewey come en jerked his duster,
En away,
Dat day
Went the Spanish ships forever!
Dey's some folks tell him: "Wait 'twell Monday."
But he knocked 'em all six ways for Sunday!
En away,
Dat day
Went de Spanish ships forever!
Oh, Dewey come, en he crope up quiet,
Dent tu'n loose in a mighty riet,
En away,
Dat day
Went de Spanish ships forever!
He tol' 'em all dat he boun' ter git 'em—
Never knowed whut de devil hit 'em—
En away,
(Hooray!)
Went de Spanish ships forever!

—Atlanta Constitution.



HOISTING "OLD GLOVE" IN THE FAR-AWAY PHILIPPINES

The Eagle Talks.

I am the American eagle
 And my wings flap together,
 Likewise I roost high
 And I eat bananas raw.
 Blanco may sit in his
 Moro castle and howl,
 But he can't sit on ME!
 Will he please roll that in his
 Cigarette and smoke it?
 I am mostly a bird of peace
 And I was born without teeth,
 But I've got talons
 That reach from the storm-
 Beaten coasts of the Atlantic
 To the golden shores of the
 Placid Pacific.
 And I use the Rocky mountains
 As whetstones to sharpen them on.
 I never cackle till I
 Lay an egg;
 And I point with pride
 To the eggs I've laid
 In the last hundred years or so.
 I'm game from
 The point of my beak
 To the star-spangled tip
 Of my tail feather.
 And when I begin to scratch gravel
 Mind your eyes!
 I'm the cock of the walk
 And the hen bird of the
 Goddess of Liberty,
 The only gallinaceous
E pluribus unum
 On record.
 I'm an eagle from Eagleville,
 With a scream on me that makes
 Thunder sound like
 Dropping cotton
 On a still morning,
 And my present address is
 Hail Columbia,
 U. S. A. ! ! !

—*New York Sun.*

Manila Bay.

The first great fight of the war is fought!
 And who is the victor—say—
 Is there aught of the lesson now left un-
 taught
 By the fight of Manila Bay?

Two by two were the Spanish ships
 Form'd in their battle line;
 Their flags at the taffrail, peak and fore,
 And bat'ries ready upon the shore,
 Silently biding their time.

Into their presence sailed our fleet.
 The harbor was fully mined;
 With shotted guns and open ports
 Up to their ships—aye—up to their forts;
 For Dewey is danger blind.

Signaled the flagship, "open fire,"
 And the guns belched forth their death.
 "At closer range" was the order shown;
 Then each ship sprang to claim her own,
 And to lick her fiery breath.

Served were our squadron's heavy guns,
 With gunners stripped to the waist;
 And the blinding, swirling, sulph'rous
 smoke
 Enveloped the ships as each gun spoke,
 In its furious, fearful haste.

Sunk and destroyed were the Spanish ships;
 Hulled by our heavy shot,
 For the Yankee spirit is just the same,
 And the Yankee grit and the Yankee aim,
 And their courage which faileth not.

The first great fight of the war is fought!
 And who is the victor—say—
 Is there aught of the lesson now left un-
 taught
 By the fight of Manila Bay?

H. E. W., JR., in *Philadelphia Times.*

A Dewey War Song.

Oh, who was Admiral Dewey,
 And what did Dewey do?
 Did he lay back and "holler" quit,
 While missiles fairly flew?
 Oh, no, my son, he's not that kind,
 To give his foes a chance,
 For 'twas down in old Manila
 He made the Spaniards dance.

'Mid reeking shell and cry of pain
 He stained the sea with blood,
 Commanding action here and there,
 The gallant Dewey stood.

His was a signal victory,
 And letters bold and bright
 Will bear the name of "Dewey,"
 The hero of that fight.

They Remembered the Maine.

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
 Is the hero of the day,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way—
 The way of Hull and Perry,
 Decatur and the rest,
 When old Europe felt the clutches
 Of the eagle of the West;
 That's how Dewey smashed the Spaniard
 In Manila's crooked bay,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way!

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
 A Vermonter wins the day!
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way,
 By one who cared not whether
 The wind was high or low
 As he stripped his ships for battle
 And sailed forth to find the foe.
 And he found the haughty Spaniard
 In Manila's crooked bay,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way!

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
 He has met the Dons' array,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way—
 A way of fire and carnage,
 But carnage let it be,
 When the forces of the tyrant
 Blocked the pathway of the free!
 So the Spanish ships are missing
 From Manila's crooked bay,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way!

Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!
 Crown with victor wreaths of May;
 For the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way;
 And flags that wave triumphant
 In the far-off tropic seas,
 With their code of symbolized color,
 Fling this message to the breeze:
 "We have routed all the Spaniards
 From Manila's crooked bay,
 And the *Maine* has been remembered
 In the good, old-fashioned way!"

EDWARD F. BURNS in *Boston Globe*.

FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

Climate and Wonderful Resources of the Islands.—Curious Tribes and Races of People.—Remarkable Social Customs.—Pretty Malay Girls and Women.—Religious Fanaticism.—Fierce Fighters.—The Juramentados.—Discovery by the Spaniards, and Cruelty of the Spanish Occupation.—A Remarkable and Weird History.

Tribes and Races of Strange People.

Among the eight or nine or, as some say, fifteen millions of people in the Philippines for whom, perhaps, Admiral Dewey will be organizing a government before many weeks are past, the number of Europeans is less proportionately than in any other European colony. There may be from seventy to one hundred thousand Spaniards, descendants of the conquerors or children of Spanish parents, but it is probable that a large number of these have native blood in their veins. The Spaniards born in Spain, comprising the military, have never exceeded 10,000, and to hold in check some 6,000,000 of disaffected Indians, as well as the pirates of Sulu and Mindanao, always ready to rise and never completely conquered, Spain has had only a force of 4175 soldiers and a squadron manned by 2000 sailors—those sailors who made such a poor showing before our squadron. Probably she would not have been able to maintain her sway for more than three hundred years over a population which has always been hostile to her power but for the infinite variety of races

inhabiting the archipelago and the enmities bred by their differences of origin. This confusion of races is complicated by the fact that tribes who are ethnologically as far asunder as the poles are often not separated from one another by any material boundaries. In the same district are found Indians, Negritos, Manthras, Malays, Bicolis, half-breed Indians and Spaniards, Tagales, Visayas, Sulus, and other tribes.

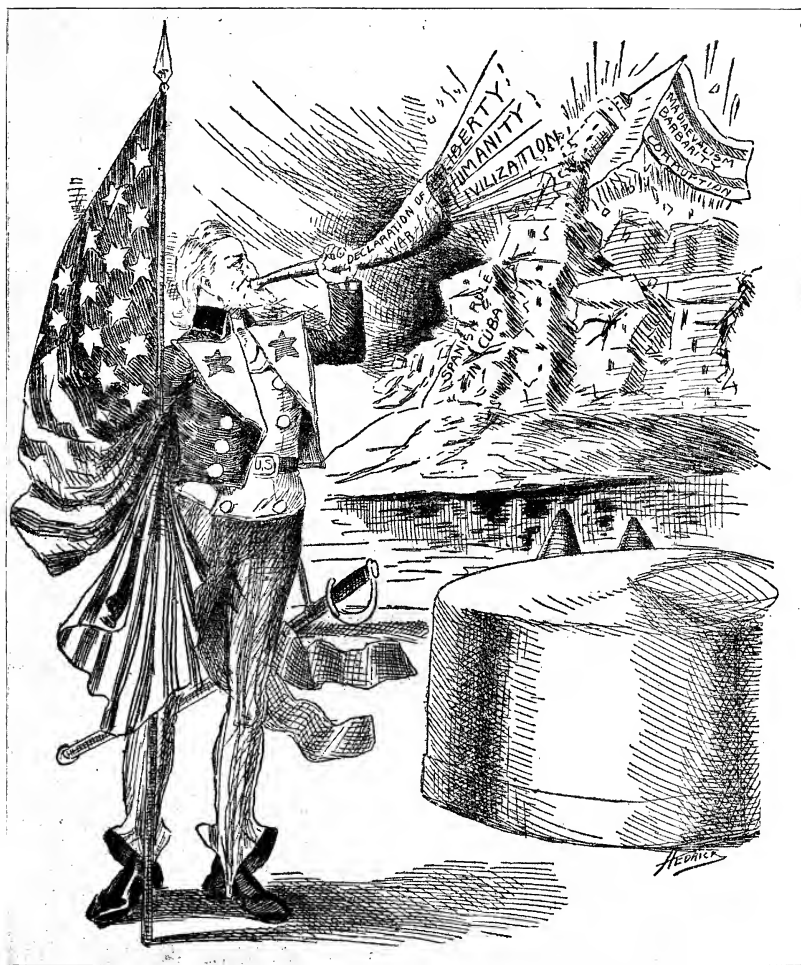
The Negritos (little negroes) are real negroes, blacker than a great many of their African conquerors, with woolly hair growing in isolated tufts. They are very diminutive, rarely attaining four feet nine inches in height, and with small, retreating skulls, and no calves to their legs to speak of. This race forms a branch equal in importance to the Papuan. It is believed to be the first race inhabiting the Philippines, but, as well as everywhere else, except in the Andaman Islands, it has been more or less absorbed by the stronger races, and the result in the archipelago has been the formation of several tribes of half-breeds numbering considerably more than half a million. Side by side with them, and equally poor and wretched, are the Manthras, a cross between the Negritos and Malays, and the degenerate descendants of the Saletes, a warlike tribe conquered by the Malayan Rajah Permicuri in 1411. Then come the Malay Sulus, all Mohammedans, and still governed by their Sultan and their *datos*, feudal lords who, under the suzerainty of the Spaniards, have possessed considerable power.

Spain's Indelible Mark.

In this Asiatic archipelago, as in Europe and America, Spain has left on the localities occupied by her an indelible mark. In Manila, as well as in Mexico, Panama, and Lima, you find again the severe and solemn aspect, the feudal and religious stamp, which this race impresses on its monuments, its palaces, its dwellings, in every latitude. Manila looks simply like a fragment of Spain transplanted to the archipelago of Asia. On its churches and convents, even on its ruined walls, overturned in the earthquake of 1863, time has laid the brown, somber, dull-gold coloring of the mother country. The ancient city, silent and melancholy, stretches interminably along its gloomy streets, bordered with convents whose flat facades are only broken here and there by a few narrow windows. It still preserves all the austere appearance of a city of the reign of Philip II. But there is also a new city within the ramparts of Manila; it is sometimes called the Escolta, from the name of its central quarter, and this city is alive with its dashing teams, its noisy crowd of Tagal women, shod in high-heeled shoes, and every nerve in their bodies quivering with excitement. They are almost all employed in the innumerable cigar factories whose output inundates all Asia.

Here all sorts of nationalities elbow one another—Europeans, Chinese, Malays, Tagales, Negritos; in all some 260,000 people of every

known race and of every known color. In the afternoon, in the plain of Lunetto, carriages and equipages of every kind drive past, and pedes-



UNCLE SAM BLOWING DOWN THE WALLS OF SUPERSTITION.

trians swarm in crowds around the military band stand in a marvelously picturesque square, lit up by the slanting rays of the setting sun, which purples the lofty peaks of the Sierra de Marivels in the distance, unfolds its long,

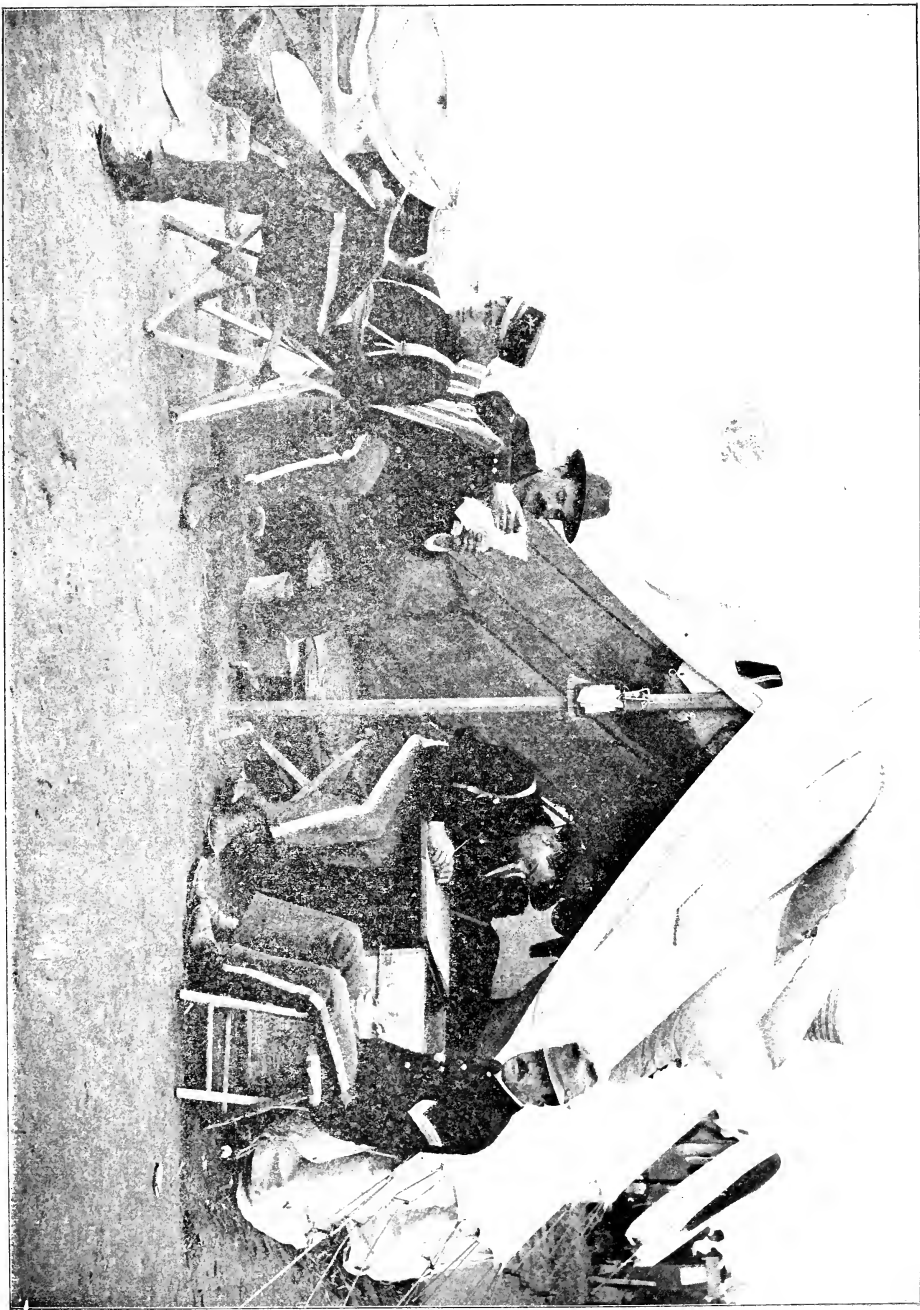
luminous train on the ocean, and tinges with a dark reddish shade the somber verdure of the city's sloping banks. This is the hour when all the inhabitants hold high festival, able at length to breathe freely after the burning heat of the noontide.

In this archipelago of the Philippines, where races, manners, and traditions are so often in collision, the religious fanaticism of the Spaniard has, more than once, come into conflict with a fanaticism fully as fierce—that of the Mussulman. At a distance of 6000 leagues from Toledo and Granada, the same ancient hatreds have brought European Spaniard and Asiatic Saracen into the same relentless antagonism that swayed them in the days of the Cid and Ferdinand the Catholic. The island of Sulu, on account of its position between Mindanao and Borneo, was the commercial, political, and religious center of the followers of the Prophet, the Mecca of the extreme Orient. From this center they spread over the neighboring archipelagoes. Dreaded as merciless pirates and unflinching fanatics, they scattered everywhere terror, ruin, and death, sailing in their light proas up the narrow channels, and animated with implacable hatred for those conquering invaders, to whom they never gave quarter and from whom they never expected it; constantly beaten in pitched battle, they as constantly took again to the sea, eluding the pursuit of the heavy Spanish vessels, taking refuge in bays and creeks where no one could follow them, pillaging isolated ships, surprising the villages, massacring the old men, leading away the women and the adults into slavery, pushing the audacious prow of their skiffs even up to within three hundred miles of Manila, and seizing every year nearly 4000 captives.

Between the Malay creese and the Castilian carronade the struggle was unequal, but it did not last the less long on that account, nor, obscure though it was, was it the less bloody. On both sides there were the same bravery, the same cruelty. It required all the tenacity of Spain to purge these seas of the pirates who infested them, and it was not until after a conflict of several years, in 1876, that the Spanish squadron was able to bring its broadsides to bear on Tianggi, that nest of the Suluan pirates, land a division of troops, invest all the outlets, and burn up the town and its inhabitants, as well as the harbor and all the craft within it. The soldiers planted their flag and the engineers built a new city on the smoking ruins. This city is protected by a strong garrison. For a time, at least, it was all over with piracy, but not with Moslem fanaticism, which was exasperated rather than crushed by its defeat. To the rovers of the seas succeeded the organization known as *juramentados*.

The Juramentados.

One of the characteristic qualities of the Malays is their contempt of death. They have transmitted it, with their blood, to the Polynesians, who see in it only one of the multiple phenomena and not the supreme act of



LETTERS FROM HOME.

existence, and witness it or submit to it with profound indifference. Travelers have often seen a Canaque stretch his body on a mat, while in perfect health, and without any symptom of disease whatever, and there wait patiently for the end, convinced that it is near, refusing all nourishment and dying without any apparent suffering. His relatives say of him: "He feels he is going to die," and the imaginary patient dies, his mind possessed by some illusion, some superstitious idea, some invisible wound through which life escapes. When to this absolute indifference to death is united Mussulman fanaticism, which gives to the believer a glimpse of the gates of a paradise where the abnormally excited senses revel in endless and numberless enjoyments, a longing for extinction takes hold of him, and throws him like a wild beast on his enemies; he stabs them and gladly invites their daggers in return. The *juramentado* kills for the sake of killing and being killed, and so winning, in exchange for a life of suffering and privation, the voluptuous existence promised by Mahomet to his followers.

The laws of Sulu make the bankrupt debtor the slave of his creditor, and his family are enslaved also. To free them there is only one course, for the debtor's wife and children are not means left to the husband—the sacrifice of his life. Reduced to this extremity, he does not hesitate—he takes the formidable oath. From that time forward he is enrolled in the ranks of the *juramentados*, and has nothing to do, but await the hour when the will of a superior shall let him loose upon the Christians. Meanwhile the *panditas*, or priests, subject him to a system of enthusiastic excitement that will turn him into a wild beast of the most formidable kind. They madden his already disordered brain, they make still more supple his oily limbs, until they have the strength of steel and the nervous force of the tiger or panther. They sing to him their rhythmic, impassioned chants, which show to his entranced vision the radiant smiles of intoxicating houris. In the shadow of the lofty forests, broken by the gleam of the moonlight, they evoke the burning and sensual images of the eternally young and beautiful companions who are calling him, opening their arms to receive him. Thus prepared, the *juramentado* is ready for everything. Nothing can stop him, nothing can make him recoil. He will accomplish prodigies of valor. Though stricken ten times, he will remain on his feet, will strike back, borne along by a buoyancy that is irresistible, until the moment when death seizes him. He will creep with his companions into the city that has been assigned to him; he knows that he will never leave it, but he knows also that he will not die alone, and he has but one aim—to butcher as many Christians as he can.

An eminent scientist, Doctor Montano, sent on a mission to the Philippines by the French government, describes the entry of eleven *juramentados* into Tianggi. Divided into three or four bands, they managed to get through the gates of the town, bending under loads of fodder for cattle, which they

pretended to have for sale, and in which they had hidden their *creeses*. Quick as lightning they stabbed the guards. Then, in their frenzied course, they struck all whom they met.

Hearing the cry of "*Los juramentados!*" the soldiers seized their arms. The *juramentados* rushed on them fearlessly, their *creeses* clutched in their hands. The bullets fell like hail among them. They bent, crept, glided and struck. One of them, whose breast was pierced through and through by a bullet, rose and flung himself on the troops. He was again transfixed by a bayonet; he remained erect vainly trying to reach his enemy, who held him impaled on the weapon. Another soldier had to run up and blow the man's brains out before he let go his prey. When the last of the *juramentados* had fallen and the corpses were picked up from the street which consternation had rendered empty, it was found that these eleven men had with their *creeses* hacked fifteen soldiers to pieces, not to reckon the wounded.

"And what wounds!" exclaims Doctor Montano; "the head of one corpse is cut off as clean as if it had been done with the sharpest razor; another soldier is almost cut in two! The first of the wounded to come under my hand was a soldier of the Third Regiment who was mounting guard at the gate through which some of the assassins entered; his left arm was fractured in three places; his shoulder and breast were literally cut up like mince-meat; amputation appeared to be the only chance for him, but in that lacerated flesh there was no longer a spot from which could be cut a shred."

The Mandayas, or Tree Dwellers.

It is easily seen how precarious and nominal has been Spanish rule on most of the islands of this vast archipelago. In the interior of the great island of Mindanao there is no system of control, no pretense even of maintaining order. It is a land of terror, the realm of anarchy and cruelty. There murder is a regular institution. A *bagani*, or man of might, is a gallant warrior who has cut off sixty heads; the number is carefully verified by the tribal authorities, and the *bagani* alone possesses the right to wear a scarlet turban. All the *datos*, or chiefs, are *baganis*. It is carnage organized, honored and consecrated; and so the depopulation is frightful, the wretchedness unspeakable.

The Mandayas are forced to seek a refuge from would-be *baganis* by perching on the top of trees like birds, but their aerial abodes do not always shelter them from their enemies. They build a hut on a trunk from forty to fifty feet in height, and huddle together in it to pass the night and to be in sufficient number to repulse their assailants. The *baganis* generally try to take their victims by surprise, and begin their attack with burning arrows, with which they endeavor to set on fire the bamboo roof. Sometimes the besiegers form a *testudo*, like the ancient Romans, with their locked shields,

and advance under cover up to the posts, which they attack with their axes, while the besieged hurl down showers of stones upon their heads. But once their ammunition is exhausted, the hapless Mandayas have nothing to do but witness, as impotent spectators, the work of destruction, until the moment comes when their habitation topples over and falls. Then the captives are divided among the assailants. The heads of the old men and of the wounded are cut off, and the women and children are led away as slaves.

The genius of destructiveness seems incarnate in this Malay race. Had it been more numerous and stronger it would have covered Asia with ruins. Shut up in the Philippines and the neighboring islands, it turns its instincts of cruelty against itself. The missionaries alone venture to travel among these ferocious tribes. They, too, have made the sacrifice of their lives, and, holding life worth nothing, they have succeeded in winning the respect of these savages in evangelizing and converting them. They work for God and for their country, and the poorest and most wretched among the natives are not unwilling to accept the faith and submit to Spain; but the missionaries insist on their leaving their homes and going to another district, to which, for many reasons, the neophytes gladly consent. After several days' journey a *pueblo* is founded. These villages of *infieles reducidos* have multiplied for some years past, forming oases of comparative peace and civilization amid the barbarism by which they are surrounded, and are open to all who choose to seek a shelter in them. The more neophytes the *pueblo* holds the less exposed is it to hostile incursions. Doctor Montano gives a very striking account of one of these daring missionaries, Father Saturnino Urios, of the Society of Jesus, who, in a single year, converted and baptized 5200 *infieles*. That a good number of these conversions are more apparent than real, that misery has a much larger part in them than faith, may easily be the case; it is not the less true that the result obtained is considerable, and that to win souls it is no bad thing to begin by saving bodies.

But, on the whole, what the Spaniards have been elsewhere they have been in the Philippines—a fearless, fanatic race, never a colonizing race. Perhaps they have not been altogether unlike the hardy pioneers of the past in the United States who plunged fearlessly into the solitudes of the west, killed Indians like rats, opened a path through the forests, clearing the way for that higher civilization of which they were the forlorn hope, the unconscious vanguard. Dazzled by the splendor and rapidity of their conquests, their incredible success, and their matchless daring, Europe for a long time believed the Spaniards, as it was later on to believe the English, to be the greatest colonizing people this globe had ever seen. But gold hid the horrible bloodshed wherewith it was purchased, the imposing grandeur of a world-wide dominion but veiled the abject misery of the enslaved natives. Wherever Spain passed like a storm-cloud, a hurricane of wrath, she made a desert, and the

few survivors wandered over the devastated wilderness, starving, tracked like wild beasts. To conquer is not to civilize, and so of all the immense countries through which the arrogant and destructive power of Castile has swept there remained to her at the present day only Cuba and the Philippines, now about to slip from her hands forever. She lost all the New World, from Texas and Florida to Cape Horn. It was not to her profit that all her conquests, the genius of Columbus, the marvelous daring of Cortez, Pizarro, and Almagro, the tenacity of Magellan, were to accrue. She sought to put herself in the place of the conquered races, not to elevate, instruct, civilize them. She has reaped the fruits of her barbarous policy and the descendants of those who had conquered for her have been the first to take up arms against her.

Spanish Conquest of the Philippines—Soil, Climate, etc.

The Philippine group lies so completely off the usual line of travel that, save in a general way, little is known of it or its people. Boys and girls at school learn the name of the cluster of islands, and, because these appear on the maps as mere dots, regard them as of no importance, and soon forget them and their location, so that among men and women of the present the question: Where are the Philippine Islands? is often heard, but not often answered. The last remaining Spanish possession in the East Indies comprises over 1200 islands in the Philippine group alone, the greater number, however, being mere dots or islets, inhabited by only a few families. The most southern of the Philippines lies four degrees north of the equator, the most northern twenty-one degrees, so that the islands cover a very considerable portion of territory, nearly 1200 miles from north to south, and half this distance from east to west. Insignificant as most are in point of size, the leading islands are of very respectable dimensions. Mindoro and its accompanying islands have an area of 9000 square miles; Palawan, 5500; Samar, 5000; Panay, 4500; Negros, 4300; Leyte, 3000; Cebu and Bohol, each 1500; Masbate, 1200—the total area of the entire group being 116,000 square miles, or about equal in extent to that of Missouri and Arkansas combined.

The islands, like most others in that quarter of the world, are all of volcanic origin, and each has a mountain range as a backbone, generally terminating with a volcano at each end of the island, with two or three in the middle for good measure. Most of the volcanoes are lofty, but situated as they are, almost under the equator, snow seldom appears on the summits of the highest mountains, although the uplands of all of the islands have a temperate climate, and during the summer are much frequented by the better classes of the population. Rivers of any considerable size are, of course, few, but small streams are very numerous, for there are two rainy seasons; and when it rains

in the Philippines it rains in earnest, a precipitation of eight inches in twenty-four hours having been observed on more than one occasion. Such deluges as this might be expected to wash all the arable soil into the sea, and, in fact, this process of denudation is constantly going on, but as the crust of the earth is, in volcanic regions, in a process of upheaval, the damage done by the rain is counteracted by the gradual uplifting of the islands from the deep. They are in fact, constantly growing in size very slowly but appreciably, for stone wharfs that were constructed by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century are now half a mile from the shore, and there are other evidences of the upheaval process.

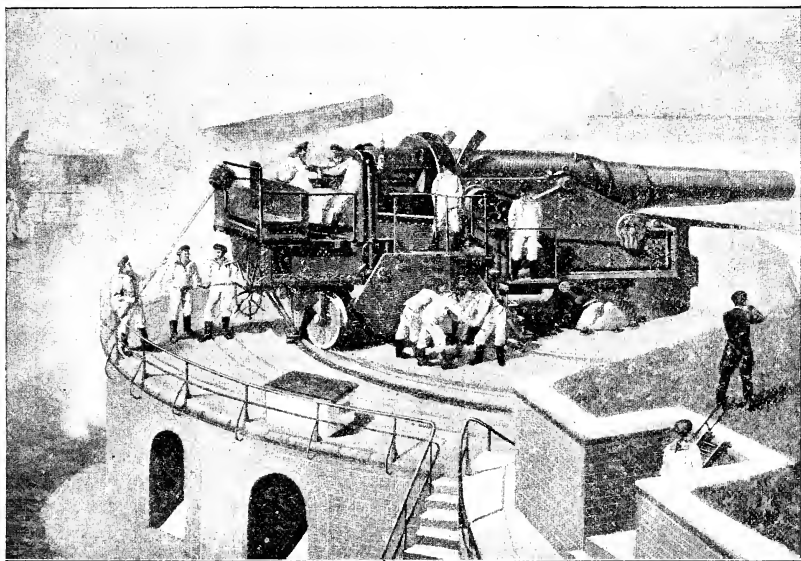
A torrid heat prevails all the year round. The mean annual temperature of Manila is about ninety degrees, which indicates that in summer the thermometer stands above one hundred regularly every day, and hugs the century mark pretty closely during the night. Even in what is facetiously called the winter season, a temperature of sixty-five to eighty-five degrees prevails, so that a Philippine winter would be deemed a tolerably warm American summer. The heat is rendered almost unendurable by the moisture in the atmosphere, for day and night, from year's end to year's end, the air is almost saturated; the perspiration of the body does not dry, but stands in large drops, which fall off on the slightest movement.

The group is rendered a valuable possession from the fertility of the soil and the variety and abundance of its products. Despite the fact that the natives work only under the most urgent provocation, and then only for so long a time as may be necessary to satisfy their simple wants, the plantations of the island produce an immense wealth.

The Philippine Islands have belonged to Spain ever since their conquest in 1565, which was effected by a fleet bearing an armed force from the western coast of Mexico. The Spaniards did not accomplish their conquest without difficulty, for, although the natives were poorly armed, having only the weapons common to savage peoples throughout the world, they made a stout resistance, and all the military strength and strategy of the Spaniards were needed in order to subdue them. The islanders have since shown, by oft-repeated—indeed, almost continuous—insurrections, their objection to Spanish rule, and between 1565 and the insurrection of the present year, it is said there has hardly been a decade in which Spanish troops have not been called upon to pacify, in Cuban fashion, one or another of the disturbed provinces.

The principal exports are hemp and its manufactures, sugar, coffee, tobacco leaf, cigars, and indigo. How greatly the amount of exports might be increased under a proper form of government which did not tax the energy and almost the life out of the people, cannot be conjectured; but it is certain that, with proper encouragement, the Philippine islanders would become an

industrious and wealthy people. The soil is fully sufficient—indeed, more than sufficient—to support this population, whose wants are of the most limited character. The land is exceedingly fertile, and bears in abundance all tropical products, particularly rice, sugar, and the abaca, a variety of the banana tree. The fibers of the abaca are employed in making the finest and most delicate fabrics, of which between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 worth are exported annually. The exports of sugar amount to about \$4,500,000; of gold, to \$2,500,000; and of coffee and tobacco, close on to \$1,250,000 of each. The rice is consumed at home. It forms the staple food of the



SOME OF THE BIG GUNS AT MANILA.

people, and nearly \$3,000,000 worth is imported yearly. The husbandman cannot certainly complain that his toil is inadequately rewarded. A rice plantation will yield him a return of at least fifteen per cent. If he plant his farm with sugar-cane he will be pretty sure of realizing thirty per cent., if not more. On the other hand, the price of labor is very low. An adult who gains a *real fuerte* (about thirteen cents) a day thinks he is doing well.

These islands, like Cuba, would be a veritable paradise if order could be maintained. John Barrett, who was United States Minister to Siam, wrote of them last year: "The prodigality of nature impresses the traveler wherever he goes. In the forests he sees ebony, logwood, ironwood, sapanwood, and cedar; between the forests and the gardens, the fruit trees, orange,

mango, tamarind, guava, and cocoanut; in the cultivated area, sugar-cane, tobacco, rice, hemp, coffee, cotton, bananas, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, indigo, cocoa, pine-apples, wheat, and corn. The minerals include gold, copper, iron, coal, quicksilver, and saltpeter. From the sea, mother-of-pearl, coral, tortoise shell, and amber are derived. The animal kingdom keeps pace with the vegetable and the mineral. To say nothing of the water buffalo, the most useful beast in the tropics, goats, sheep, swine, and tough little ponies, the jungle swarms with such a variety of fauna that the naturalist finds here a paradise. Snakes and lizards, spiders and ants, tarantulas and crocodiles, abound. Strange to relate, there are few beasts of prey



GUNNER'S GANG ON ONE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SHIPS.

worthy of note. The flora of the country is as rich as the fauna. The physical conformation of Luzon is conducive to extensive cultivation and large population. The high mountain range in the interior gradually lowers to the sea, making beautiful valleys, rolling hills, upland and lowland, forest and field, drained with numerous rivers, and dotted here and there with lakes. The coast line is irregular, and bays and bayous extend far inland."

The city of Manila is a typical eastern metropolis. It is on the east side of a wide bay, which furnishes a tolerable anchorage, but not a secure place of refuge for shipping. The city itself is, as in most eastern centers of trade, divided into a new and old town, the latter being fortified with walls in mediæval style, and containing warehouses, storehouses, offices and an enormous native population, while the new town, much better built, with edifices

more modern in style and construction, lies without the walls. A small stream, which, during the rainy season, becomes a mighty torrent, runs through the heart of the town and divides the two sections. The old town has narrow streets, badly paved, reasonably filthy, as well provided with varieties of odors as Coleridge found the city of Cologne, teeming with East Indians of every age, color and previous condition of dirtiness, whose principal occupations seem to be keeping out of the sun, smoking cigarettes, and chewing betel nut. Why they should smoke under a blazing sun, with steamy heat rising from every square foot of the ground on which they tread, is a mystery; but, probably, on the idea that they are already as hot as they can become, they puff incessantly at their cigarettes, and take life as easily as the climate will permit. In the intervals of smoking they load and unload the vessels, most of the native population finding its employment about the shipping, while those not thus engaged have all the occupation they want at their homes, in the manufacture of the coarse goods known as manila bagging or sacking and in the making of cigars, of which many millions are annually exported to China and India.

Parts of the masonic stone wall which was built around the city two hundred years ago are still visible, and some of the gates survive, through which a stream of solemn friars, grinning Chinese, resplendent Spanish officials, beggars in rags, pious nuns, handsome senoras, gay native girls, mestizos in uniform, natives in breech-clouts, four-horse carriages, two-wheel pony wagons, and creaking buffalo carts, pours from morning till night. The cathedral, monasteries, and government offices are in old Manila; the business quarter, the foreign shipping houses, the banks, stores, and custom house are in Binondo, on the other side of the river. Between the walls and the shore is the Luneta, the fashionable promenade, where the band plays and society enjoys the evening breeze, flirts under hundreds of electric lights, and drives around the circle in carriages, which follow each other in a slow, dignified procession. The best houses in Manila are built of stone, and are handsome residences, though there is no window glass used in their construction. Instead of glass the windows are glazed with translucent oyster shell. This is cut into squares so small that a window eight feet by four will contain two hundred and fifty of them. It is found that they temper the fierce glare of the sun, and soften the light.

Gambling and Cock-Fighting the Chief Amusements.

Of course, the natives have amusements. Man under every sky must have his fun, and the Malays are no exception to the rule. The principal amusement, from one end to the other of the Philippine Islands, is gambling. Everybody gambles, and everybody devotes to gambling nearly all the time that he can spare from his meals and smoking. A game closely akin to

craps is everywhere in progress. Wherever two or three Malays are gathered together, the dice are produced, and expressions similar to the well-worn "come seven," "come eleven," floating out upon the heavy atmosphere from behind the huts and the concealment of alleys, give notice to the passing stranger that the East Indian crap game is in progress. In the pursuit of his favorite amusement the East Indian is absolutely insensible to fatigue. It is said that in one native resort in Manila there is an "Everlasting Club," where the Malay craps have been going on for upward of one hundred years, without cessation day or night. When a player becomes so fatigued as to be compelled to withdraw, another takes his place, and thus the ivory shooting goes on unintermittingly. Men may come and men may go, but the dice-throwing and the gambling slang go on forever. Two or three times every month, however, the crap-shooting is momentarily forgotten in the excitement of a cock-fight. Cocking mains are common in Manila and the other towns, and every great feast day of the church owes part of its attraction in the popular mind to the fact that, after the religious services of the day are over, the cock-fighting begins, and is kept up as long as there are any cocks to continue the contest. The enthusiasm over the cock-fighting is of a more boisterous character than that displayed at crap-shooting, and the visitor at Manila on a church feast day has no difficulty in locating the building in which a cock-fight is going on by the shrieks and yells of the audience, who are encouraging their favorite birds. A Malay will bet his last copper on a cock-fight, and instances have been known of men who pawned every item of personal property in their possession and lost it when betting on a cock that they felt sure would win. The cockpit is usually a large building wattled like a coarse basket and surrounded by a high paling of the same description, which forms a sort of courtyard, where cocks are kept waiting their turns to come upon the stage when their owners have succeeded in arranging a satisfactory match. In general, the conflict does not last long. In from two to five minutes after the set-to one or the other of the birds is pretty sure to be either killed or badly wounded by steel spurs. Until this happens the utmost quietness is maintained among the hundreds of half-naked spectators, closely packed together in the broiling afternoon heat. There is not a hint of disorder or disturbance. Intense interest is shown only by outstretched necks and eager looks, as well as by muttered exclamations at the various stages of the fight. At the end, of course, the winners break into a noisy joy, in high spirits at pocketing the money, which is heard clinking on all sides.

The vices of the seaports have penetrated the interior and demoralized the natives of the inland towns, so that the Malay, whether he lives on the coast or in the interior, is essentially the same. The villages consist of collections of huts made of wattles and reeds thatched with grass; exceed-

ingly primitive in character, they are suited to the climate, and quite good enough for the people who inhabit them, for why should a Malay take the time from crap-shooting and cock-fighting to build a house, when a double armful of reeds will make the walls and a load of grass the roof; so he lives in his grass hut, through which the breezes can blow, and when he is obliged to venture forth during the rainy season keeps himself dry by enveloping his body in a thatched covering, made of the same materials which compose his roof, and places over his head an umbrella-shaped hat, also of grass, which perfectly sheds the rain and keeps his cigarette from being extinguished by the falling drops.

Of what use, he says, are houses of stone, brick, or even of wood, for the earthquake and typhoon are incidents of weekly occurrence in his life. His grass hut can stand the heaviest earthquake shock, and the tremors which bring down a stone building in ruins do not affect his slender structure. When an earthquake occurs, as it does in some portions of the islands two to seven times a week, he is amused to see the Europeans jump up and run *en dishabille* out of their houses for fear the walls will fall upon them, sits under his grass roof and enjoys the sensation, for even if his house does fall he crawls out from under his load of hay and with the assistance of his wife and neighbors sets up the poles and recommences housekeeping, as though nothing had happened.

Earthquakes and Typhoons.

The region is congenial for the development of passion. The whole Philippine group is of volcanic origin; one of the greatest active volcanoes in the world, Mayon, is within sight of Manila. Earthquakes are frequent, and they are so terrible that men's bones are said to shake. Sir John Browning said: "They overturn mountains, they fill up valleys, they desolate plains, they open passages from the sea into the interior, and from the lakes into the sea." The earthquakes of Japan are gentle tremors in comparison.

As if volcanic eruptions and earthquakes did not suffice to keep up popular excitement, nature selected the Philippine group to be a cradle of typhoons. Navigators sailing the China Sea hardly dare lift their eye from the barometer to talk or eat or sleep so long as they are in the latitude of Quyon. In the old days many a brave galleon on her homeward voyage, such as the one which Bret Harte described as slowly drifting athwart the setting sun, was crushed to atoms in the whirlwind before she lost sight of Mayon.

Yet the people, quickly as these terrifying phenomena of nature make their blood course through their veins, are pleasure-loving and lazy. Every village has its band, and at the first scrape of the violin all hands gather in the piazza to dance. But the orchestra will be deserted in a twinkling if the

word goes around that there is a cocking main. Every town has its pit. At Manila the spectators number thousands, and the government revenue from the tax on mains amounts to hundreds of thousands. However poor a native of Luzon may be—many of them live on \$35.00 a year—he always manages to keep a fighting bird; it is recorded that on the occasion of fires and earthquakes the head of the household has been seen flying to a place of refuge with his precious bird under his arm, and leaving his wife and children to take their chances in the disaster.

The Blood Compact.

The excitable race is prone to plot and conspiracy. In July, 1896, a brotherhood of Malays and Chinese was formed to overthrow the government. Each member on being sworn made the "blood compact." From a cut in the arm or leg the blood was drawn, and with this blood the name of the member was inscribed on the roll of the Katipunan. The plot was betrayed. The authorities laid hands on the ringleaders, and before New Year's the prisons at Manila contained 4377 persons, many of whom afterwards met their fate at the hands of a firing party.

But the spirit of rebellion was not quelled. A petition was signed by 5000 natives, Malays and half-breeds, and was addressed to the Mikado of Japan, begging him to annex the islands. Japan had acquired Formosa, as one of the results of the Chinese war, and from the southernmost cape of Formosa to the northernmost cape of Luzon the distance is not great. Commenting on the petition, a Japanese newspaper which was supposed to be inspired, observed: "The revolt in Manila is really a consequence to some extent of the rising power of Japan in Pacific waters. Having acquired Formosa and become ambitious of a territorial and commercial empire, the eyes of Japanese have lately been directed toward the next islands on the south. The weakness of Spain is regarded as the opportunity of Japan."

It is remembered by some who met General Grant on his return from Asia, that that far-seeing statesman predicted the acquisition by Japan of all the islands lying off the Chinese coast.

When the Mikado was studying the Philippine petition, the rebellion broke out more fiercely than ever in Luzon, though a force of 10,000 Spanish regulars had been imported to suppress it. Battles were fought at scores of places, and shocking massacres ensued. Both sides were imbued with fiendish ferocity.

Whenever an insurrection breaks out the Captain-General calls for volunteers to assist the regular troops. A prompt response generally comes from the natives of all races and colors, but on a recent occasion, when the new recruits were examined by a surgeon, it was found that most of them bore on their arms or legs scars of the "blood compact," which showed that they were secret members of the Katipunan.

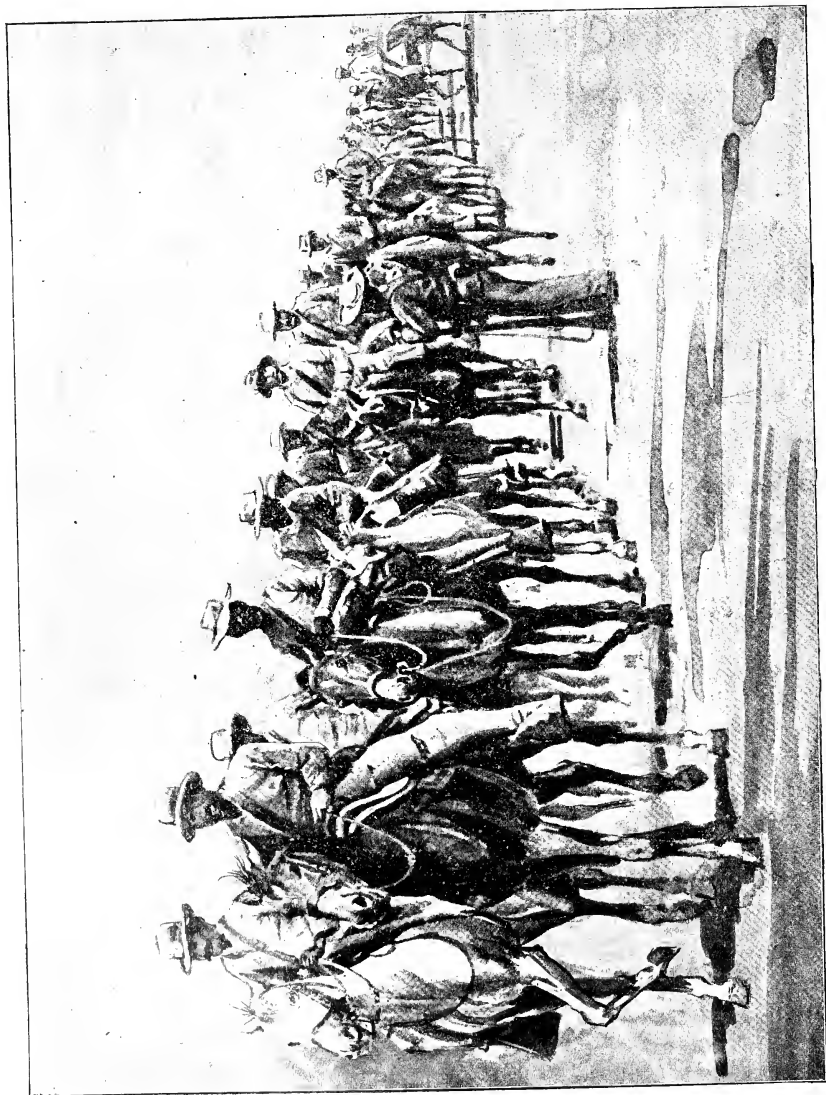
Less than a year ago the insurgent forces in Luzon were said to number 40,000, about 5000 of whom were armed with Mauser rifles, the others bearing bowie-knives, spears, and formidable bamboo lances. They have a few cannon, mostly cast from church bells, and a *mitrailleuse* or two, fashioned from cast-iron water pipes. Last October they were in undisputed possession of Cavite, San Mateo, Imus, and Novaleta, four miles from Cavite. Bodies of insurgents were encamped within three hours' march of Manila, which they might have captured by a sudden dash.

Frightful Burden of Taxation.

Like Cuba and British India, the colony is cherished by the mother country, because it furnishes a nursery in which men of good family in Spain and young men with influential connections can grow rich in a short period of time. Until lately, when the expense of putting down rebellions involved a drain on the Spanish treasury, the Philippines were also valued because of the coin they supplied. Everything in sight is taxed, including the natives themselves; and thus the islands are made to yield an annual revenue of some \$8,000,000 a year.

Dana C. Worcester states that both the poll tax and the *taille* are exacted by the officials. In some cases the poll tax amounts to \$25.00 a year, and women have to pay it as well as men. The Chinese pay a special tax. There are taxes on stores and shops, on weights and measures, on house property, taverns, and the smallest factories. A man must pay a tax for the privilege of killing his own buffalo or pig for meat, or of owning a horse, or of pressing oil out of his cocoanuts. For the collection of these taxes Spanish ingenuity has revived the plan which was in use in France before the *fermiers generaux* came into vogue. For each town or district a tax collector is appointed by the governor of the province. He is called a *gobernadorcillo*, and he is responsible for the estimated amount which his district should pay in taxes, so that if collections should fall short he must make them good out of his own pocket. He has under him a number of deputy collectors known as *cabezas*, each of whom collects the taxes of from forty to sixty taxpayers, and is personally responsible for the amount expected from each. If they fail to pay up he distrains their property and sells it; if the proceeds of the sale fail to cover the indebtedness, the delinquent debtors are imprisoned or deported. At Siquidor Mr. Worcester saw a melancholy procession of forty-four men who had lost houses, cattle, and lands, and who still owed sums ranging from \$2.00 to \$40.00; they were being sent prisoners to Bohol, and their families were left to shift for themselves.

The natives get little or nothing in return for this frightful burden of taxation. The courts of justice are a farce; the judge makes no secret of his venality. In a few towns there are a few schools. In the villages and in



SPANISH VOLUNTEERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

the country there are none. There are no roads which are passable except at the dry season, and then only by buffalo sleds. In the rainy season intercourse ceases. There are no bridges. Now and then a military bridge is built by an enterprising general. No attempt is made to repair it, and it soon falls into decay. Thus, wherever it is possible, people travel and send their produce to market by boat. Lots of brigands have been shot or hanged, but brigandage still flourishes at the Laguna de Bay, close to Manila; and the island of Mindoro, at the mouth of Manila Bay, is a safe refuge for pirates and cut-throats. Natives who travel cannot protect themselves, for no one can have a weapon in his possession without procuring a license, and that is expensive.

The weight of taxation is aggravated by the rapacity of the governors. When General Weyler was governor-general he received a salary of \$40,000 a year, but it was said that the calls upon his purse for entertainments and charities left him no savings at the end of the year. Nevertheless, at the close of his term he had lying to his credit in the banks of London and Paris a sum which Madrid politicians variously estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$4,000,000. How he managed to accumulate so large a fortune may be inferred from an anecdote which was current talk at Manila. He was succeeded by General Despujol, who, strange to say, was an honest man. He had no sooner taken his seat in the gubernatorial office than he was visited by one of the richest Chinese merchants at Manila. Behind the Chinese came servants bearing bags which contained \$10,000 in silver coins. This trifle the merchant begged the new governor to accept as a slight token of his consideration. He was mightily astonished when the new official promptly knocked him down.

There have been other Spanish officials of the type of Despujol. Some years ago a Colonel Arolas, who had incurred the ill-will of the colonial office at Madrid, was appointed Governor of the Province of Suda. It was intended to be an exile. Suda was a most unhealthy spot, in which malarious fevers raged; most of the province was inhabited by a tribe called Moros, who were brigands by calling and fighters by choice. It chanced that Arolas was a man of resource. He drained the town and dispelled the fevers. He enrolled a body of natives and drilled them till they were fit to put in the field, and marched on the Moros. Choosing his battlefield, he met the brigands, and inflicted such a castigation that they gave no further trouble during his administration. Returning home victorious, he improved his town, founded a hospital and schools, introduced water, and laid out fine broad streets, paved with coral. But his heart was in Spain, and at an early opportunity he returned there, and rose to high rank in the army. If there had been more Spaniards of his stamp the Philippines would not now have been dropping out of the clutch of Spain.

Extent of Spanish Control.—Social Life in Manila.

Though the Philippine Islands are rightly classed as Spanish possessions, Spain has never possessed them to a degree sufficient to influence the character of the social conditions of the vast mass of their inhabitants, beyond impressing a certain proportion of them with a faint understanding of Catholic Christianity.

In very truth, the Spaniards have never had a masterful grip over anything more than the towns and villages which have sprung up at their bidding, and just so much additional land as was necessary for their troops to stand upon. Their rule is a mere exotic. It has only continued because the natives, many tribes of whom have never been conquered, have not possessed sufficient power of organization to plan a successful revolt. The tribes in the northern parts of the island of Luzon have always been independent, while in Mindanao and Sulu the Spanish authority has never reached further than a day's march from the garrisons.

Nothing could be more infelicitous than the name which has sometimes been applied to Luzon, "The Cuba of the East." Cubans, whether loyal or insurgent, are absolutely a Latinized race. Havana is a Spanish city. But Luzon is an Asiatic island, and Manila, its capital, is a merely fortuitous assemblage of Asiatic people brought together through the enterprise of a small fraction of a European contingent, wherein the Spaniards predominate in numbers and the Anglo-Saxons in influence.

In the summer months, during the greater part of the day, the heat is so intense that the Europeans frequently tumble over with heat apoplexy. Even the Spaniards do their business in the early hours, whiling away the heat of the day in sleep. Late in the afternoon Manila begins to awaken.

The Escolta, or principal street, is crowded with loungers of all ranks and colors, each with a segarto stuck penlike behind the ear. Caromattas, a species of two-wheeled hooded cabriolets peculiar to the natives, crowd the roadway, together with the buggies and open carriages of the foreign element. The Spanish carriages have a certain picturesque but barbaric gorgeousness, the harness being thickly laden with silver ornaments, while the coachman wears a curious hat of tortoise shell, bound and filleted with silver.

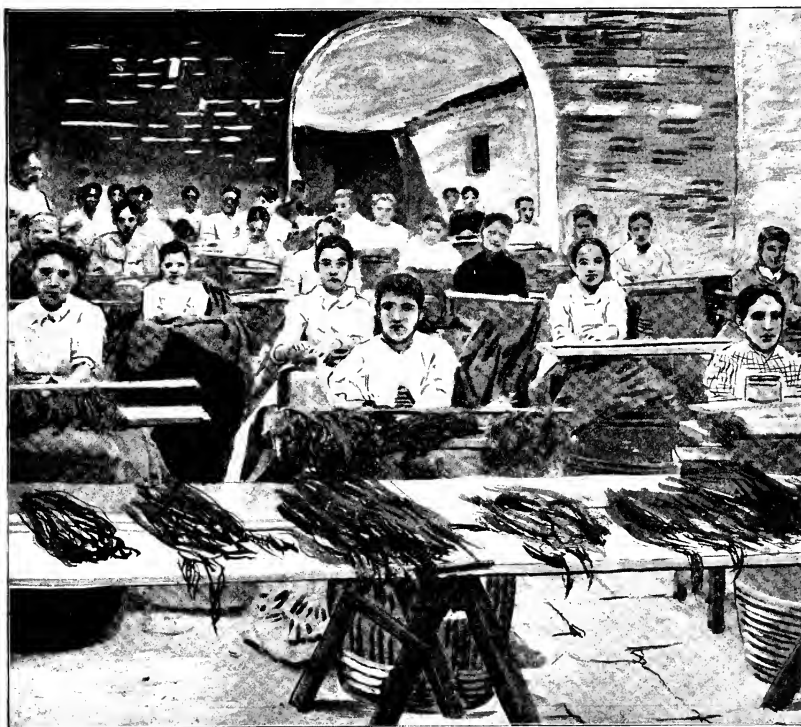
At sunset the various tobacco stores close, and their thousands of employes pour out into the streets. They form a motley, yet effective feature among the wayfarers, with their cotton suits, big pink checks, or of the color of lemon, lilac, chocolate, yellow or green—combinations which harmonize charmingly with their rich dusky skins under the mellow light of the afternoon.

The Malay girls are usually very pretty, with languishing eyes, shaded by long lashes, and supple figures, whose graceful lines are revealed by their thin clothing. In fine weather their bare feet are thrust into light, gold

embroidered slippers. In wet weather they raise themselves on high clogs, which necessitate a very becoming swinging of the haunches.

There is not a bonnet to be seen. Women of the better class affect lace and flowers; those of the lower, wear their hair flowing down their backs in a long, blue-black wave.

All classes, without exception, wear over the stiff starched kerchiefs, which decorously cover the bosom, a crucifix and a relic of some sort in a bag.



CIGAR FACTORY IN MANILA, WITH NATIVE GIRLS AS OPERATIVES.

Jewelry is profusely worn. Every woman sparkles with bracelets, earrings and chains. Many of the males are similarly caparisoned. The reason is not far to seek. Thieves are many and houses are insecure. It is better to carry your property about you than to have it at the mercy of the robber.

Dinner is at half-past seven. After that meal the crowds tend to accumulate in the Luneta, a long, grassy space between the ancient city and the sea. Here, against a background of venerable moss-grown wall, are stationed

a multitude of vehicles filled with bejeweled and beflowered ladies, illumined by rows of petroleum lamps, while on the middle space of grass two streams of men flow up and down, listening to a military band—men in brilliant uniforms, or in white trousers and jackets and bright waist sashes and wide sombreros. The peasants mix freely with the upper classes, brightening the scene with their white kerchiefs and chess-board cottons. Children run laughing in and out among the groups.

Everybody smokes. Cigarettes at fifteen for a cent are in chief favor with the natives. Cigars at a dollar and a half a hundred are in favor with the foreigners. All the street cars are peripatetic smoking saloons. Even the women "light up" as soon as their fare is paid.

A Manila street car has other peculiarities. It is usually drawn by a single pony managed by two drivers. One beats the pony and the other holds the reins and blows a tin horn. On the rear platform stands a pompous conductor, who collects a copper all around every time the car passes a section post. These section posts are somewhat less than a mile apart. The conductor is particularly careful to look after the due balance of the car, fore and aft. He will not allow more to stand on one platform than on the other. If there are eight in front and six in the rear, or *vice versa*, somebody has to stumble through the car from the heavier end to the lighter. This precaution is necessary to prevent derailments. Other precautions still more necessary are omitted. Thus, a woman carrying a little small-pox patient is as welcome as any one else.

Foreign Residents.

The handful of Englishmen resident in Manila are mostly bachelors, eager upon making their pile and returning to pleasanter surroundings. These take up their quarters in a large house at Sampalog, which is club and boarding house combined, or in "chummeries" established in adjacent buildings. The few former benedicts of British birth who have married there, with the intention of settling down, have been forced to make their selection from the Spanish population. Native born English women would find existence in Manila a dreadful ordeal.

None of the Philippine Islands offer any inducements to the temporary sojourner, save in natural beauty of scenery. The government is mediæval, and foreigners are discouraged as much as possible. Owing to the tedious custom house regulations, the obligation of every person to procure and carry on his person a document of identity, the requirement of a passport to enter and another to leave the islands, the absence of railways and hotels in the interior, and the personal insecurity and difficulty of traveling, the Philippines have not been favorite resorts of tourists and globe trotters. Probably not 15,000 Spaniards, or people of pure Spanish blood, have

even a passing residence throughout its whole extent. Indeed, of the 8,000,000 that inhabit the Philippine Islands, all the foreigners whatsoever, whether European or Chinese, do not, altogether, make up a hundredth part.

The Spaniards classify all the Philippine islanders under three religious groups—the *infieles*, or infidels, who have held to their ancient heathen rites; the Moros, or Moors, who retain the Mohammedan religion of their first conquerors, and the infinitely larger class of Indios, or Roman Catholics.

An important, though numerically small, element in the population of the larger cities are the mestizos, or half-breeds, the result of admixture either between the Chinese or the Spanish and the natives. These mestizos occupy about the same social position as the mulattoes of the United States. They will not associate with people whose skins are darker than their own, and they cannot associate with the whites. But they are the richest and most enterprising among the native population.

Priest and Captain Rule.

In all the towns and larger villages of the Philippines the chief municipal control, subject to the approval of the Spanish governor at Manila, is nominally in the hands of a captain, a native of the place, who is elected in accordance with immemorial custom, for a two years' service, from among the villagers themselves. But, in effect, the most important personage is the cura, or parish priest. He is in most instances a Spaniard by birth and enrolled in one or other of the three great religious orders, Augustinian, Franciscan or Dominican, established by the conquerors. At heart, however, he is usually as much, if not more, of a native than the natives themselves. He is bound for life to the land of his adoption. He has no social or domestic tie, no anticipated home return to bind him to any other place.

The villagers are devout children of the church which they have adopted, though often the superstitions of the earlier life peep through the outward semblance of Catholicism. Ancestor worship is one of them. The virgins, saints and martyrs of Roman hagiology are merely placed at the head of the unseen kingdom which, previous to their recognition, had already been well tenanted by their own ancestors and relatives. Abnormal practices and beliefs still exist and smoulder on throughout the archipelago, despite the efforts of the priesthood to obliterate them. But, as a rule, the Catholic Church has shown its wonted wisdom in adopting and engrafting upon its own ceremonial all popular religious or social customs that were not intrinsically repugnant to it.

The diet of the Philippines has something to do undoubtedly with their gentle and non-aggressive qualities. They eschew opium and spirituous liquors. Their chief sustenance, morning, noon and eve, is rice. The rice crop seldom fails not merely to support the population, but to leave a large

margin for export. Famine, that hideous shadow which broods over so many a rice-subsisting population, is unknown here. Even scarcity is of rare occurrence. In the worst of years hardly a sack of grain has to be imported.

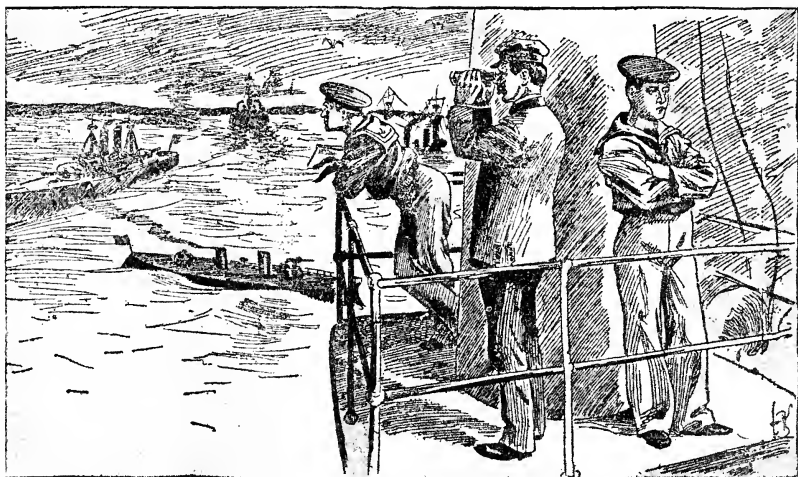
It is this very abundance which stands in the way of what the world calls progress. The Malay, like other children of the tropics, limits his labor by the measure of his requirements, and that measure is narrow, indeed. Hence it is often difficult to obtain his services in the development of the tobacco, coffee, hemp and sugar industries, which might make the archipelago one of the wealthiest, most prosperous and most contented portions of the earth's surface.

Influence of Freemasonry in Producing the Existing Rebellion in the Philippines.

The organization of the Philippine insurrection is a very curious study. It began with the Masonic lodges, which were introduced into the islands by the Socialists who were banished to Manila after the outbreak at Carthagenia. These exiles at first kept their Masonic brotherhood to themselves; but the creoles and the half-breeds of the archipelago having manifested a desire to be affiliated with them, were finally initiated. The latter quickly organized lodges of their own, and in a few years the roll of Freemasons was swelled to from 25,000 to 30,000 members. Thus it came about, finally, that men of pure Malay blood had their secret assemblies, as well as the Spanish and Chinese half-breeds. All over the islands there were formed lodges, known in the native tongue as *Karipunan*. Considering the influence exercised on the simple minds of the islanders of Oceanica by all that appears to them mysterious, symbolic, or enveloped in a highly imaginative ritual, the extraordinary development of these secret societies cannot be called surprising. The philosophic or socialistic ideas that may have found root in the parent lodges of Europe, found no place in the Philippines. The native became a Freemason simply that he might pass through an ordeal which he regarded as out of the common. Every adept was required to make an incision on his arm, and with the blood which proceeded from it to mix the blood of the member who initiated him, thus taking oath to devote himself till death to the secret society which he had joined. This practice had some terrible consequences. Every man having a scar on his arm became, from that very fact, suspected by the Spanish authorities; sometimes the cut on the arm was all the evidence needed to send a man to prison.

What may be called, however, the determining cause of the multiplication of Masonic lodges in the Philippine Archipelago was that the natives were able by this means to express behind closed doors their grievances, their hatreds, and their aspirations for liberty. In a country where the Inquisition of Philip II. has still its nominal representative, where the civil

censorship is exercised with a rigor and unscrupulousness without equal elsewhere, one may imagine with what joy entire populations sought entrance to the ranks of Freemasonry. The native lodges of Manila and its suburbs, in fellowship with the Great Eastern of the Peninsula, numbered sixteen when the insurrection broke out in July, 1896. In each of the provinces of Cavite, Batangas, Bulacan, and the Pampanga, there were from ten to twenty lodges. There was at least one in each of the other provinces. The clerical authorities, with an instinct of self-preservation, perceived the danger of the Masonic brotherhoods, and implored General Blanco, who was then governor, to arrest the rising flood of the secret society. Blanco refused to trouble himself about Freemasonry till a dispatch from Spain conveyed to him the order to act with promptitude. As a result of this, four hundred native and



THE LOOKOUT ON BOARD A WARSHIP.

half-breed Freemasons were sent to prison. Blanco was, nevertheless, accused by the clergy of being incapable, and of treating the insurgents with too much indulgence. A merciless régime of banishment and capital punishment seemed to be the favorite clerical remedy for the rebellion.

Blanco was succeeded as commandant in the Philippines by Polaviega, and he, in turn, by Primo de Rivera. The first was relieved of his duties because he was detested by the monks; the second was stricken by fever and a liver complaint contracted in Cuba; the third, who had before been governor of the Philippines, and who is believed to have made a fortune out of gambling licenses, adopted the policy of restoring the population to the influence of the monastic orders. Against the success of this there was ranged

the bitter enmity of the Masonic lodges toward the island clergy, as well as the influence of young men born in the Philippines who are sent to Madrid to receive a liberal education. These creoles, with their quick intelligence and openness of mind, bring back to the islands a much more revolutionary temper than that which they took with them. Not only has the mother country no employment to spare for them in their native land, but the freedom of speech which they enjoyed in Madrid is absolutely forbidden in Manila. It is this element of discontent which has formed the brain of the separatist movement in the Philippines, and which will probably be found ready to co-operate with the representatives of our government in recasting the civil organization of the islands.

Other Causes.—Spanish Tyranny and Religion.

A small work, entitled "The Insurrection of the Philippines," by M. Edward Plauchut, gives a number of interesting particulars. He says there has been a conspiracy of silence between the Spanish civil authorities and the religious corporations, which, though not tolerated in Spain, swarm in her colonies. Having lived in the islands for ten years, both among the aborigines and the Spanish settlements, he is able to throw some clear light on the affairs of a country which, for centuries, governors, alcaldes, and monastic orders have, for their own profit, enveloped in the darkness of ignorance and of absolutism. Rendering a passing tribute of admiration to the heroic efforts which Spain has made to preserve the two most beautiful and the last jewels of her colonial crown, M. Plauchut proceeds to give his impressions of the causes and conduct of the insurrection. Briefly enumerated, these causes are: first, oppression; second, greed; third, clerical immorality; and fourth, the crushing rate of taxation. As to the first, the liberty of the individual is absolutely unknown in the Philippines. Hundreds of persons have been sent to penal settlements with hardly the shadow of a trial, and for no worse offense than being members of a Masonic lodge. To such an extent has the power of arrest and imprisonment been abused by the colonial authorities, that it was deemed a striking concession on their part to announce that any prisoner whose guilt was not established after forty-eight hours of detention, should be set at liberty.

The rapacity of Spanish officials is an old story in the Philippines, as in Cuba. It has long been notorious in Spain that one needed only to become a troublesome and dangerous critic of a personal favorite of some of the ministers to be sent to the colonies to make or mend his fortune. If the appointee returned to his native land the possessor of riches out of all proportion to any income he could honestly earn, nobody asked any indiscreet questions. One ministry might succeed another, but this system of levying spoils on the colonies was common to them all. Every change of the dominant party

at Madrid excited terror in the Philippines, because it was known that the only result would be the liberation of a new flight of birds of prey whose appetites the islanders had to satisfy. Thus it has happened that from century to century the hatred of the natives of the Philippines toward every Spaniard charged with any official duty whatever has gone on increasing. This hatred is the more natural and explicable that every kind of government employment on the islands is reserved for the appointees of the ministry or the court.

M. Plauchut brings a very serious indictment against the members of the religious orders, who have long enjoyed an unusual amount of wealth and power in the Philippines. He says that they are in possession of immense haciendas, or farms, which yield them handsome revenues in sugar and in rice. Added to these are fees and perquisites on a scale far exceeding that known to the richest parishes of Europe. In certain provinces of the archipelago there are Dominican, Augustine, Franciscan, and Jesuit monks whose annual personal income reaches \$10,000. Here the priest not only lives by the altar, but he carefully lays away the treasures which it yields him. These reverend fathers, it seems, have the best of everything—the best of horses, the finest wines, the choicest cigars, the largest and the most airy of dwellings. Indulgences elsewhere forbidden to the Catholic priesthood are here openly enjoyed, living in concubinage being apparently the rule rather than the exception for the Philippine clergy. M. Plauchut having one day expressed his astonishment to one of the most venerable Dominican fathers of the country that some of his associates should have openly avowed children, was answered in these terms:

“When as very young men, coming from the seminaries of the Peninsula, we land at Manila, we are sent to villages far removed from the capital, where we meet but seldom any of our fellow-countrymen. Those we do meet are pretty rough specimens, who either scorn or avoid our society, and we do not try to impose it on them. During the rainy season, which lasts for six months, the streams overflow their banks, the roads are washed away, the bridges are wrecked, and we remain for long, very long days, without any communication of any sort whatever with Europeans. Some of these young priests remain pure in their solitude, but not without undergoing terrible struggles to maintain fidelity to their vows. They give themselves up earnestly, too earnestly sometimes, to reading, or the practice of the exaggerated requirements of an exalted faith, and as there is no one to whom they can communicate their impressions, they easily become the prey of a feverish agitation which very often assumes the form of madness or hallucination. Others fight the mortal sadness of their homesickness and solitude with the intoxication yielded by drugs or drink. In Europe such conduct—in the last degree scandalous—would procure their dismissal in disgrace from their parishes; here the Indian makes believe to see nothing; his tongue even

abstains from comment, as much owing to the fear which he has of our influence as out of respect for the habit we wear. But who has ever been able to read the thoughts of an Indian, or to assert that one day he will not remember? There are others—and these, in my opinion, are the more excusable—who quickly learn the native language, and discovering that the aborigines are merely overgrown children, learn to love them and treat them with a familiarity altogether fraternal. But it is easy to understand that relations so intimate with the people of the country may not be without danger. Very naturally, too naturally, they make choice among the women who surround them of a young girl, the most beautiful, it is safe to assert, of the province, and they take the one so chosen as a companion for life. The female partner of this union is installed in a dainty little house hidden among the bananas and the marshmallows, close by the parsonage, and neither friends nor neighbors express any astonishment. If children come of the union they are well educated and richly dowered when they marry. These children call their father 'godfather' and their mother 'godmother.' Everywhere well received, nobody inquires whether their birth was legitimate or not."

If the disillusionment of the natives of the Philippines as to the character of their religious teachers has largely contributed to the transformation of the docile convert into a spoiler of sanctuaries and an incendiary of convents, the brutal harshness of the Spanish system of taxation has finished the process. Not all of the native tribes, by any means, pay the poll-tax, but those who do are bound to pay for every female without property or occupation, the annual sum of \$2.00. The poll tax on every male native is the same, but he must pay \$7.00 more if he cannot or will not work fifteen days each year at roadmaking. There is a supplementary tax on every man or woman having any kind of handicraft, profession, or business, and a business is liberally construed to include the sale of a few betel nuts, a bunch of bananas, or a basket of mangoes. Country people who come to town to sell poultry, fish, or any article of food whatever, have also to pay an extra tax. The native farmer, whether he owns a rice field, a few acres of sugar-cane, or raises any other kind of agricultural product, sells his crop as it stands to some half-breed Chinaman, who in turn sells it to the representative of one of the European houses who handle the commerce of the islands. From the product of his fields the native retains little more than is necessary for a bare subsistence; what little superfluity he may have is employed in satisfying his passion for cock-fights, and his fondness for parading, candle in hand, in religious processions.

The Philipinners, as a rule, while determined to relieve themselves of the Spanish yoke, are, nevertheless, sensible enough to appreciate that there is great doubt as to their ability to govern themselves. This doubt has existed in their minds from the inception of the rebellion in August, 1896,

but it was never as pronounced as it is to-day, after their unfortunate experience with Aguinaldo.

Dewey's coming will certainly be regarded as an answer to the prayer which has gone up from the 3,000,000 people of Luzon Island. For more than a year these people have looked longingly across the great waste of the Pacific Ocean to the land of freedom, hoping against hope that the common humanity which actuates the American nation would see in the Spanish archipelago a cause for interest and action. It was more than a year ago that the people requested their representatives in the British colony of Hong-Kong to petition the American government to give their cause a little attention. The petition was accordingly prepared by men who thoroughly understood the condition of the Philippines, and this petition was forwarded to the State Department in Washington.

This memorial is nothing more nor less than a piteous appeal and a cry of a people weighted down with heavy taxation, humiliated by social and political ostracism, and so restricted in every way as to keep them humble and subservient. They complain with especial feeling and earnestness in regard to the monastic friars. There are in the Philippines something like 3000 members of monastic orders. These learned and active men do not, by any means, confine themselves to spiritual effort. It is but stating one of very many truths to say that they are active in every sphere of human life on the islands. They are energetic in commercial affairs and more energetic in political affairs.

The natives whom these friars have educated are given no encouragement. Heavy taxes are levied, and in the most arbitrary fashion, and no native has a right to protest, having no voice at all in the adjustment of matters that are of vital importance to himself and to his family. As a general thing, these people are industrious—quite as much so as the Chinese and Japanese. They are more cleanly than the Chinese, and quite as law-abiding. They are not a rude or a vulgar people. They are easy and natural in manner, when only they know and respect any one. They are strong in their devotion and love of Europeans in whom they have confidence, and the advice of Europeans in whom they confide will be followed to the utmost. They are a reserved, bashful, diffident people—in this respect different from the aggressive and overconfident Japanese.

General Gordon, the famous British military genius, who took a prominent part in the Taiping rebellion in China, had a number of Tagalog troops, and of them he said:

"They are a fine, sturdy body of fellows, faithful and long-suffering, bearing hardships without murmur, plucky, and never losing heart in defeat."

These are the people who with joyous and outstretched arms welcome the victorious Americans of to-day. The people of the Philippines, overjoyed at the prospects of early deliverance from Spanish rule, will welcome almost



IT MOVES, SENOR!

any proposition that these Americans may offer. They had never calculated on so fortunate a thing as being part of the American republic; for, at the time of the presentation of the memorial to the United States, they thought

this country would not care to go so far away from home to adjust other people's wrongs.

Stories without number are now being brought to notice showing the hatred of the Philippine natives against their tyrannous and brutal masters. It is sufficient to quote, on the authority of one who lived there three years, that no Spaniard could, even before the late revolts, venture two miles from Manila for fear of being captured by brigands, while English men and women could with safety penetrate into the heart of the island. The same informant states that the natives are remarkably docile and intelligent, and that a just government would find them the most easily-governed people in the world.

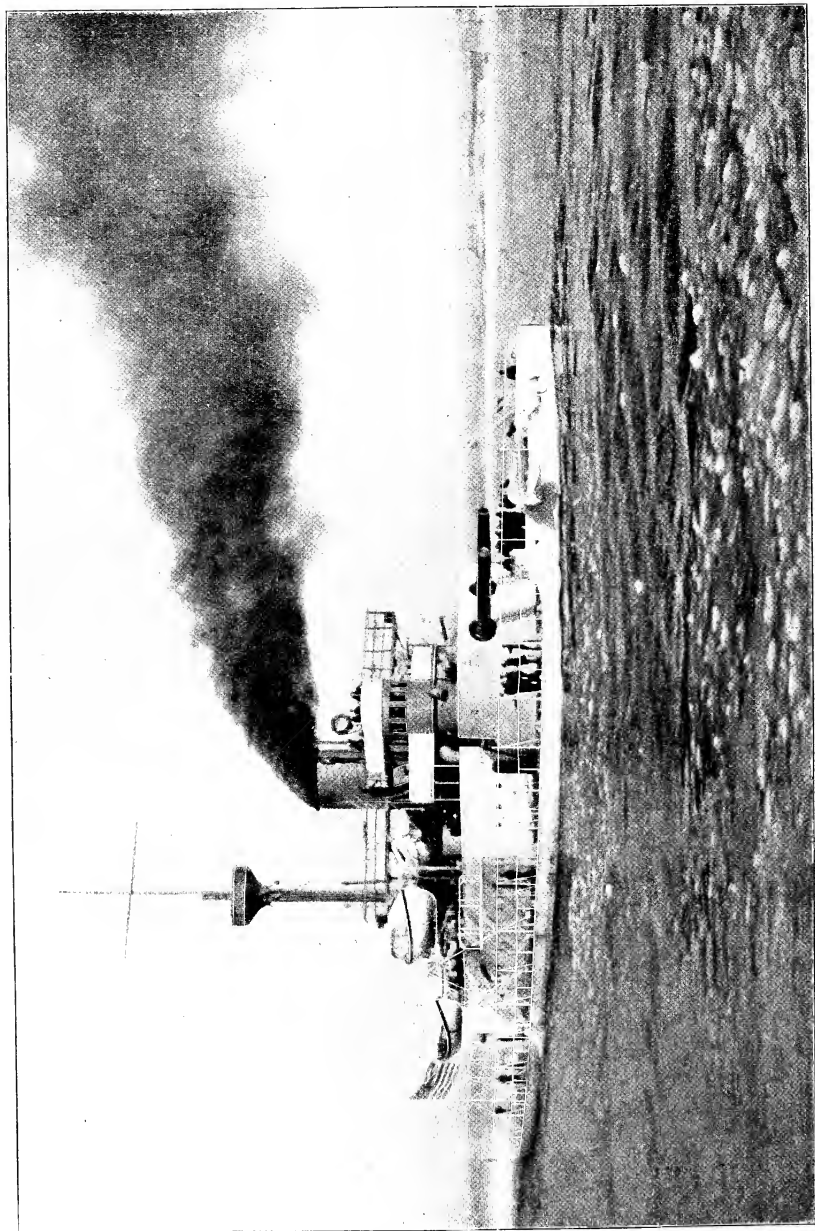
THE FIRST BATTLE—MATANZAS LEARNS A LESSON IN MODERN WARFARE.

Matanzas is situated on the coast, about sixty miles east of Havana, and is connected with that city by a railroad running through the interior of the island. It is one of the principal cities of the island, having a population, at the beginning of the rebellion, of nearly 90,000 people. The bombardment of the Matanzas fortifications was not a great matter as an engagement, but it is momentous as being the first bombardment of an enemy's forts by a squadron of modern American warships.

The object of the attack was to stop further work on the earthworks just forward of Matanzas harbor, which had been rushing toward completion for several days. This object was achieved in eighteen minutes.

The lay of the land and water which made a scenic setting of the day's engagement is like this: The harbor is sheltered by a long, low point of shore on the west side, which shelters the inlet from the sea, and the city is about two miles inside the entrance. This low point gradually rises to a hill about two hundred feet above the sea, one mile to the west of the extremity. The mouth of the harbor is about a half-mile in width, and the low eastern shore makes a wide sweep around the coast to the inside. On the western point is Punta Gorda. This new line of earthworks is located on a hill, behind which is an old stone fort. On the east side is a long fort of stone and masonry flanked by earthworks, called Morillo Castle. This is all of the fortifications which were engaged with the American ships on the afternoon of April 26th. During the week previous to the attack the torpedo boat *Foote* was fired upon while scouting off this port. Captain Chadwick remarked, after the smoke had cleared away, "We wished to discourage their work," and as an afterthought he added "They fired on one of our boats the other day."

About eleven o'clock on the morning of April 26th, the *New York*, which had lain almost motionless for several hours off the Havana blockading station



THE "PURITAN."

wheeled slowly round and headed to the eastward. Word was passed along the decks that there might be something on beside a change of air. Without definite information descending from the powers that be, vague but convincing premonitions began to thrill the ship's company on the surface. This was simply a little cruise of inspection along the coast, and to meet the blockading division off Matanzas; but one would say softly to another: "I think we are in for a little excitement; we may mix things up." At 12:30 o'clock, from the deck of the flagship, Matanzas Inlet showed, with the long point shielding it like a protecting arm. The *Cincinnati*, Captain Chester in command, was about two miles off the harbor, and the *Puritan*, Captain Harrington, was wallowing close by.

When the *New York* came almost off the point, two miles distant, a long yellow streak showed the location of fresh earthworks, and around and on this ridge a number of men were moving like busy ants, while beyond black patches with waving fringes on the edges were plainly more troops. The *New York* swung slowly round until her port broadside was almost parallel with the shore and her after-turret guns were bearing on the fort across the harbor mouth. The *Puritan* and *Cincinnati* were ranging up alongside, the monitor having followed close in the wake of the *New York*, and was edging up, eager for a share in whatever trouble was brewing.

At 12:57 o'clock the bugle on the flagship called the crew to general quarters. Every man on board knew that no chasing of prizes was the game in hand. The decks in an instant were swarming with men running to their stations; amid confusion to the unpracticed eye, but in reality the interaction of a wonderfully complicated and smooth-running mechanism. The crews were at the guns, engineers had dived below in their steel-walled pen, marines were in the fighting tops, surgeons in the sick bay, men in magazines and at ammunition hoists, almost before the summoning bugle had ceased.

Admiral Sampson stood on the left forward bridge, with Captain Chadwick and his staff of officers, the most exposed place in the ship. In the moment of waiting Captain Chadwick came down to the superstructure and said to Naval Cadet Boone: "Fire the eight-inch waist gun at the earthworks just abreast; the range is 4000 yards." Boone turned to his gun captain, Frank Meyer, and ordered him to sight the big rifle.

Cadet Boone is one of the youngest "water babies" in the service, having only graduated from the Annapolis Academy on the first of the month. He understands his business, and is a hero among the jack-tars of Uncle Sam's warships.

Aim was carefully taken, for this was to be the first shot against Spain in Cuba. Boone pressed the electrical firing key, and two hundred and fifty pounds of steel started for the shore with a jar and shock and shrill war song, like the buzzing of a million angry bees. It seemed a full minute

before a cloud of sand burst to the left of the earthworks, like the eruption of a geyser. The shot was excellent for a first trial, and the barefooted jackies, with sleeves rolled up, watching behind their smoking waist gun, yelled joyously as another shell was shoved into the breech.* The forward turret was swung around so that a pair of eight-inch guns were pointed full on shore. From this turret was fired the second shot, and to the right of the target the soil belched up like a great puff of smoke.

It was now the turn of the turret containing the eight-inch rifles, and from this place the third shot found range, and the shell landed directly upon the earthworks, as well as could be judged. The Spanish soldiers had vanished from the ramparts, but the gun crews had not fled, and went on manfully loading and firing their modern rifles, which had recently been mounted.

As soon as the *New York* opened fire, the captains of the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati* signaled for permission also to engage; and, in a code of fluttering flags, the reply was sent back: "All right; go ahead." The left twelve-inch gun of the monitor, in the forward turret, slowly cocked skyward, and seven hundred and fifty pounds of steel rushed toward the stone fort on the eastern shore of the harbor, to which the *Puritan* gave her exclusive attention. The *New York* was between the monitor on the east and the *Cincinnati* to the west. The *Cincinnati* swung handsomely round to bring her port batteries into play, and thundered forth her terrific broadsides with five five-inch guns and one six-inch gun on the forecastle.

The flagship was now hot at work. Her port battery of six four-inch rifles on the gun deck was sending a shower of shells, and all these guns were being rapidly served. It was impossible to keep count or track of the shots in this uproar from three ships, firing on an average of nearly twenty shots per minute. The monitor was more deliberate than the others, using her four-inch battery with her big guns forward. But on the two cruisers the noise was like the explosion of a pack of giant crackers a thousand-fold magnified. The only pause was to allow the billowing white smoke to drift away, and the gunners again to see the shore targets. Brown prismatic powder was used, which caused much smoke, but it was quickly dispersed by the fresh breeze that was blowing at the time.

The *Cincinnati* was occupied with the west shore works only, but the *New York* pounded at both sides of the bay impartially. The return fire from shore was very slow. The eastern fort mounted four breech-loading eight-inch rifles, which were loaded and fired intermittently, but very few shells fell less than a quarter to a mile short. The turret guns from the *Puritan* and *New York* got a good range on this structure, and several big shells seemed to land on the target. But it was one gun behind the western earthworks which made its presence unmistakably known, and its crew was not driven away.



PORTION OF THE CREW OF THE "NEW YORK "

There was nothing to shoot at from seaward except a sand bank, in which many shells buried themselves without exploding. Other shells whistled directly over the *New York* with vicious enthusiasm, one of them so near the smoke-stack that it splashed into the sea only one hundred yards to the star-board.

As the flagship was stationary, the range, once found, might have been effectively followed up, but the guns were silent after these good shots were made, including a very close shave for the *Cincinnati* from a shell, which dropped just astern. The *Cincinnati* did some remarkably pretty practice, both first and last, from her port broadside, and, the range once found, plumped shells on shore in and around the earthworks in a wholesale fashion. On the other ships many square hits were made, and the damage done could plainly be seen through the glasses. Bricks and masonry flew in the air from the square stone forts until the dropping fire slackened into silence.

No attempt was made to follow up the movement by closing in near the town. After accomplishing the ends desired, Admiral Sampson gave the signal to cease firing at 1:07, and the flagship moved slowly ahead. She had swung round stern to the shore before this, and her after-turret guns and starboard waist gun, all eight-inch, had sent several shells at the eastern shore. Thus ended the bombardment of the batteries, with the exception of one final shot. As the ships slowly swung out to sea, a Spanish soldier rose up from behind an embankment and fired a gun at the *Puritan*. It was his last shot. The long gun in the forward turret of the little monitor was brought to bear on the Spanish battery, the electric firing key was touched, a huge column of flame and hot white smoke shot out in a straight line, and before the crash of the explosion had time to reach the shore, a shell had struck the Spanish battery and lifted the gun and the earthworks into the air like the blowing up of a volcano. It was the finest shot of the battle, and hearty cheers and shouts of "Take that for the *Maine*!" greeted its destructive results.

"Are you satisfied?" was asked of Admiral Sampson.

"Yes; I expected to be," was the laconic reply.

This little combat demonstrated in a very impressive manner the persuasive power of the navy, and the awful destruction and havoc which is certain to accompany a conflict between modern navies. The three ships engaged in the bombardment of Matanzas were not using their full capacity of batteries; in fact, only a very small proportion. On the flagship only one hundred and four shots were fired in eighteen minutes—fifteen 8-inch, sixty-one 4-inch, and twenty-eight 1-pounders. This is an average of only six shots per minute. Compare this with the record of all the guns on this ship. Six 8-inch guns can be fired a total of sixty shots in five minutes. Twelve 4-inch guns can be fired each sixteen shots per minute; twelve 6-pounders

can be fired each sixteen shots per minute; twelve 1-pounders can be fired at the rate of twenty-four shots per minute. If the Matanzas forts had been battleships, or powerful cruisers, at two miles range, the hurricane of steel would have been awful to reckon upon. But it is not armor or batteries that win battles so much as men behind the guns. On the forward beam of the poop of the *Marblehead* Commander McCalla has this motto painted: "The best protection against the guns of the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns."—Farragut. And herein is the strength of the American navy to-day.

This little action at Matanzas showed that in discipline, coolness, skill, and devotion to duty, the American officers and sailors were made of as fine stuff as in the old days of wooden walls, grappling hand-to-hand and yard arm to yard arm, and of crashing broadsides as the ships lay locked together. When firing on the broadsides had fairly begun, there was no cheering, and but a small show of excitement on the *New York*. Every man had his duty and his station, and the intricate mechanism of the modern war vessel demands absolute attention to business from every soul on board, from captain to coal passer. "Take that for the *Maine*!" which accompanied almost every successful shot, were about the only audible words heard during the action, except the commands of the officers and the final cheer that greeted the havoc wrought by the last shot from the *Puritan*.

This "last shot" was fired by Gunner's Mate Jackson, after orders had been given to cease firing. He had just sighted his piece, and, as he afterward explained, had the range so perfectly that he felt sure of a center shot. At that critical moment the flagship signaled to stop firing. Jackson could not bear to lose that beautiful aim, so he let her go a moment after the action was officially declared off. If he had made a bad shot, Gunner's Mate Jackson might have been reprimanded, but when the men of the entire squadron witnessed the terrible execution done by Jackson's last shot, five hundred caps of "Jackies" came off in a jiffy. Cheers rang lustily from the decks of the flagship, the monitor and the cruiser *Cincinnati*, impromptu hornpipes were executed on the gun deck of the *Puritan*, and the marksman was seized and hugged again and again, like a long-lost brother.

"I knew I'd hit her that time," was Jackson's smiling comment, "and the whole navy couldn't stop it after I had it sighted."

An officer of the *Puritan*, in a letter to a friend, written several days after the fight, thus describes the famous "last shot:"

"The famous shot was our last one from the port forward four-inch gun, and it was quite funny. A man by the name of Jackson, an old cowboy, is the gun captain. Three minutes after the order, 'cease firing,' was given from the flagship, everybody was startled to hear this four-inch gun go off. The man evidently felt he had a 'dead head,' and he let her go regardless. The range was about two and one-half miles, and the shot struck right in

the Gorda battery and burst—a phenomenal shot. The men shouted themselves hoarse.”

The concussion of firing the eight-inch guns was not severe in its effect on the people on board, but the flagship trembled and shivered, although her guns are separated by greater intervals than on the battleships, and, of course, not so large. But the signal bridge, just forward the after turret, jumped from the concussion as if struck, and the flooring was loosened from the fastenings. Nearly all the window panes in the after chart house were shattered, and tables swept clean of inkstands and instruments.

When the ships had drawn out of action the *Cincinnati* signaled for permission to resume firing, which Sampson would not grant. He signaled the *Puritan* to prevent any further industry in the fortification line, and the flagship picked up her course toward Havana and her blockading station.



GUNNER'S MATE, JACKSON.

It was learned a few days subsequently that the bombardment produced a frenzied panic in the city of Matanzas. Church bells, whistles and horns spread an alarm that the Americans were to land and attack the city. Wild panic ensued. Hundreds of men, women and children hastily gathered a few valuables and fled to the interior. General Blanco's boasted volunteer home-guards, upon whom he relied to repulse attack on Havana, fled precipitately.

The city was in an uproar, and there was a complete absence of reason on the part of military authorities. The volunteers were previously ordered to assemble in the Plaza de Armes at the first alarm. Those who appeared found no one to command them.

At length, Governor Armas appeared on horseback, and addressed the crowd, and ordered the band to play patriotic airs. In this way he succeeded in partially quelling the tumult, especially as the firing had ceased. Hours passed before the people returned to their homes.

The bombardment of the batteries at Matanzas, Cabanas, and other points along the Cuban coast, inspired the Spanish soldiery with the utmost respect for American gunnery. This was shown a few days later, when the gunboat *Castine* ranged abreast the harbor at Cabanas, and, lowering a steam cutter, sent Lieutenants Strauss and Houston into the harbor to take soundings. Two guns were mounted near the entrance, and as the cutter steamed past, almost within biscuit toss, the officers could see staring at them in open-eyed

astonishment a crowd assembled on shore, and there was much gesticulating and palaver, but nothing else.

The boat remained in the harbor half an hour, and then, the investigation having been completed, returned to the *Castine*, never a shot having been fired at her, and no attention whatever having been paid by the crew to the Spanish soldiers, who were mad enough to swear, but too afraid to shoot.

Second Fight at Matanzas.

On the 6th and 7th of May two of the American gunboats again tried their metal on the batteries at Matanzas. The results are thus described by Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, the noted correspondent:

Matanzas and the forts about the harbor mouth would seem to have gained unfortunate vogue and popularity with our navy as targets. Friday, and again on Saturday, the torpedo boat *Dupont* and auxiliary cruiser *Hornet* made Spanish life exciting, if not burdensome, within these fortifications.

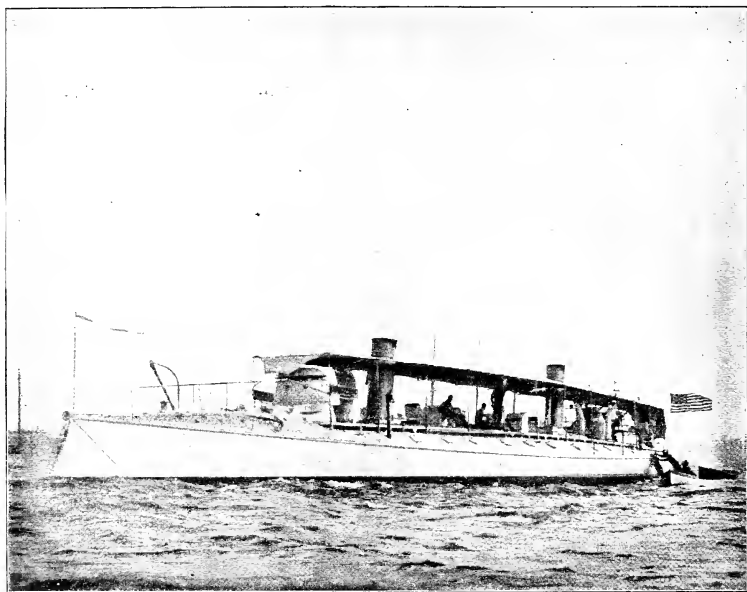
Fully two hundred Spaniards participated; over thirty were ready for burial at the end of Friday's firing. The Americans counted them as the survivors carted them away. It is not known to what extent the fight Saturday depleted the Spanish census in Matanzas. The belief is, however, as well as the hope, that as many met death the second day as did the first.

There were no casualties aboard either the *Dupont* or *Hornet*. Neither craft was hit, the Spaniards firing with their usual hysterical inaccuracy. Lieutenant Sutherland commanded the *Hornet*, and Lieutenant Wood the *Dupont*. The batteries engaged by these boats were much heavier in metal than the Yankees. The harbor defenses included two sand forts and a block-house, and, with smaller guns to a mighty number, mounted four eight-inch guns. A successful shot from any one of these would have sunk either the *Dupont* or the *Hornet* in the blink of an eye. It was a gallant engagement. It evinced the vilest gunnery on the Spanish part, and ended in signal triumph of the Americans.

Since Sampson shelled Matanzas forts into silence and dismay, our boats have maintained a constant, hawk-like eye upon them. Each day some one or two of the Americans would come surging up to the harbor's mouth and take a long, inquisitive look. Sampson has no purpose to permit the rebuilding of these fortifications he destroyed. Friday the *Dupont* and *Hornet* were detailed to make the usual call on the Spaniards at Matanzas. It was discovered that the soldiers of the Queen Regent had been working a bit over night. The sand banks they had heaped up made fair breastworks. The eight-inch guns they mounted appeared, also, to mark a renewed degree of Castilian confidence. They regarded themselves as organized to somewhat embitter life to the "Yankee hog," at least on days when he came to be no more numerously represented than on Friday, when the only Yankee things in sight were the *Hornet* and the *Dupont*. Thus it

befell that on that day, when the *Dupont* came poking up there to reconnoiter Matanzas, the Spanish opened their batteries wildly in her direction. As already recounted, they hit nothing but the alarmed waters of Matanzas Bay.

With the first puff of Spanish smoke and the first roar of the Spanish gun, the *Dupont* opened fiercely with her rapid-fire guns and began running up to the enemy. The *Hornet* was standing off on the outside. With the first instant of firing, Lieutenant Sutherland set her head between the batteries and called for all speed. It was only a question of a few moments



AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT.

when the *Hornet* was abreast of the *Dupont*, claiming her place and getting in the brisk war dance so suddenly inaugurated.

The *Hornet* has four six-pounders, backed by small rapid-fire guns. The *Dupont* gun armament is also of the rapid-fire sort, but lighter than the *Hornet's*. The *Dupont* could not, of course, in such an engagement, betake herself to her star role of torpedoes.

It was a gun fight—the small, new guns of the *Hornet* and *Dupont* against the four-inch and the many smaller guns which made up the Spanish artillery. It was the shifty, uneasy decks of boats against the firm founda-

tions of the land. It was deep, safe breastworks of sand against sheet-iron sides as frail as paper; for neither the *Dupont* nor the *Hornet* boast armor.

In guns, in numbers, in works of defense, the Spaniards had much the better of the count. But in one matter they failed, and with that failure they lost the fight. They were not, *as men*, the fighting match of these Berserks of the sea.

Men who read, talk and think of naval fighting—or land fighting, for the matter of that—should bear this business of man and breed in mind. It is the man behind the gun that makes a navy formidable. It is he who fights—it is he who triumphs or surrenders. From first to last, multiply batteries and plate on plate as you may, all depends on the man behind the gun. And in this the Spaniard was inferior, and for that he lost.

Both the *Dupont* and the *Hornet* came close in before they began to maneuver. To spoil the gunnery of the Spaniards, they were a sheet of angry flames from first to last. They threw their shells in uncounted showers against the Spanish works. The rapid-fire guns waxed fiery and hot. The rattle of their utterance was as the roll of some mighty death drum. Right and left, starboard and port, they sent their compliments to the Spanish. And, indeed, the latter retorted, but so wildly wide that they might have saved reputation by saving their shot.

As the shells from the boats struck the Spanish works and exploded, the dry, hot air became filled with dust. But little of what went on behind that sand curtain could be made out from the boats; yet the determination was to fight and fight on while a Spanish gun replied.

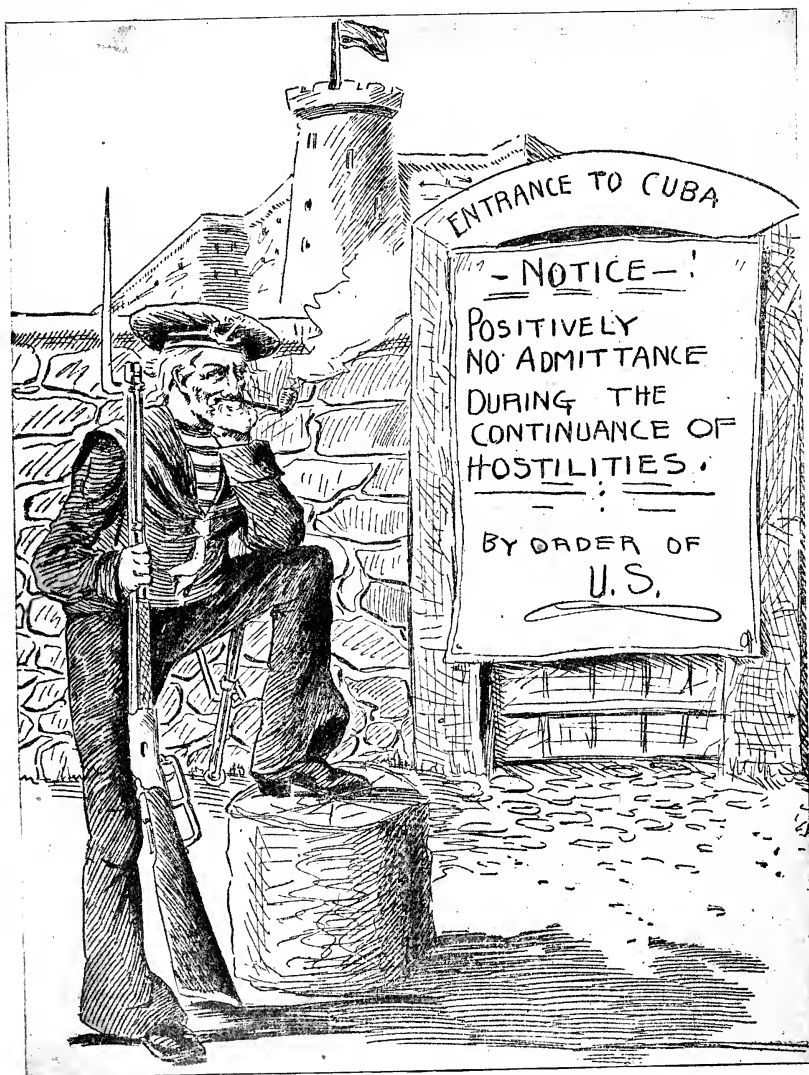
For an hour and a half, from four o'clock until half-past five on Friday, the battle rattled on. Both the *Dupont* and the *Hornet* fought with their lives, as it were, in their hands. Any one of the hundreds of Spanish shots, had it reached the mark, would have sent either to the bottom like an anvil. From beginning to end it was desperate work for the Americans, and the sailors as well as the officers were well aware of it. Every instant, every shot, might mean their utter wreck, yet the thought in no way daunted them.

Naked to the waist, with bare feet slapping the decks—the latter painted red to match their blood when it flowed—the Yankee sailors swung and pointed their batteries with the cool valor of natural water fighters. Not a shot did they throw away.

The day was hot and clear, as became a rainless day in the tropics. The gunners sweat as they toiled at their red trade. But it might have been target practice on some cool October afternoon of peace, for all the shot that went wild; and every discharge of a gun meant Spanish disaster.

After an hour and a half of Friday's firing the Spanish ceased to reply. The Americans then drew off. When the dust blew away, it was seen that the Spanish works were in heaps, and their guns thrown about.

All who could had fled from the Spanish fortifications. As the Americans drew away and the Yankee firing ceased, the Spaniards came timidly



CARTOON REPRESENTING THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.

back—first one, then two, then ten, and went about looking after their dead and wounded.

Being unmolested they took heart, and, securing carts, began to haul their dead and wounded away. It was then the Americans counted their game, and found that of the two hundred Spaniards involved they had bagged fully fifteen per cent. As they made no effort to repair the earthwork or remount their broken guns on Friday, the Yankees did no further firing. Friday night, however, they went to work again; in partial way were patching up their defenses where the *Hornet* and *Dupont* had knocked them down. It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the Americans made this discovery.

On Friday night the *Hornet* and *Dupont* had stood off and on in the channel. Saturday evening, discovering what the Spanish would be at in the line of repairs, the two steamed in again, and by noon had again knocked the Spanish defenses about the Spanish ears.

KEY WEST—MEANING OF THE NAME, AND HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

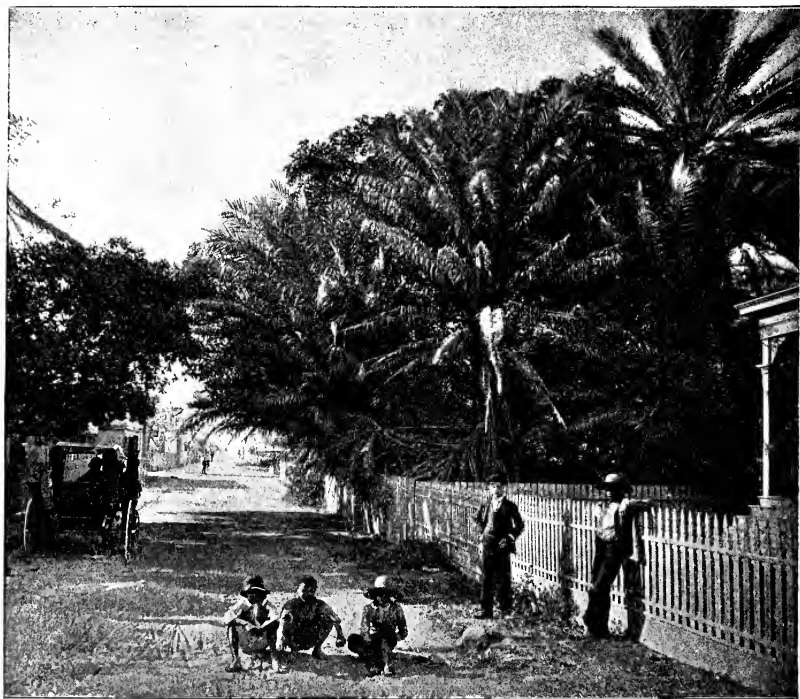
An ancient local history of Key West contains this explanation of the name:

"It is probable, that, from the first visit of Ponce de Leon, until the cession of the Floridas to the United States, the islands, or keys as they are termed, a corruption of the Spanish word Cayo, were only resorted to by the aborigines of the country, the piratical crews with which the neighboring seas were infested, and the fishermen. Of the first we have evidence in the marks of ancient fortifications, or mounds of stone, in one of which, opened some years since, human bones of a large size were discovered. The Indians inhabiting the islands and those on the mainland were of different tribes. The islanders frequently visited the mainland for the purpose of hunting. A feud arose between the two. The mainland made an eruption upon the islands. The inhabitants of the latter were driven from island to island, until they reached Key West. Here they were compelled to risk a final battle, as they could flee no further. That battle resulted in the almost complete extermination of the islanders. A few escaped by taking to canoes; and long afterwards their descendants were found on the island of Cuba. This final battle strewed this island with bones. Hence the name of the island, Key West, from Cay Hueso, which is Spanish for 'Bone Island.'"

A correspondent who has been with the warships at Key West thus expresses his sentiments regarding the place and its surroundings:

I find that Key West goes locally by the name of "the last place in the United States." It is not the last place, because there is Navassa, down off the Haitian coast. Nevertheless, I think it is the last place I should want to

live in, notwithstanding its fifteen or twenty really fine cocoanut palm trees, and its considerable number of picturesque tumble-down houses surrounded with tropical but half-dried-up gardens. Some of the streets, some aspects of the town, seen from the harbor, must delight an artist. The tall palms bend this way and that; domes of foliage rise beneath them, and peaked roofs of curious tent-like houses peep up among this leafage. Last night, in the moonlight, I stood on one of the streets near the water and looked up to



STREET SCENE IN KEY WEST. (From a Photograph.)

the sky athwart a row of these palms. A strong breeze was blowing and their luxuriant leafage rustled dryly. The sky here seems to be always intensely blue, and at this moment it was certainly more gloriously beautiful for the palm trees. From one point on the wharves there is a superb view of the tower of a stone or stucco church, surmounted by a gilded cross and framed by palm trees, which is worth a considerable journey to see. And the waters around Key West—in color a pure and most delicate green, streaked with intense purple—seem enchanted in their beauty.

And yet Key West must class as a bad place to live in, notwithstanding these beauties. An island which is nearly twenty-four hours' steam journey from any other place in its own country; which has no society, no soil to mention, no productions, no back country, no wells, and no fresh water except what falls from the clouds; no cattle, and practically, with water everywhere, no bathing and no boating, and which does have the most extra-



SCENE NEAR KEY WEST.

ordinary amount of dust that a human being ever had to face, can hardly lay claim to being a desirable place of residence. I notice that extremely few of the army and navy men who are here have their wives with them, though many of them must spend much time in this vicinity. In a whole big hotel full of men, there are only two or three women. This cannot be because the place is regarded as dangerous, since the American fleet ought to be able to defend a place like Key West against all comers. The weather at the pres-

ent time is heavenly, and not warm enough, rather than too warm. I have had to put on my overcoat sitting in the hotel corridor in the evening; though, to be sure, the direct rays of the sun are hot enough. Even if it were a great deal hotter, the temperature might be regarded as met and conquered by the easy unconcern of the people with regard to clothing. The native women dress in unbelted "mother-hubbards" of thin texture, and the most respectable male residents attire themselves in suits made of tow or duck, or some such material, which cost \$3.50.

So, to its charm of palm and banyan trees, Key West adds an undoubted charm of climate. The reason why it is not a good place to live in, must be that there is nothing of it except dingy houses, the coral rock, and the dust. The cheerful Cubans do not seem to mind this. They live in apparent content in poor frame cabins, built squarely upon the street, without any shade; they do a good deal of singing and "visiting," and are evidently happy, in spite of the paralyzing effect of the war on their great industry, the manufacture of cigars. The colored people here are much what they are everywhere else, though the Cuban negroes, who are numerous, have a different aspect from the American negroes. They seem to be somewhat quieter, and not quite so comic.

PATHETIC PLEA OF A PATRIOT.

All who have read General Grant's Memoirs remember the bitter and stinging reprimand that he bestowed upon General Lew Wallace for his failure to carry out an important order on the first day of the great battle of Shiloh. The reprimand blasted like the hot breath of the sirocco, and the wound that it made has rankled ever since in the breast of the now famous author of "Ben Hur." He longed for an opportunity to atone for his mistake, and it came with the call for volunteers from Indiana to fight the Spaniards.

Out of the bleak and dreary prospects of a rainy, raw day in the camp of the Indiana soldiery came an event, one day near the end of April, that will stir with all the emotions of patriotism and pathos millions of people who read about it. The grizzled old warrior and author of "Ben Hur," General Lew Wallace, walked into the camp of the Second Regiment and begged like a boy to be enlisted as a private in Company M of that regiment. Behind this is a story of tortured pride and emotions that might inspire a volume equally beautiful, if not as tragic, as that which embraces "The Tale of the Christ."

General Wallace came through the rain on foot, with his old army cape looped about his shoulders. His face was set with a hard, old-fashioned army countenance, but tears welled up in his eyes as he made known the object of his visit to Colonel Smith.

"I desire," said he, "from the bottom of my heart, even at this age of life, to give back to my country a fragment of its usefulness. It is my most

fervent wish to carry a musket to the field of battle in Cuba, and if possible redeem in a measure what I lost through an unfortunate error on my part at the battle of Shiloh."

Of course, General Wallace was acquainted with the fact that his age was a bar against his enlistment, but he tarried to ask the commanding officer to use his influence toward getting him into the ranks as a private, and it may be accomplished. It was at the first day's battle of Shiloh that the day was lost on account of General Wallace's failure to properly execute a command issued by Grant to reinforce a certain division that was in peril. Wallace headed his troops for the spot to which he had been directed, as he thought, but after a long march discovered that he had taken the wrong cut, and found himself and his men trapped in the rear of the Confederate forces. On the instant General Wallace turned and marched his men back and through the gap. He then brought them up to the position he had first sought to gain, but it was too late, and the day was lost. General Grant severely reprimanded Wallace, and for over twenty years the distinguished poet, author and patriot rested under the humiliation of that reprimand. Then General Grant wrote and published a letter fully exonerating General Wallace; but from that day to this the author of "Ben Hur" felt the stigma keenly. With his three-score years and ten he to-day sought to wipe out forever the blot that he imagines had been cast upon his record as a soldier.

SAMPSON'S SECOND LESSON IN "UNITED STATES GUNNERY."

Admiral Sampson had orders to conduct a peaceable blockade, but he insisted it should be peaceable on both sides. Every time a fort fired on one of his ships, that fort was sure to have a lesson in gunnery, with itself for the target. It did not take the Spaniards long to master the lesson.

The *New York*, *Indiana*, *Iowa*, the *Detroit*, and three torpedo boats, with the *Anita*, passed slowly by the big fortifications of Havana on April 29th, near enough to see the sentries on the walls. The big ships were not over two miles from Moro's guns, and the torpedo boat *Helena* was sent in still nearer the castle and Cabanas—the big pink fort of Havana—not the little one thirty miles away to the west—remained as quiet as a trained dog, with a biscuit balanced on his nose. Like the dog, they knew that to snap at the morsel would be to get a licking, and they did not snap; and the American gunners were not fit to live with for an hour afterward, because Havana did not take the dare.

At Mariel, twenty miles to the westward, the same programme was carried out, but the plum-pudding of a little round fort was as wise as the Havana defenses. The *New York*, the torpedo boats, and the *Anita*, steamed in so close that the men on board could plainly see the village priest among his parishioners watching the naval parade.

So the American ships steamed into Cabanas. The Cabanas forts were younger than the others and more impulsive. When the torpedo boat *Porter* poked its nose into the bay, Fort San Augustin sent a shot skipping over the water at her. Fort Cabanas and Fort Punta Blanco, across the bay, were only a moment behind hand with their shotted salute. Then all three fired together, and shots hit all over the bay, although none near the *Porter*. But even a Spanish gunner might accidentally hit something at close range, so the torpedo boats skurried behind the *New York*. It was just dusk, and the Spanish guns fire-striped the landscape. It was a pretty display, but it cost too much, for there came a belch of smoke from the port side of the *New*

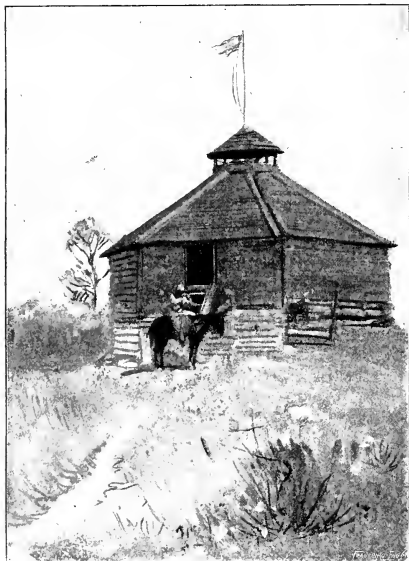
York. The forward six-inch gun spoke, and its voice was that of a lion after the chattering of monkeys. This shot fell and disappeared without effect. The land all about is swampy, and it was probably drowned near the fort.

There was no question about the next one from the same gun. San Augustin fort seemed to lift bodily when the shell struck its base. It was not much of a fort, to begin with—a square of masonry, mud and timber. Now it is a brown mound, with timbers sticking out nakedly. The one gun in it is buried in the *débris*, and the gunners are probably there too.

Next came a cracking from the hillside, like a gatling gun slowly worked, that puzzled the folks on board the *New York*.

They looked at the water, but could see no splashes. There was, however, smoke coming from amid the sugar-cane on the hill, and the next six-inch shell went into the canefield and exploded there. Out of this cane, helter-skelter, poured probably fifty men.

It was a dismounted troop of Spanish cavalry, probably the guerrillas that had just set fire to the canefields, for behind Cabanas hills there were rolling up great clouds of white steaming smoke, the same that has been the background of nearly every Cuban view for three years. The cavalry got their horses and rode away. Another shell, that seemed to land right among



SPANISH BLOCK HOUSE.

them, taught them the danger and futility of firing at an armored warship a mile and a half away with Mauser carbines.

Meanwhile, the two little forts on the other side of the harbor were blazing away with as much enthusiasm as if they were hitting something. No shot fell within a hundred yards of the *New York*, but the impertinence of the forts merited rebuke, and got it.

It only took two shots to do the work for young Fort Cabanas. The first one struck the fort near the upper right-hand corner and converted its square facade into a triangle. Those who watched the fight from the *Anita* hoped that the next shot would trim the other corner and introduce a gable effect into Cuban architecture, but the next gun the *New York* fired was too well directed for the desired pattern. The shot struck right at the base of the fort, with the usual result. The fort rose and split into an inverted V, and as it went skyward burst into a blur of dust and logs. That was the end of Cabanas.

There was still a third fort spitting fire in the grim darkness. This one was almost out of sight behind a point, so the *New York* steamed ahead about five hundred yards to get a crack at it. Two of the turret guns were trained on the red flashes.

There was a hero in this battery who must have seen some old-time war pictures. Through the glasses he could be seen mounted on the rampart, his sword arm upraised, as though delivering a speech to the men inside the fort. He stood out clear for a moment while a thick tongue of red shot out of a great burst of smoke on the *New York's* side. The six-inch shell went true to its mark, and the picturesque figure was gone. Where he had stood a deep crescent showed in the ramparts. There was no more firing from the waste ground, but it still looked too much like a fort to suit Admiral Sampson. A second shot ruined it quite satisfactorily, and the flagship and torpedo boats put back to their stations in the blockading line. The gunners felt much better.

RAMMING A BATTLESHIP.

That victory lies less in ships than in the men who handle them, is a historic truth which has had no stronger demonstration than that given by the battle fought off the island of Lissa, in the Adriatic, on July 20, 1866, between the Italian and Austrian forces.

Italy, for that time, had a noble fleet of ironclads and wooden ships, but, while her seamen were courageous, they were undisciplined and unskilled. As to their officers, many were incapable, and some were laggards in war. The commander-in-chief was Admiral Persano, whose performances in that battle seem like comedy on the high seas, with tragedy for epilogue.

Opposed to him was the Austrian Admiral, Tegetthoff, a most able and energetic officer of long service. The ships of the latter were far inferior,

both in type and number; but, by unceasing evolutions, he had secured a trained personnel to fight them; by concentration of fire, he hoped to offset superior armament; by chain cables, he armored his wooden ships as best he could; and, as a last resort, he planned to sink his foe by ramming.

Although Tegetthoff had, more than once, invited battle, Persano's leadership had been marked for weeks by inaction and delay. This was due to no principle of Fabian strategy, but to the lack of preparation and of resolution which ruled the Italian admiral to the disastrous end. Tegetthoff's probable arrival was known to him as he lay off Lissa, and yet, when the Austrian fleet was sighted, that of Italy was split into several groups, parted by miles of sea.

Signaling his scattered ships to rejoin, Persano first formed his available ironclads after the ancient galley fashion, into "line abreast," which line did not, however, face the enemy's advance. Later, he changed its front; and, still later, reversed his tactics wholly, and formed the "line ahead" of the old days of sail—an evolution which, on the course steered, presented the broadsides of his ships to the enemy's ramming charge.

At about 10:30 in the morning Tegetthoff broke through the ill-formed line, his fleet being disposed in a strong, wedge-shape formation, with the ironclads forming the point and sides. The Italian ships were painted gray, the Austrian black. Tegetthoff's command was brief and to the point: "Ram everything gray."

With these orders, his fleet charged through and wheeled. And then began an action, or rather a series of smoke-beclouded combats, with the leaderless foe, which was waged hotly for more than four hours, and which resulted in the sullen retreat of the Italian fleet, with the loss of two ironclads.

The attacks by ramming were, perhaps, the most memorable of the many incidents of this fight. Indeed, it has been said that "Lissa was won by the ram." The *Re d'Italia*, Persano's deserted flagship, was sunk by this weapon, and with great loss of life. She had been the focus of attack by several Austrians, and her rudder had been injured, although her engines were still effective. While thus crippled she was rammed by Tegetthoff in his flagship, the *Ferdinand Maximilian*, which, at full speed struck her, the ram cutting through her seven inches of armor without appreciable resistance and with no damage to itself, excepting to its paint.

Heeling over to starboard, and then rolling heavily to port, the great 6150-ton ship sank with a swiftness which chilled the blood of those who watched, carrying many of her crew with her, but leaving a remnant to struggle in the sea. Long after, in recalling the sudden horror of all this, Tegetthoff said:

"If I were to live a thousand years I would never ram another ship. The effect produced is different from anything else you have in naval warfare.

You see the vessel attacked at one moment, and, the next, eight hundred men sliding into the sea with the vessel following them. You are left with a perfect void, without any commotion, without any smoke, without anything to make one feel that he was in battle."

COL. FRED FUNSTON, A KANSAS HERO.

Col. Fred Funston, whose father, "farmer" Funston, lives near Iola, Kansas, is a typical western American, fond of adventure for its own sake, reckless of danger, bright, intelligent, well educated, at home everywhere, and a marksman who never misses a shot. He is a representative of the kind of material the Spaniards will have to fight in our volunteer army. He served for nearly two years under Garcia and Gomez, and was then captured while riding alone through the country, and escaped death by representing that he was on his way to give himself up to the Spaniards. He was so easy and honest in his manner that they believed him, paroled him and let him go. He returned home, but answered the call of his country as soon as war was declared, receiving from Governor Leedy, of Kansas, a commission as Colonel of a cowboy regiment that will, no doubt, give a good account of itself during the conflict.



COL. FRED FUNSTON.

Colonel Funston's adventures in Cuba, while marching and fighting with the insurgents, were more thrilling than romance. He says the Spaniards are brave and will fight, but their marksmanship is contemptible. They cannot shoot as well as the insurgents, he declares, and the insurgents shoot about like policemen. There are no marksmen in the world who can compare with the Americans. Our boys are trained in the use of arms from the time they are old enough to handle "cat-rifles."

"The Spaniards and the Cubans fill the earth and air with bullets, but it is an accident, generally, when they hit. The marksmanship of our regular soldiers will strike terror to the Spanish soldiers when they go against our western regulars and the bullets come skipping over the top of the grass. Well, those bullets will sing a song that will chill Spanish blood.

"When I landed in Cuba," said Colonel Funston, recently, "I soon found the Cuban army. I found Gomez and Garcia; both men far above the average intellectually. Both loyal patriots and brave fighters. With several other young Americans I enlisted and was made a lieutenant. That was in July. I had been in New York and learned of the filibustering expedition. I had nothing to do and saw a chance for adventure, so I went in. After getting into the Cuban army I wasn't long getting into a fight. We had some hot little skirmishes, and then we had one hard battle after another in quick succession. Just before the first lively battle I was in I felt nervous. The Spaniards were drawn up in battle line on a knoll about five hundred yards from us. We could just catch a glimpse of them occasionally. They were in close order to prevent the cavalry charging them. Just as soon as they saw us they blazed away. They filled the air with bullets, but didn't hit anybody. We were in skirmish line, standing about as far apart as fence posts. We returned the fire and there was a general fusillade. The Spaniards had Mauser rifles and smokeless powder. There would be an occasional puff of smoke, but that was about all we could see of them. We crouched in the grass and would rise up and shoot and then duck. Every time we would catch a glimpse of a Spaniard we would crack away. Those Mauser bullets whistled through the air and made an awful shriek, but after the shooting began I forgot all about my nervousness.

"It isn't much use to get behind a tree or any obstruction when the Mausers are talking, for the bullets go at a velocity of 2400 feet a second. They will pierce a large tree and kill a man who is behind it. Those steel bullets will penetrate two inches of steel at close range; so, you see, barricades are not worth much. We used to drop dynamite shells among them. You can see the shells traveling slowly through the air, and when they strike the ground you'd think an earthquake had broken loose. One feels an awful relaxation after a battle; it is hard to sleep for a few hours.

"It is impossible to remember the exact dates of all the fights, the number involved, or the casualties. But I shall never forget Desmoyo. That battle was fought in October, 1896. The Spaniards, 2500 of them, were drawn up in their usual close order, and we fixed to charge them with cavalry. They quickly formed squares with rapid-firing cannon at the corners. We had only four hundred and seventy-nine men, but we charged them. We rode right up in the teeth of their fire and fired our revolvers right into their faces. We didn't try to ride our horses on their bayonets, but we rode almost in arm's reach of them. It was a terrible slaughter. Of our four hundred and seventy-nine we lost two hundred and fifty-one in killed and wounded in the charge. The percentage is almost without a parallel.

"During that fight I heard bullets dropping around us when we were three miles from the Spaniards. Their rifles carried that far. The velocity of the shot from that kind of a rifle is something astounding.



FUNSTON'S FIRST BATTLE.

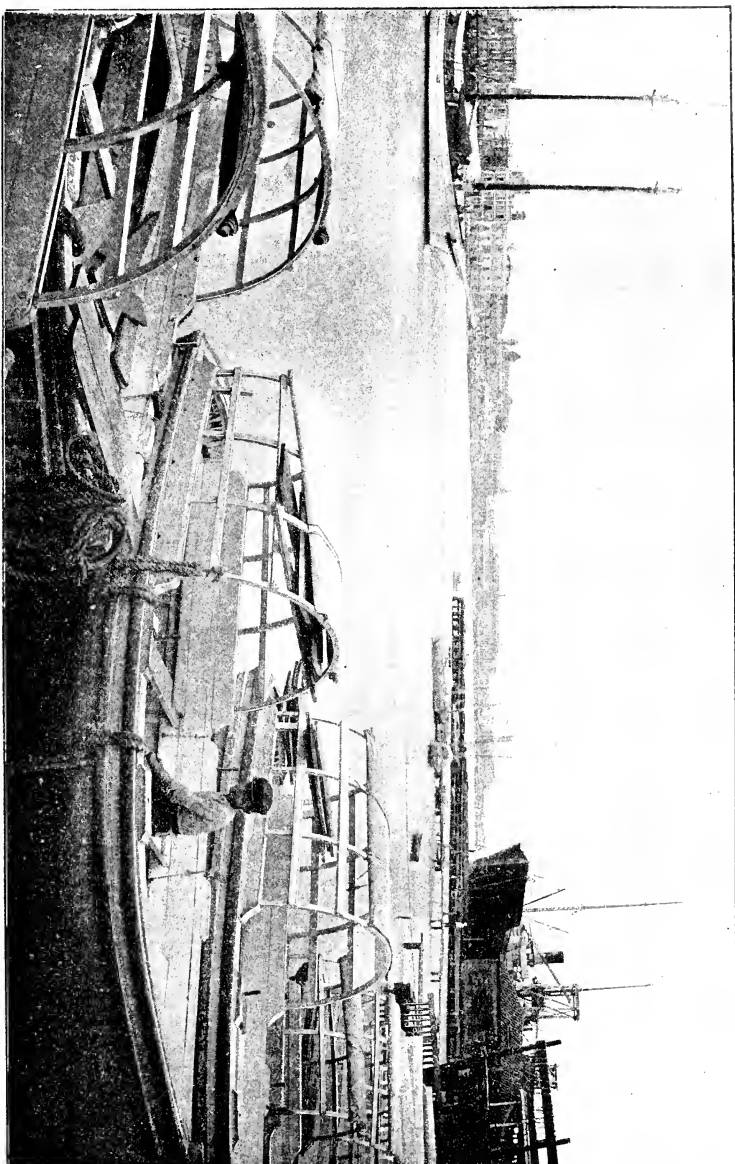
"Another hot battle was the taking of Las Tunas. The town was heavily fortified. After hard fighting, we got in and played havoc with the Spaniards. We charged them in the streets, and the bullets rattled against the sides of the buildings like hail. Finally, we planted two dynamite guns in the parlor of a fine dwelling house about two hundred and fifty yards from the Spanish fort. Then we began to pump dynamite shells into them, and it made them sick.

"We had with us," he went on, "an educated Cuban named Barney Bueno. He was a rollicking devil-may-care fellow, who had lived in New York and was as full of fun as a yearling colt. While the dynamite gun was cracking death out of the parlor windows Bueno sat at a grand piano in the richly furnished room pounding out 'Dixie' and all the rag tunes he knew. The dynamite gun struck terror to the Spaniards. The big brass shells had five pounds of dynamite in them, and when they hit the fort there was hell to pay. We corraled all of the Spaniards and they surrendered.

"Some of the battles were very bloody. At Bayamo in December, 1896, we had 3500 men and the Spanish had 4800. We lost 463 and they lost 681. We were after them hot then. Just a month before that the battle of Lugonas was fought, and the Spaniards murdered thirty-eight of our wounded on the field after the battle. We found the bodies afterward, and they had actually bayoneted every wounded man they found.

"A few times the Spaniards used the express bullets. They explode after striking an object and are very deadly. The Mauser and Krag-Jorgenson bullets are humane, they penetrate with terrible velocity, but do not lacerate, like the old forty-five lead minnie balls. One went through my lungs and, while it made a painful wound, left no serious result."

Colonel Funston gives this graphic account of his arrest by the Spaniards: "I was going to the Cuban capital, Las Guymas, and was crossing a railroad track at night when I was ambushed by a squad of the enemy. I had no idea any one was near when I was challenged and heard the click of their rifle-locks. I knew I was captured, and I said in Spanish 'I surrender.' I told them that I was on my way to the Spanish lines to give up, and I stuck to the story. They believed it. I was taken to Puerto Principe and tried by a military commission. I was very decently treated and released on parole. I worked my way to Havana and sought General Lee. I was in the uniform of a rebel, and was a pretty seedy looking specimen. The Spaniards stared at me on the streets, and a gang of kids followed me around shouting, '*Mam-becial*!', which means rebel. No one bothered me, though. I dropped into General Lee's office, and he sized me up with the remark: 'Are you a rebel?' I said I was. 'Well,' said he, 'I was a rebel thirty-five years ago, but I never was as tough looking as you are.' I had no money and he furnished me funds to buy clothes and get to New York. I had not time to wait to



VIEW OF HATZANA AND THE BAY. (From a photograph.)

have a suit of clothes made, and the only thing I could buy was an ice-cream suit, straw hat and tan shoes. I landed in New York on January 10, 1898, rigged out in that outfit. It was very cold and I was a curiosity.

"There is very little danger from yellow fever," said Colonel Funston. "There was some of it in the Spanish camps when I was in Cuba, but there was little of it among the Cubans. Malaria and dysentery is what played havoc with the Spaniards. They drink rum and eat fruit, and the two combined in the Cuban climate will kill anybody. The Americans must leave rum alone when they go to Cuba. They must take the advice of those who have been there on this point. It will not do to use liquor, especially with the fruit. The Spaniards have Jamaica rum, and when they go out on the march nearly every fellow stows away a quart or more among his effects. Marching through the country they find the luscious mangos and bananas with other fine Cuban fruits. Many times they eat the fruit half green, and with the rum, dysentery and malaria combine to kill them.

"The mango is a most magnificent fruit. The trees are the size of our great oaks. There are fine wild groves of mango trees, and I have seen the ripe fruit on the ground a foot deep. The mango is a species of large plum the size of a pear. It has a delicious flavor and is most tempting to a hungry soldier. The Cubans eat the mango in great quantities, and it does not seem to hurt them. That is because they select only the ripe fruit and they have no rum. They cannot get rum. I have seen Cubans eat forty large mangos in a day, and I have eaten them myself, but they are good things to be left alone. When the Spanish army is on the march, guards are usually thrown around the mango groves as they are passed, to keep the soldiers from eating the fruit.

"There is a chance of a contagion of yellow fever, of course, but with reasonable precautions there need be no danger. The men should take quinine in reasonable doses every week or ten days, try to dry their clothes once a day, drink no liquor and use the rations instead of the native food. These will combine to keep off all contagion and the malaria, too.

"Malaria is the dread disease, but quinine properly administered will keep it off. When I was in the Cuban army we could only get quinine occasionally. I contracted the malaria after I had been in the country about nine months. It is a strange thing that the Americans who were with the insurgents stood the climate better than even the Cubans themselves. American soldiers will stand it well for at least eight months, because they will be in good condition when they go in. They will have wholesome rations, tents and good clothes as well as medicines. However, if the war should last longer than that a reserve force should be ready to take the place of the active army. That is why I think the government should raise a big army at once."

A LITTLE SPANIARD ON HIS TRAVELS.

The pleasant incident described below occurred at the grand Union Station, in St. Louis, a few days after the commencement of hostilities between our country and Spain. If the conditions had been reversed—an American boy traveling through Spain—we can readily imagine that the sequel would have been different:

The war enthusiasts who have been promenading the midway at Union Station for the last two weeks to see the boys in blue, were surprised last evening to see a full-blooded Spaniard taking observations of Superintendent Coakley's fortifications. The young Don was a native of Spain, about eleven years old, *en route* from Madrid to Vera Cruz, Mexico. He could not speak English, but one of the messenger boys, Manuel Sandoval, who is a native of Mexico, speaks Spanish, and acted as interpreter for him. The young traveler stated that two years ago he removed with his parents to Vera Cruz, and about six months since returned to Spain, on a visit to relatives there. He is now *en route* home again. Appended to his ticket was a card, asking that he be taken care of and directed properly on arriving at Eagle Pass, Texas, where he is to cross the Rio Grande and take the Mexican National Railway for the City of Mexico. In addition to his ticket, he had plenty of money to take him home in comfort. The little Spaniard was dressed in a suit of all white, including cap, coat, shirt and trousers. Except for his complexion and features, he looked like an American boy dressed for a lively game of tennis. He did not seem annoyed by the immense throng that gathered around him, eager to look upon a genuine representative of the nation with which we are now at war. However, he asked no favors, and when Matron Frazer suggested, through the messenger boy as interpreter, that he might be hungry, and that she would get him something to eat, he spurned the suggestion, and, slapping his pocket, indicated that he had money enough and to spare. The young Spaniard had no lack of attention, and remained the cynosure of all eyes until he took his departure for the land of the cactus.

DARING EXPLOIT OF A YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

Near the end of April, Lieut. Henry H. Whitney, of the United States Artillery, was sent on an important mission to the camp of General Gomez. He carried letters from General Miles to the commander-in-chief of the patriot army of Cuba, and, after the dangers of the landing were over, he had a long distance to travel through the enemy's country, infested by bands of desperate and bloodthirsty Spanish guerrillas. The daring young lieutenant's trip was, therefore, a very dangerous as well as exciting one. He was landed by a torpedo boat from the cruiser *Marblehead*, on Monday

night, April 25th. The light-draft torpedo boat, piloted by a Cuban boatman, came inside Tragosa Key, and put Lieutenant Whitney, with two Cuban guides, ashore in a small bay to the west of Caibarien. They hid their saddles and equipments on the beach, and started inland afoot. Just at daybreak, when about five miles from Remedios, a challenge rang out: "*Alto! Quien Va?*"

By the hail they knew the challengers were Cubans, and promptly responded: "*Viva Cuba Libre!*"

Had the challengers been Spanish, the hail would have been: "*Alto! Quien Vive?*"

The challengers proved to be from Colonel Bermudez's column. They immediately took Whitney and his guides to the Colonel. Bermudez embraced the American, and his staff could not do too much for him. Lieutenant Whitney breakfasted with them, while a party was sent back to bring up the saddles and camp kit from the beach. Colonel Bermudez insisted on Lieutenant Whitney taking his own horse, and provided him with an escort of a dozen men and two servants. The young envoy had hurry orders, so pushed along. He dined that night with General Francisco Carillon, of the insurgents, who also doubled the escort. General Carillo had already had notice of Lieutenant Whitney's coming from a spy in Caibarien, who also reported that the Spanish knew of his landing and were hunting him.

Every rebel in the command cheered as the American rode out. At sunset the party went to Las Ventas, a little town off the railroad, near Camajuani. Two civil guards were the only garrison, and they made no resistance. The inhabitants of the town, for there are some left, gathered at the little parada. The women lifted up their children to be kissed by the American, and Lieutenant Whitney got more things to eat than any one would dream could be gathered in the famine-stricken town; for the Spaniards have twice burned the place, and the inhabitants consisted only of those who had managed to hide in the little hills near by while the Spaniards killed or carried off the rest.

They crossed the river that night, and before sunrise were on the road near Placetas, and the rest of the journey followed the headwaters of a branch of the Zaza River. After this a rear guard was thrown out, for they were in the enemy's domain now. The Spaniards saw them, however, and they were chased until they doubled the trail on them and were lost.

The Spanish cavalry did not follow across the river. There was some rough, hard riding through the hills before Lieutenant Whitney reached Managuato, where he expected to find General Gomez. He was not there, but the party encountered an insurgent scouting party belonging to Gomez's army, and learned that the commander-in-chief had returned to La Reforma. After a camp banquet, consisting of soup made from beef extract brought by

Lieutenant Whitney, beef from a stray cow that had been shot that morning, and sweet potatoes, washed down with sugar-cane juice and water they moved on.

They reached the rebel chief just before dark. General Gomez was waiting for the American officer. The General grasped his hand as he swung off his horse, and as he shook it cried: "Thank God! At last!"

And the rugged Cuban soldiers took it as a cue, and the old sugar plantation rang with the cries of: "*Viva Cuba Libre! Viva las Americanos!*"

The object of Lieutenant Whitney's mission was to arrange for the co-operation of the insurgents with the invading forces of the American regulars, and to supply the former with arms and ammunition.

The insurgents were mad with delight. All day they kept shouting: "*Viva las Estados Unidos!*" and "*Viva Leuiente Whitney!*" Then they stood in crowds about the house which is the General's headquarters, to get a look at the slim young fellow in the blue uniform.

THE JACK-TARS HAVE FUN WITH THE SPANIARDS.

The *New York* passed the harbor of Cabanas, which opens in the land a few miles west of Mariel, at six o'clock. As she lay off the harbor there was a distant rattle of volley firing to the left. It appeared to come from a group of buildings on a hill that at one time formed a part of the centrale of the Count de la Runion, who owns the sugar plantation of La Herradura, or the Horseshoe, as it is called on account of the way the land curves around the fresh-water lake which lies east of Cabanas harbor.

The firing continued for some minutes, but it sounded so futile, so inadequate, and so impertinent, that those on the deck of the flagship gazed shoreward in astonishment, and no one moved to reply.

But as it grew louder and bolder an officer said: "That should be answered," and as he spoke a stoker leaning out of the hatch of the *Porter*, grimy and sweating and black, took his pipe from between his teeth and laughed.

We could hear his laugh across the water. It was sublime in its irony. It was, perhaps, the best answer that any one could have made; but still continuous volley firing isn't to be taken only as a joke, and so the four-inch guns in the stern were run out and turned on the Horseshoe.

It was as ill-chosen a name for that building, under the circumstances, as was *Buena Ventura* for that first prize of this war of '98.

The deck rises as suddenly as an elevator starts when it rises with a jerk; the four-inch gun was brought in front of the Horseshoe and exploded above its roof. It was just at sunset, and when the sky was blazing with a grid-iron of red and gold. In a moment the four-inch gun of the leaden-colored flag-



AVENUE OF PALMETTOES NEAR CABANAS, CUBA.

ship hurled out flashes of flame and clouds of hot smoke, and volleys that shook the leaves of the palms and echoed among the hills of Cuba.

On the decks and superstructure, in the turrets and on the bridges, the bluejackets and marines crowded, peering into the fading light. They whispered and chuckled together as each shell struck home, as though they were seated in the gallery at a play; for there had been no general call to quarters. It was only a bit of gun practice in passing, intended to teach infantry men not to interfere with their betters, and possibly also to discover if there were any masked batteries near Cabanas which might be tempted by the bombardment to disclose their hiding-places. Meanwhile, from below, came the strains of the string band playing for the officers' mess, and the music of Scheur's "Dream of Spring" mingled with the belching of four-inch guns.

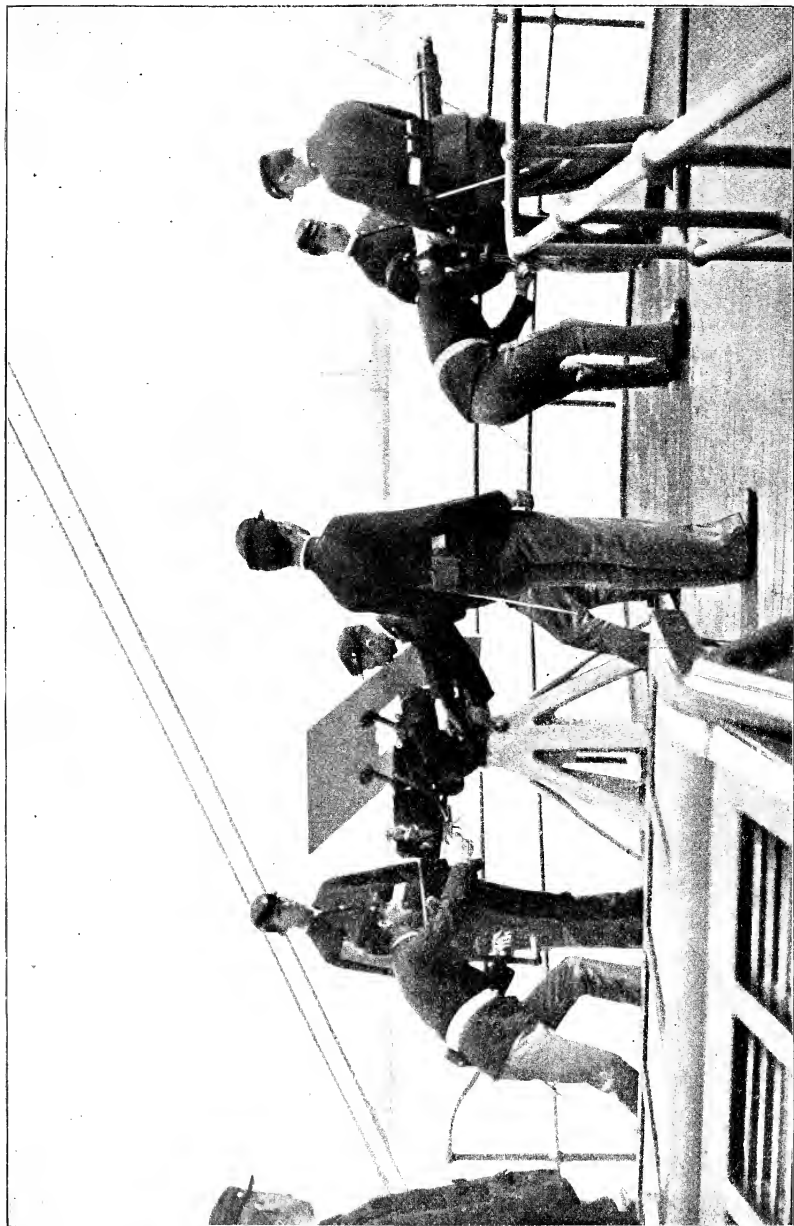
This isn't a touch of fiction, but the reporting of cold coincidence; for war, as it is conducted at this end of the century and on this ship, is civilized. Four days ago I talked with a man who a year ago, when a Spanish prisoner, was racked to make him tell secrets; and three days ago a Spanish officer, who was a prisoner on this ship, sat next to me at the wardroom mess and was given Niersteiner to drink and large, fat, expensive cigars to smoke, while his orderly was feasted by the jackies forward. It was war, and it was magnificent.

The ship ran up nearer to the shore, and as she did so a troop of cavalry galloped into view across the fields and formed a cordon under a great tree. What evil purpose they intended toward the *New York*, a mile out at sea, didn't disclose itself; for Captain Chadwick, who was below decks, chose to aim the last shot himself. He trained the four-inch gun on the group around the tree and pulled the lanyard.

There was the same flash as before; it lit up the faces of the officers and crew as though they were being taken in a flash-light photograph; there was the same backward rush of pungent smoke, the same bellowing roar, and the same upheaval of the massive deck, but there was no cavalry troop around the tree when the smoke had cleared. They were riding madly in fifty directions, like men at polo, and at a speed unequaled even in their retreats before machete charges. But I still think the answer the grimy stoker made was the better one.

When I sent off my dispatch yesterday the flagship *New York* was drifting lazily with the Gulf stream about ten miles eastward of Havana. Since then we have steamed some forty miles westward, and have witnessed a new development in the art of war, being neither more nor less than an infantry attack on an armored cruiser at a range of more than a mile.

One hardly knows whether to pity the ignorance or admire the impudence of the Spanish soldiers, but I am afraid the *New York's* reply will prevent a repetition of the experiment. How the little incident occurred and what came of it, I shall describe later on.



TRAINING RAPID-FIRE GUNS ON SPANISH FORTS.

When the flagship steamed westward yesterday afternoon, accompanied by two torpedo boats and the newspaper fleet, she laid a course that brought us close to the Cuban capital. I have seen Havana many times within the last ten days, but never at such short range as yesterday.

With our glasses we could see the "Yellow City" lying in the full glare of the western sun as plainly as could be desired. Save for a line or two of black smoke from tall factory chimneys, it looked like a city of the dead. No ships were to be seen coming in or going out of its usually busy port, and no trace of life was visible anywhere. The only sign of recent activity was in the big hillside that slopes up from the sea east of Moro Castle, that grim sixteenth century structure that sentinel the harbor's mouth.

The whole face of the slope, from the crest to the water's edge, is seamed and furrowed with newly-made earthworks. Big dunes of yellow sand have been built up to protect the batteries, and everywhere one could see that new gun positions had been laid down and hastily armed in expectation of the attack by the American fleet. To the west of the city military works are not much in evidence, but I could make out that Santa Clara and Cojimar batteries had been strengthened; and two or three long yellow furrows across the green hillside, indicated the site of newly-made intrenchments.

The coast west of Havana to Mariel, a place of which more will soon be heard, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Hills, rising to the dignity of mountains, in the background, spring up from the seashore, verdant as an English meadow, and magnificent royal palms, in groups and singly, dot the ground everywhere. Pleasant valleys diversify the surface, and here and there white-walled haciendas peep out amid the rank tropical vegetation. It was indeed a charming scene, and enabled one to realize why Cuba has been called the Pearl of the Antilles.

When we arrived off Mariel the flagship hove to and reconnoitered the shore. The town is one of about five thousand inhabitants, and situated at the southern end of a little landlocked bay that seems made for a torpedo station. On the eastern side is an ancient martello tower-like fortress, and this is the only fortification I could make out save a couple of block-houses on the bluffs south and east of the town. Close along the shore is a range of red-roofed structures that look more like a barracks, but no sign of life was visible. I thought I once caught sight of a uniform peeping out from behind the martello tower, but the owner of it did not remain long enough to enable me to make out. It is possible that the little affair at Matanzas, the other day, may have taught the Spaniards a severe lesson.

After completing her observations the *New York* steamed six miles further west to Cabanas, where the newest method of warfare was disclosed to us.

It was just at sundown, and the big cruiser was going along six or eight knots, about a mile from the shore, when, directly off Cabanas, a rattling sputter of rifle fire was heard, and everybody looked shoreward. Nothing could be seen; but presently a thin line of blue smoke curled upward from the corner of some bushes, and the crackle of another volley reached us, followed in a moment or two by another, while little spits of foam here and there on the blue surface of the water showed where the bullets were landing.

The sailors laughed at the fatuity of the Spaniards, but the Admiral thought that impudence was being carried too far, and orders were given to train a four-inch quick-fire gun on the troops. Just at this point the climax of absurdity was reached. Behind the position occupied by the infantry a couple of squadrons of cavalry trotted out and took up a position facing the *New York*, as if waiting the word to charge her.

Maybe their commander had read somewhere of a famous incident of the war in Flanders, where dragoons captured a ship; but he must have forgotten that ice capable of carrying troops is somewhat rare in the Straits of Florida. Anyhow, just as he got his men in position, four-inch shrapnel shells began to burst among the riflemen in front, and we could see them hurrying helter-skelter for cover, leaving some of their number dotting the sward. The cavalry, however, held their ground for a bit. At length a shell burst right in front of them, and when the smoke cleared away the horsemen were to be seen racing for dear life in all directions from the fatal shot. The *New York* fired no more shells, and I fancy the gallant commander at Cabanas will not be in such a hurry hereafter to attack a warship with cavalry and infantry.

BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

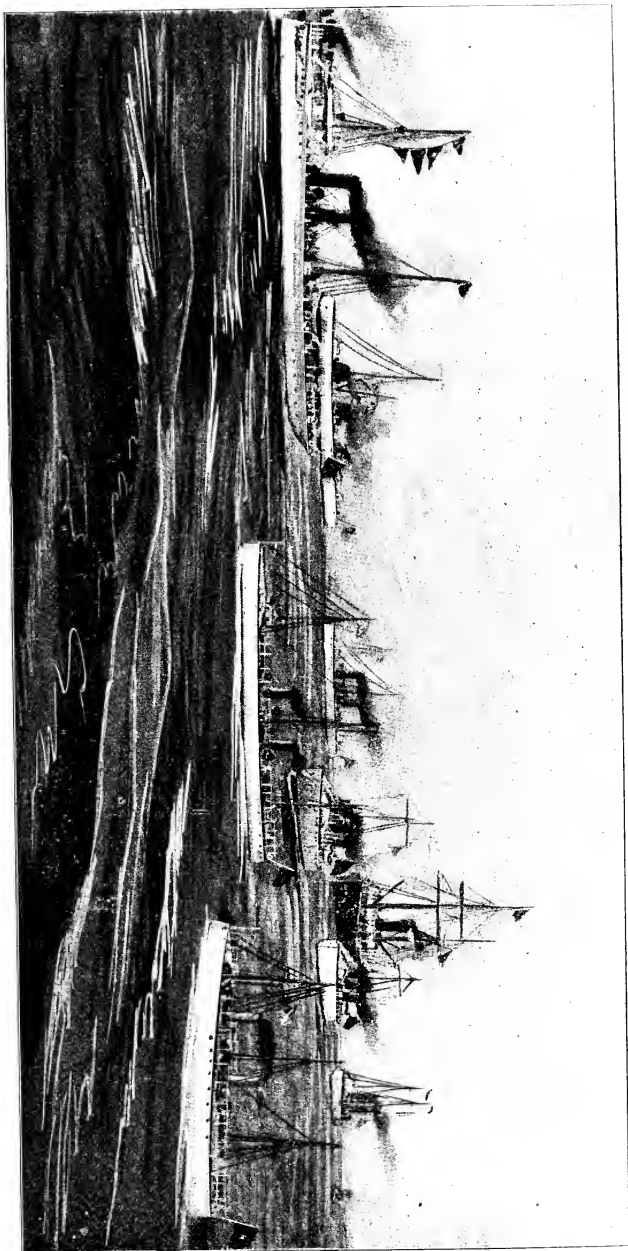
Graphic Story of the Battle by Eye-Witnesses.—Terrific Display of the Power of Modern Warships.—Expert Marksmanship by American Gunners.—Wild Shooting on the Spanish Side.—Forts and Defenses Wrecked in a Three-Hours' Bombardment.—A Battle that is Said to Have Been a Mistake.—Thrilling Incidents of the Fight.

Admiral Sampson's Official Report.

The bombardment of the fortifications in the harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico, took place early in the morning of May 12th. The attack has been severely criticised, both in America and Europe, as unnecessary, and a useless waste of life and ammunition; but there was a definite purpose back of it, as shown by Admiral Sampson's report to the Navy Department, as follows:

"Upon approaching San Juan it was seen that none of the Spanish vessels were in the harbor. I was therefore considerably in doubt whether they had

THE SPANISH FLEET.



reached San Juan and again departed for some unknown destination, or whether they had not arrived. As their capture was the object of the expedition, and it was essential that they should not pass to the westward, I determined to attack the batteries defending the port, in order to develop their positions and strength, and then without waiting to reduce the city or subject it to the regular bombardment—which would require due notice—turn to the westward.

"I commenced the attack as soon as it was daylight. It lasted about three hours, when the signal was made to discontinue the firing, and the squadron stood to the northeast until out of sight of San Juan, when the course was laid to the westward, with the view of communicating with the department at Port Plata, and learn if it had obtained information as to the movements of the Spanish vessels.

"At Cape Haytien I received word from the department that the Spanish vessels had been sighted off Curacao on the 10th inst.

"As remarked in my telegram, no serious injury was done to any of the ships, and only one man was killed and seven slightly wounded."

It will be seen from the Admiral's report that he supposed, from information which he deemed reliable, that the Spanish fleet was in the harbor of Porto Rico, and he evidently intended to repeat there what Dewey had so gallantly performed at Manila. But the fleet was elsewhere, and on entering the harbor his ships were fired at by the Spanish forts, whereupon he proceeded to teach them a lesson in the art of modern gunnery.

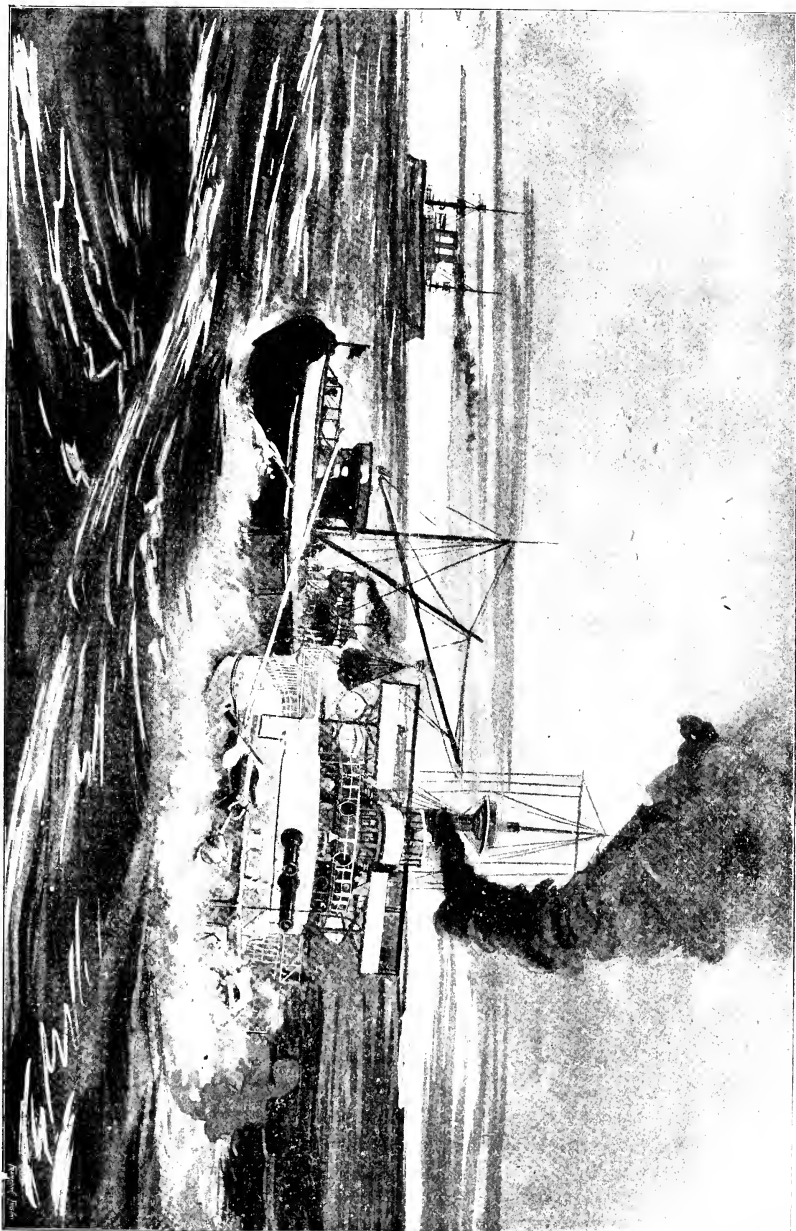
According to the Spaniards, the battle was a great victory for themselves. They claim that our most powerful ships attacked the town, and were driven off after a fight of three hours, unable to withstand the terrific fire of the Spanish batteries. But from all accounts a few more such victories would end the war, so far as Spain is concerned. To the American sailors the battle was a disappointment. They went to Porto Rico expecting to meet a Spanish squadron, and found but a few forts, with guns bravely manned, but badly handled; and, instead of sinking the enemy's squadron, they had the meager satisfaction of smashing old walls and dismantling the guns.

The capture of the town was not the object of the expedition. Its bombardment was but an incident in the fruitless hunt for Spanish warships.

The Hunt for Spanish Ships Before the Battle.

To all appearance the cruiser *New York*, the battleships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, and the cruiser *Detroit*, left the blockade off Cuba May 1st. They went to Key West, where two days were spent in preparing for the expedition.

By nightfall of Tuesday, May 3d, the last coal barge had left the *Iowa's* side, and all was ready for the start. At twelve o'clock the *Iowa*, *Indiana* and *Detroit* weighed anchor and steamed away. They were soon followed



COALING A WARSHIP AT SEA.

by the collier *Niagara* and armed tugboat *Wampatuck*. At daybreak a launch from Key West delivered dispatches to the flagship, and immediately afterward she was under way, headed for the Cuban coast.

By eleven o'clock the flagship was off Havana, where she was joined by the cruiser *Montgomery*. The two vessels pointed their noses eastward and soon overtook the *Iowa*, *Indiana* and *Detroit*. Evening found the vessels off Cardenas, where they were re-enforced by the monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* and the torpedo boat *Porter*, which took on coal from the *Niagara*.

Coaling the *Porter* delayed the squadron until midnight, when it once more proceeded eastward, the *Terror* and *Amphitrite* being towed by the *New York* and *Iowa*. The expedition was now on in earnest, and great precautions were taken to keep the movement as secret as possible. During the day no colors were shown by any of the ships, and at night no lights were carried. Either the *Detroit* or the *Montgomery* usually went ahead as a scout after dark, and the other vessels kept well together. Five or six times a day the squadron lay to and drifted by the hour, while the officers visited the flagship, or one of the other of the vessels replenished its coal supply from the colliers.

Saturday morning saw the squadron off Cape Mayal, the easternmost point in Cuba. Sunday and Monday, May 8th and 9th, were spent in drifting off Cape Haytien, during which time final preparations were made for the expected encounter. Such vessels as needed it filled their coal bunkers from the collier.

Admiral Sampson's Plan of Battle.

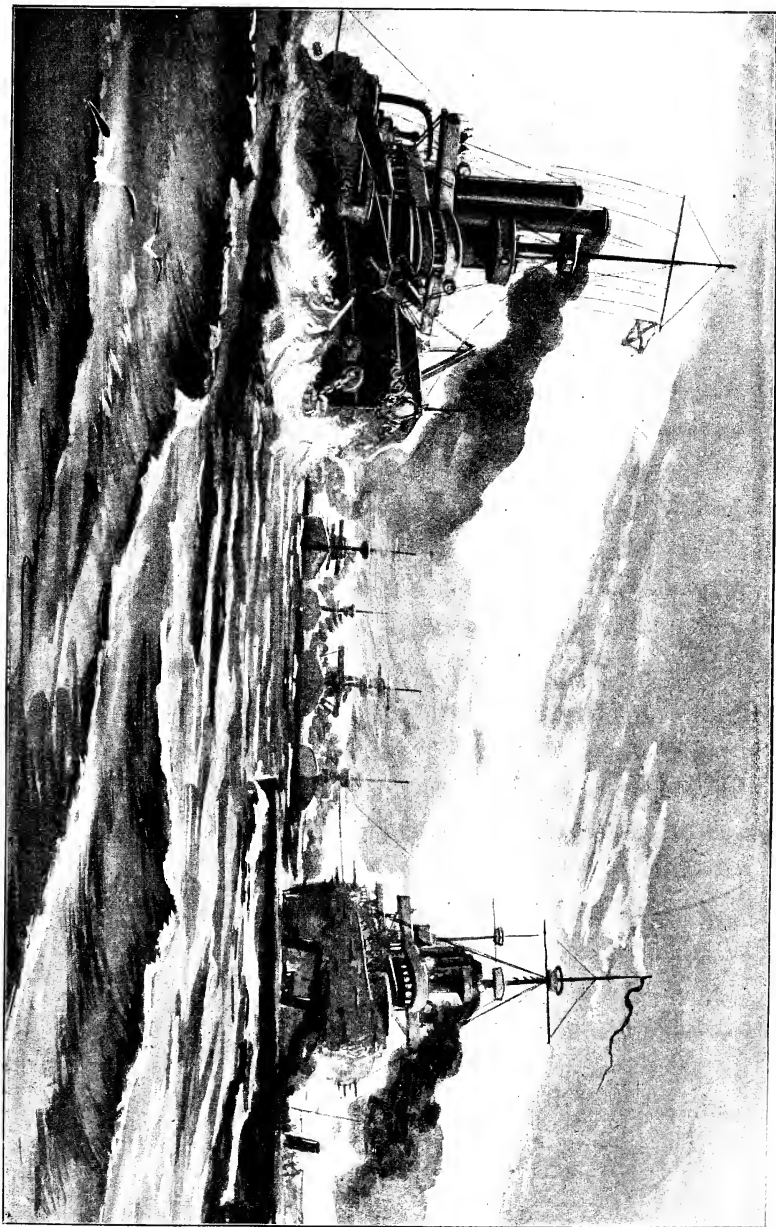
Confidently expecting to find the Spanish fleet in the harbor at San Juan, Admiral Sampson issued the following order of battle to the commanders of his ships:

"The squadron will pass near Salinas Point and then steer about east to pass just outside the reefs off Cabras Island. The column is to be formed as follows: The *Iowa*, flagship; *Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite* and *Terror*. The *Detroit* is to go ahead of the *Iowa*, distant 1000 yards. The *Wampatuck* to keep on the *Iowa's* starboard bow, distant 500 yards. The *Detroit* and *Wampatuck* to sound constantly, after land is closer, and immediately to signal if ten fathoms or less is obtained, showing at night a red light over the stern and at daytime a red flag aft.

"The *Montgomery* to remain in the rear of the column, stopping outside of the fire from Moro and on the lookout for torpedo boat destroyers. If Fort Canuelo fires, she is to silence it. The *Porter* will take station under cover of the *Iowa* on the port side. The *Niagara* to remain westward, off Salinas Point.

"While approaching a sharp lookout is to be kept on the coast between Salinas Point and Cabras Island for torpedo boat destroyers. When near

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET APPROACHING SAN JUAN.



Cabras Island, one-half mile to one mile, the *Detroit* will rapidly cross the mouth of the harbor and be close under Moro to the westward, screened from the fire of Moro's western battery. If the old guns on the north side of Moro fire, she is to silence them. These two cruisers are to keep on the lookout, especially for Spanish torpedo boat destroyers coming out of the harbor.

"The *Porter*, when the action begins, will cross the harbor mouth behind the *Iowa* and close under the cliff to the eastward of the *Detroit*, and torpedo any Spanish cruiser trying to get out of the harbor, but she is not to attack destroyers.

"The *Wampatuck* will tow one of her boats with its mast shipped, flying a red flag, and having a boat's anchor on board the tug so arranged that she can stop the boat and anchor at the same time. She is to anchor the boat in about ten fathoms, with Fort Canuelo and the western end of Cabras Island in range.

"There will be two objects for attack, the batteries on the Moro and the men-of-war. If it is clear that Spanish vessels are lying in port, fire is to be opened upon them as soon as they are discernible over Cabras Island, the motions of the flagship being followed in this regard. If it should become evident, however, that neutral men-of-war are in the line of fire, a flag of truce will probably be sent in before the vessels are opened. The *Porter* is to be held in readiness for this service.

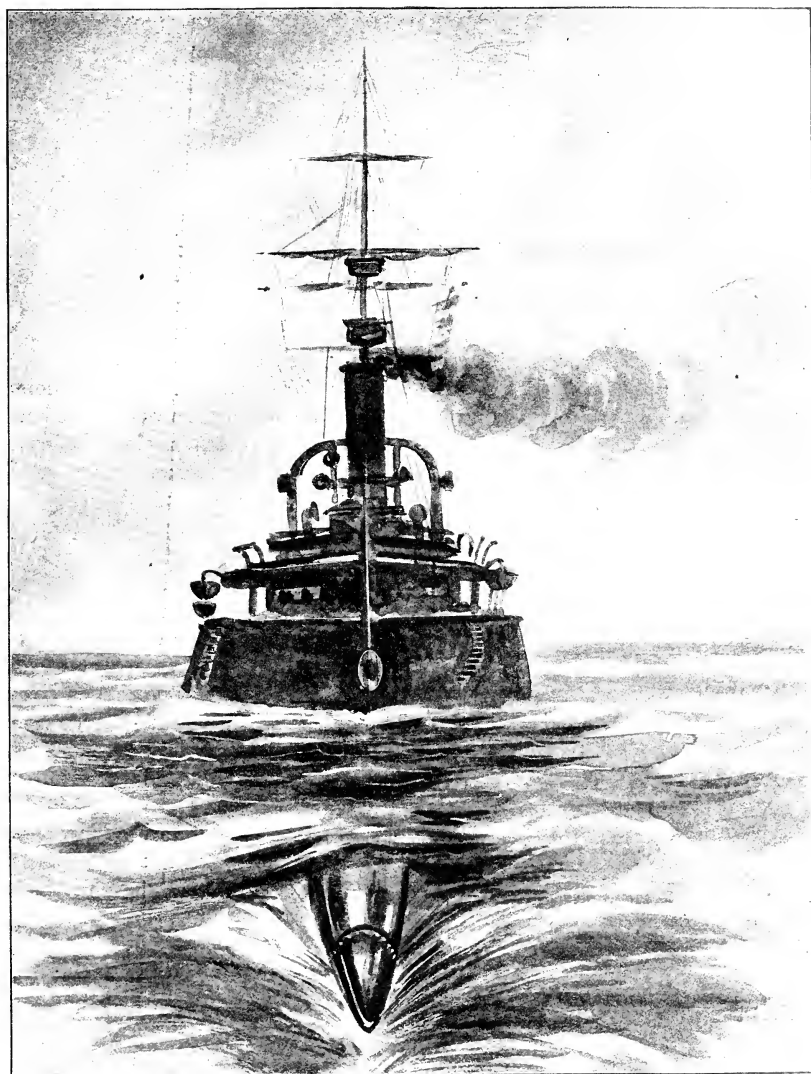
"Care must be taken to avoid striking the hospitals on Cabras Island. If it becomes necessary to silence the Moro batteries, a portion of the fire will be directed with this object. But the principal object is to destroy the ships.

"After passing the harbor mouth, the *Iowa* will turn a little to the starboard toward the town, and will then turn out with the starboard helm and again pass the port; and after passing Cabras Island to the westward, she will turn again with a starboard helm and pass as at first. Should this plan be changed and it is decided to hold the ships in front of the entrance, the signal "Stop" will be made at the proper time.

"The *Indiana*, *New York*, and the monitors will follow the motions of the flagship and remain in column.

"The course, after Fort Canuelo is brought into range with the west end of Cabras Island, will be east by south."

On Wednesday afternoon, May 11th, the expedition was about fifty miles west of the Porto Rican capital. Here Admiral Sampson transferred his flag from the *New York* to the *Iowa*. The night was dark and a heavy sea was running. The ships steamed along at a five-knot pace in single file, the *Detroit* and *Montgomery* scouting and leading the main body, and at long intervals sweeping the sea with their searchlights. San Juan knew of the coming fleet, despite the secrecy that surrounded its departure from Key West and its movements along the Cuban coast. The lookout on Cape Hay-



tien saw the squadron on Sunday drifting about thirty miles off that point. The Spanish consul in Negro City telegraphed a warning to Porto Rico.

The head of Sampson's squadron sighted the city's lights at 3:30 o'clock on Thursday morning. An hour later daylight broke, and five miles off the forts, towering from the high bluff that juts into the sea, were plainly visible.

San Juan lies behind a bluff, on the summit of which are four forts. The westernmost of these, commanding most of the harbor, is Moro Castle. Rising about one hundred and twenty-five feet above the water east of it are the forts of San Cristobal, San Carlos, and San Geronimo. On the western side of the harbor is a shore battery called Canuelo. The squadron headed straight for the harbor. The tugboat *Wampatuck* led, flying a white flag from her masthead. The exact reason for this is not as yet known, but it is understood that there was no intention on the part of the squadron to bombard the place without giving the non-combatants ample time to withdraw.

A glance at the harbor showed the Spanish squadron was not there. The *Porter* and *Detroit* passed directly under Canuelo's guns across the harbor's mouth, and under Moro. The *Wampatuck* steamed in closer to land. Then one of the forts fired on her. About the time the *Iowa* was abreast of Canuelo, Admiral Sampson, directing the squadron's movements from the bridge of the flagship, gave the order, and straightway the bombardment of the town commenced.

All of the captains fought their ships from the bridge, unprotected by any armor. Each vessel opened fire as she passed the shore battery. The forts on the hill, hitherto silent, were now ablaze and showered shells at the warships below. The vessels rolled a good deal in the heavy sea, and this, with the great elevation of the forts, made trouble in getting the range at first, so the early gunnery was bad. Many shells struck the water, never reaching the bluff at all, but the fight went on. The American shots landed more frequently and with terrible effect. Whenever a shell burst a great cloud of *débris* rose many feet in the air, marking the spot.

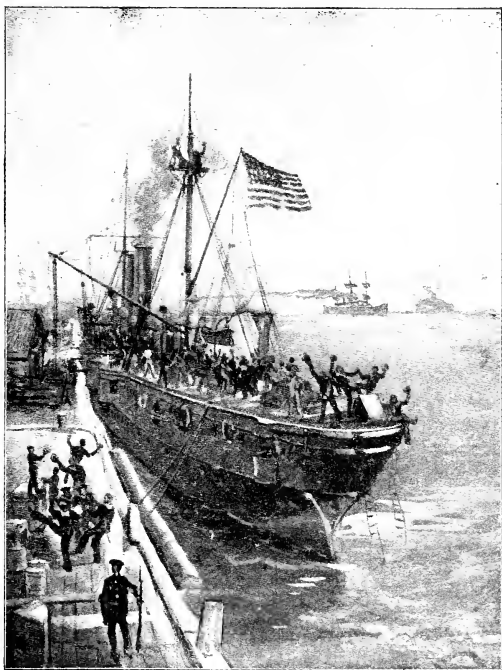
Moro fort was the first target. Shell after shell burst on it and over it, working havoc. Several guns were dismantled and several times the fort was silenced. The Spanish fought bravely but badly. Shells fell all about the ships, but most of them were far wide of their marks.

During the three-hours' engagement but two of our warships were hit, and then in the upper works; and, strange to say, not when close in shore, but while steaming out to sea. One of the shells struck a ventilator on the *Iowa* and burst, slightly wounding three men. Another shot wrecked a boat on the *New York*, the fragments killing Frank Whitemark, able seaman, and slightly wounding two other men who were working at the small guns.

There were three distinct attacks on the forts. At the first attack the ships moved within 1400 yards of the forts and then out to sea, completing

an ellipse. The *Wampatuck* and *Montgomery* withdrew from the battle under orders. The little *Porter* ran east and took a position directly under the guns of San Cristobal and popped away there saucily during the rest of the engagement, using her one-pounder guns, to the great disgust of the Spaniards, who dropped shells all about her but had not even the satisfaction of scaring her away. The *Detroit* at the same time placed herself boldly in the harbor's mouth and stayed there, defying the fire of Canuelo and Moro forts and working her own five-inch guns with marvelous rapidity.

The second general attack by the fleet was more disastrous to the Spaniards than the first. The vessels completed a second ellipse, firing as they moved in and out. Nearly all the heaviest shot of the battleships landed in or about the fortifications. Several passed over them and into the city, where clouds of dust and smoke marked their resting places. The Spanish firing was now less spirited and more hysterical. After a half-hour's steady firing the two battleships and the *New York* and *Detroit* passed well out to sea, leaving the monitors pounding away at the battery with their ten-inch guns. Spanish



THE "MONTGOMERY" AT ST. THOMAS.

shells struck all about the *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, spouting water high in the air, and time and again bursting dangerously close over them, but not a man on either ship was injured, and the two lay side by side. Four other ships ran in for the third and last round. The *Iowa*, leading, ran close to the bluff, discharging her twelve-inch guns about ten times. The *Indiana* and *New York* followed with a brief but effective fire, which for a time quieted San Cristobal, San Geronimo, and San Carlos. The whole squadron then

fired out to sea. The Spaniards on all the forts straightway returned to their effective guns and delivered a parting and defiant fusillade. At 8:15 o'clock, after a three-hours' fight, all the ships were out of range and the battle ended. The bombardment, as a spectacle, was magnificent.

After the engagement the squadron lay for a few hours off San Juan. The cruiser *Montgomery* went to St. Thomas to coal and send advices to the government. If Sampson had had a landing force, there is little doubt that he could have taken San Juan on the day of the bombardment, had he so desired.

The results of the cannonading were the destruction of the north end of Moro Castle, the silencing of the Cabras Island forts, and serious damages inflicted on San Carlos battery. No shots were aimed at the city, but by miscalculation a few fell there. What amount of damage they occasioned has not yet been ascertained. Spaniards at St. Thomas claimed that a school-house was struck, and that the master and his pupils were killed, but this was not thought likely, as the bombardment took place early in the morning, and the school children probably were not in the building at the time. The story has since been disproved. Admiral Sampson was very explicit in his instructions to his commanders before the battle to avoid firing so as to hit the hospital.

The plans of the fortifications furnished to the fleet were very misleading. It was known that the Spanish forts had recently been strengthened with new guns, but other facts developed which showed miscalculations by those who drew the plans. Refugees in St. Thomas told the correspondents who touched there after the engagement that the Spaniards thought the forts at San Juan were stronger than those at Havana.

The city of San Juan is situated in a long, narrow pocket. A tongue of high land separates it from the ocean. The entrance of the harbor is easily defended, and the same can be said of the headlands of lofty Cabras Island, which lies in the throat of the passage. These headlands have been fortified by the Spaniards, but they did not prove in any way dangerous to our warships. The town of San Juan is on one side of the bay, and in the rear of the town rise high hills. To reach the city ships must pass Moro Castle fortifications and the battery of San Carlos, situated on a promontory at the east entrance of the harbor. Besides, they must pass the Canuelo battery, on Cabras Island.

Rear-Admiral Sampson had transferred his flag to the *Iowa*, and the attack on the fortifications began at 5:15 and lasted three hours. Although it was known at San Juan that the American fleet was near, the Spaniards apparently kept no outlook. The soldiers in the fortifications and the people in the town were fast asleep when our warships approached. It was not yet broad daylight, and the coast of the island was veiled in an unusual haze. A range of broken hills came almost down to the ocean; and, further inland, making a sharp line against the sky, rose a tall range of mountains. Over-

head the sky was a deep blue. A ten-knot easterly breeze was blowing, and a long heavy swell gave a graceful motion to the huge battleships.

Every shot fired by the Spaniards could be plainly seen from the dispatch boat. The *Terror* remained and continued firing for some time after the other vessels of the squadron started to leave. The Spaniards answered her fire with a good deal of spirit. The flash and smoke of the batteries were followed by great splashing, hundreds of feet from the *Terror*. The shells, on exploding, would fling columns of water sixty feet high.

The siege was intensely interesting, but it was not so exciting as had been expected. The Spanish aim was so astoundingly bad that absolutely no anxiety was felt for our ships.

In fact, when the Spanish forts fired volleys which hid them in smoke, followed a few seconds later by the geyser-like spouting and splashing, not dangerously near the *Terror*, derisive cheers went up from the colored crew of the dispatch boat, standing in her bow. The officers and reporters on the dispatch boat viewed the bombardment through marine glasses from the top of the pilot-house. The heavy swell somewhat affected the aim of the gunners of the *Terror*, for some of her shells struck the sea in front of the forts. Finally, she seemingly grew tired and slowly withdrew, firing as she steamed away. Then the Spaniards became almost frantic with excitement, and blazed away at the monitor until she was long out of the range.

After the battle the dispatch boat went among the fleet to inspect the damage done. The sailors were calmly cleaning the decks and polishing the guns. On board the *Iowa* a boat was struck and caught fire, an exposed pipe was dented, the bridge railing was shattered, and three men were slightly wounded. All this was done by a lonely shell which struck the ship.

One shell which exploded on the *New York* killed a man, wounded four others, shattered two searchlights, splintered a cutter, tore three holes in a ventilator, and broke a small davit arm. Pieces of the shell were gathered up for souvenirs; but there were not enough pieces to go around. The *New York* was hit only once. A gunner's mate on the *Amphitrite* died immediately after the battle from the effects of the heat.

The cable operator at San Juan cabled to the operator at St. Thomas early in the morning, announcing that a vigorous bombardment of the capital was in progress, and adding that he was going to take to the woods. It is considered probable that most of the inhabitants of the place followed his example, and fled from the city soon after they were awakened by the *Iowa's* first broadsides.

Incidents of the Battle.

The most remarkable feature about the bombardment was the escape of the fleet with so few casualties. The enemy's fire was heavy and continuous, and the elevation of their batteries gave them a tremendous advantage.

How they missed hitting the ships no one understands. Their shots fell all around, and their guns had capacity for twice the range, yet they only landed two projectiles with any serious effect.

The secondary battery fire on all the ships was not used after the line had passed once before the forts. This was chiefly on account of the smoke the smaller guns created. Drifting in front of the turrets, it made the handlers of the big guns liable to lose all sight of the land.

The Admiral and his assistant chief of staff, Staunton, were on the superstructure of the *Iowa*, on the lee of the conning tower. They did not go inside the tower, which has not yet been used in any of our battles, and probably will not be except when fire is coming from both sides. So far, the conning tower has proved a rather useless institution.

It took about four broadsides to wake the Spaniards up. In the meantime, great yellowish-white clouds were rising from the hillside, marking where our shells fell. Then a few puffs of white and little lines of flame came from nooks in the bluff. The water spurted a few hundred yards from the *Iowa*, and every one was glad, because every one knew the enemy was returning the fire. Before that the jackies had been glum. By this time the smoke began to hang heavily, and the *Iowa* was moist and covered with saltpeter. Marine glasses had to be wiped every few minutes. The men's faces were grimy and their mouths were bitter from the saltpeter. When the big guns in the turret were fired, it seemed as if the ship was almost drawn from the water in a straining effort to follow the projectiles as they whizzed shoreward. Behind, the *Indiana's* port side looked like a huge fort, her own smoke completely hiding her starboard side.

When the *Iowa* turned to go back to the starting point, the entire line was engaged. The *New York*, stately, standing high out of the water and showing all her gracefulness, but making an easy target, slowly ran the gauntlet of two miles, the *Terror* and *Amphitrite* sticking up like ammunition boxes. The *Detroit* and *Montgomery* were little spitfires, and all their starboard sides were a thick mass of yellow smoke.

It was quite easy to see the shells turning over and over and dropping like wounded birds into the sea. Scarcely thirty seconds elapsed but the shriek of a passing shell was heard. Some of them made weird tunes, changing keys as they lost their velocity. Most of them were fired at a very high trajectory, the enemy apparently using their rifles as mortars. Jets of water rising in all directions showed how good, or, generally, how bad, had been the aim. These tunes of the shells after a while became less startling, and the men did not dodge unless some one shouted, "Look out!" or "Get under cover!" But the first shrieking of big shells overhead is liable to make even the bravest man inclined to get his head nearer his feet and keep it in that position until a water jet tells him the danger is past.

The shot that fell on board the *Iowa*, injuring three men, was a ten-inch Armstrong shell, manufactured in 1896. It was a wonder no more damage was done.

The shot which hit the *New York* was an eight-inch shell. It struck the ship in exactly the same place where the *Iowa* was struck, coming in at the port quarter and exploding on the iron stanchion of the superstructure. It then flew into a thousand pieces.

While the enemy's fire was at its hottest two jackies stood at the *Iowa's* bows, without any cover, heaving the lead. They worked just as calmly as if in New York harbor.

"They can't hit us, George," sang out one of them to a man in the lee of the turret. Just then a shell whizzed by. "Rig a line to that thing," laughed a man in the chains, pointing derisively to the water that spurted up fifty yards ahead of him.

The feature most discussed was the wonderful pluck of the *Detroit* and her marvelous escape from being hit. Shells simply rained around her as she lay within five hundred yards of the forts and blazed away with her five-inch rapid-fire battery.

The American officers, through their glasses, could see the Spaniards at work in many places where the fortifications had been broken down. The Spaniards seemed drunk with fury. They loaded and fired like madmen, without aiming, without any appearance of discipline or direction. At times their crazed condition led them to many absurd acts, such as waving swords, shaking fists, and discharging pistols at the American line, which was barely within reach of their guns of longest range.

In Madrid, the result of the battle was claimed as a victory, and it was officially announced that the American fleet had been "gloriously beaten back." It was also claimed that the attack by Admiral Sampson was an act of vandalism, to which the attention of the powers would be called by the government of the Queen Regent. This was subsequently done, but the complaint fell unheeded, as there was no ground for it.

The contention of the Spanish government that the city itself had been bombarded was false in every particular. There would have been no firing at all had not the foolhardy garrison at the Moro begun it.

Admiral Sampson acted at San Juan exactly as he did while on the blockade of Cuba. So long as the batteries there did not molest his ships, his orders were that there was to be no shooting; but when the Spaniards fired on his vessels, the latter were instructed to destroy the batteries.

The American commander was looking for bigger game than the poorly-defended Porto Rican capital. His orders from the Navy Department were to find and capture or destroy the Spanish squadron that was *en route* from the Cape Verde Islands, and it was this business that took him into the neighborhood of San Juan.

The squadron arrived off San Juan before daybreak Thursday. The tug *Wampatuck* was ordered to take soundings in the channel, and at once proceeded to do so. She was fully half a mile ahead of the fleet when she entered the channel, and those aboard of her kept the lead going at a lively rate.

It is supposed that Admiral Sampson had no intention at that time of entering the harbor itself; his object, when he found that the Spanish squadron was not at San Juan, being to learn, for future use, exactly how much water there was in the channel, and if any attempt had been made to block the fairway.

At any rate, while the *Wampatuck* was engaged in this work she was seen by the sentries at the Moro, and a few minutes later she was fired on.

"Quarters!" rang out aboard the warships almost before the report of the Moro gun had died away, the flagship having signaled for action. Just about three hours later the fortifications were in ruins, and Spain had another opportunity to claim a "glorious victory." Most of the damage that was done to the town was caused by shot and shell passing either through or over the fortifications.

What a Frenchman Saw.

The French warship *Rigault de Genouilly* was anchored in the harbor at San Juan when the American squadron made its appearance. The French captain gave the following account of what he saw:

Those on the French warship were not positive as to who fired the first shot, but the understanding that Admiral Sampson's orders to the warships were not to fire until they were fired upon, indicates that the artillerymen at the Moro Castle must have fired first.

The *Iowa* at once responded to the shot, her missile striking the old castle squarely and knocking a great hole in the wall. The center of the Moro was almost blown away. It was then 5:15 o'clock. The rest of the squadron began firing, and the engagement became general.

The Frenchman identified the *Iowa* as the flagship of the American commander. It was then observed that the *Indiana*, *Amphitrite* and *Terror* joined the *New York* and *Iowa* in their maneuvering.

The American gunners were generally accurate in their firing, while the marksmanship of the Spaniards was inferior. Some of the American shells, however, passed over the fortifications into the city, where they did terrible damage. They crashed straight through rows of buildings and exploded, killing hundreds of citizens. Another shell exploded within a few hundred feet of the French warship, but did no damage to the vessel.

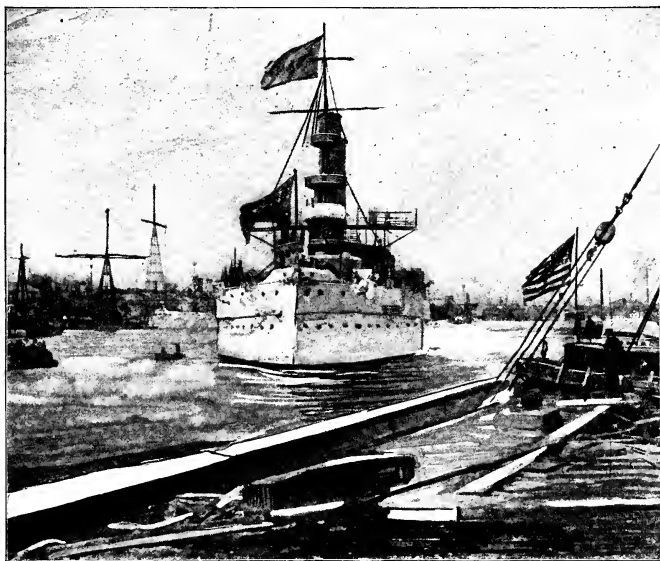
The fortifications were irreparably injured. Repeatedly masses of masonry were blown skyward by the shells from the Americans' guns. Frag-

ments from one shell struck the commandant's residence, which was situated near the fortifications, damaging it terrifically.

Shortly after eight o'clock the squadron withdrew, with the exception of one monitor, which remained firing for fully twenty minutes afterward. [This was the *Terror*.]

All the American warships seemed to be practically uninjured, although one of the Spanish shells struck one of them. If the vessels were damaged seriously, it was not visible to the Frenchman.

The weather was foggy at the time of the engagement, and the smoke from the guns added to the difficulty of seeing where to aim.



FORWARD VIEW OF THE "IOWA."

A Spanish Account of the Battle.

La Union, a Spanish paper published at San Juan, gave the following description of the bombardment of that place. It contains a number of particulars that are decidedly interesting:

"At 5:30 in the morning the Yankee fleet approached the beach and began firing on the town without previous notification. The enemy's vessels kept up a sustained and rapid fire, which was answered by our batteries and forts in equal manner. The bombardment lasted three hours, and considering that the enemy's vessels discharged at least 800 or 1000 projectiles of various

sizes, the city suffered very little—in fact, hardly at all. Several shots did damage to certain buildings, however.

“The city walls were crowded with people to witness the attack. They shouted, ‘Long live Spain!’ each time our batteries fired, as well as when the traitorous shells of the enemy flew whirling over their heads. Judging from what could be seen, the enemy’s vessels must have suffered considerable damage.

“During the height of the bombardment we saw several courageous women who, ignoring their danger, carried water to the soldiers and volunteers posted at the walls.

“In the cemetery of San Juan there has been found an entire projectile, measuring one meter and ten centimeters in height and thirty centimeters in diameter. There is on view at the store called ‘Paris Bazaar’ a piece of projectile picked up near Fort Moro, which appears to be the quarter part of a shell. It measures seven centimeters in width by ten in thickness, and weighs 200 pounds.

“In the house of the Misses Abril, in Santurce, a projectile entered the kitchen, shattered an interior wall and part of the balcony, and went through the floor, tearing a large hole, and wounding Emilio Gorbea.

“In the prison, a shell that fell in the Chamber of Preference slightly wounded a doctor, a man named Antonio Salgado, Santiago Inglesias, and Halsted, the imprisoned correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who, it is reported, had been sentenced to nine years’ imprisonment.

“The following places were damaged by the projectiles: Fort Moro, San Cristobal, the barracks of Ballaja, the building of military sub-inspection, the cathedral, la Audiencia, the white house, the seminary, the palace, the Church of St. Joseph, the market place; also three houses in the District of Bayaja, three in the District of San Sebastian, two in the District of Cruz, three in the District of San Francisco, four in the District of Fortaleza, and one in the District of San Justo.

“Many balls fell in La Marina, one of them tearing off a woman’s arm.

“The flag pole of the palace was carried away by a shot.

“The steam-freighter *Marruela* received a shot amidships; the transport *Alfonso XIII.* was struck in the pilot-house, and the French warship *Admiral Rigault de Genouilly* was struck in the smoke-stack and rigging.

“The greater part of the shots fell in the harbor. Some struck at Catano, and, according to reports, some came as far as the houses on the Hacienda San Patricio, owned by Messrs. Cerecedo Brothers, and situated at the far side of the bay.

“Some portions of the projectiles that fell were lettered: ‘United States. Puerto Rico, 1898.’

"According to the data which we have been able to obtain, the casualties are as follows: In Fort Moro and Fort San Cristobal two soldiers were killed and two officers and several soldiers wounded. At the market place a typesetter of *La Correspondencia*, named Martin Bonavide, was wounded, dying subsequently during the amputation of a leg. José Matojo was also wounded here, as well as a man whose name we do not know. Felix Suarez was wounded in San Justo street by part of a shell.

"As the French warship *Admiral Rigault de Genouilly* was leaving this port after the bombardment, and as she passed in front of Moro, the crew cheered and called, '*Viva España!*' '*Viva Puerto Rico!*' which was answered from the shore by cries of '*Viva Francia!*' "

Eye-witnesses say that as the town was awakened by the cannonading the scenes among the flying inhabitants were heartrending. Old men, women, and children, partially dressed, separated from friends and family, and crying and shouting, crowded through the narrow streets, hastening to gain the protection of distance, while shot and shell shrieked and broke over the heads of the hurrying, interminable procession.

All the refugees speak well of the work done by the local Red Cross Society, and many instances of personal bravery and daring are cited among the members of that association. A corps of messengers mounted on bicycles did excellent service in carrying orders through the city during the bombardment.

The days following the bombardment were trying indeed for the inhabitants of the Spanish island. Business was dead, there was no movement of vessels, and San Juan and all coast towns awaited with fear a recommencement of hostilities.

A Sailor's Description of the Fight.

A few days after the battle at San Juan, a sailor who fought on the *Iowa* wrote the following graphic description of the bombardment to his brother in the States. The letter was dated at Key West after the return of the fleet to that place:

"DEAR BROTHER—We left here the last time on the 3d, with the intention of meeting the Spanish fleet, but in vain. We went as far as Porto Rico, still no Spanish fleet was in sight. So, early in the morning, at five o'clock, we ran right under the port. We were between seven hundred and eight hundred yards distant, and within reach of the Spanish guns.

"San Juan is as well fortified as Havana, they say. Seven of our ships, viz., two battleships, *Iowa* and *Indiana*; monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, protected cruiser *New York*; two cruisers, *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, took the fort by surprise. The *Detroit* was ordered by the Admiral to lead, the other ships following about two hundred yards apart, being right under the fort, the *Iowa* then having the Admiral aboard. Up went the battle flag. We

fired the first shot, and all joined in. Well, Johnny, you talk about hell! God surely was with us.

"We could see the Spanish soldiers coming up ready to fire. Although only dawn, we were just a few minutes ahead of them. When we opened up fire it was a terrible sight. Nothing but thunder and lightning. Our first shots told on them. They were all demoralized. Clouds of smoke and fire all over. On the left of the forts were government buildings, barracks, etc. If the barracks were full, hundreds must have perished. No doubt they were. Sky-high went the roofs, and down they came with a crash; then all was over. Good many guns were silenced; others kept up firing till we left.

"The other ships thought us sunk; could not see us for the smoke. Shells dropping all around us; not one struck us.

"The *New York* and *Iowa* were struck with one shell each, killing one sailor and wounding six with boat splinters. We are at Key West, coaling up now again; will leave as soon as we get loaded, probably to bombard Havana; we will hope the best. Don't worry, Johnny, we may surprise them. If only the Spanish fleet would show up, so they can get all they want.

"A fort is harder to fight than a ship. When we meet 'em, I'll tell you all about the fun, if I live through it; I hope to. Your loving brother."

Incidents of Daring Among the Men.

When the ships returned to Key West to coal for the expedition against Santiago de Cuba, they all bore evidence of the damage done by the Spanish shot and shell at San Juan, yet all were in as good condition for steaming and fighting as before the bombardment. During the engagement the "jackies" on the *Indiana* wrote messages on the thirteen-inch shells before they were loaded into the guns. One message read:

"Hot stuff for the Dagoes."

Another read:

"Here's for the *Maine*."

The men continually shouted: "Remember the *Maine*!"

A shell went whistling over the head of a gunner on the *New York*, who shouted:

"High ball," and fired back.

When a sailor lost his head-piece, he remarked:

"There goes my bonnet overboard," and calmly resumed his duties.

Cadet Boone, who fired the first shot from the *New York* at Matanzas, was in command of an eight-inch gun on the port side in the San Juan fight. There was no chance to fire these port guns, but finally Mr. Boone got his gun to bear so that the charge swept down the whole length of the deck. The concussion on board was tremendous. Every one expected a reprimand, but none came, and Boone fired again. This time the officers and men on deck

were nearly knocked down by the concussion, and Cadet Boone desisted under a threat of court-martial.

It is generally agreed that the Spanish put up a much better fight at San Juan than had been anticipated, for although greatly overmatched, it took the American fleet three hours to silence the outer batteries.

Talks With the Wounded Men.

A correspondent at Key West visited several of the men who were wounded at San Juan, and relates their experiences as told by themselves:

From the barracks hospital I went to the convent, says the correspondent, which had been turned over to the government, and there I found battered heroes of the *Iowa* at San Juan. First was George Merkle of New York, a private of marines, who was so badly wounded in the right arm that the doctors cut it off last Sunday. Only two of the men there were able to tell their story. They were John Engle of Baltimore, and John Mitchell of New York, both able seamen. Mitchell was wounded by a fragment of shell that tore to his ribs on the right side, and Engle carried crutches because of a damaged right foot.

"The bombardment of San Juan," said Engle, "was mostly amusement for the men on the *Iowa*. We didn't lose a shell we sent toward the batteries, because, you see, ever since the *Maine* was blown up we have had target practice nearly every day, and we had no excuse for wasting ammunition.

"I remember that I heard one man who was at the gun with me say every time she was fired, 'I wonder how many Spaniards that hit?'

"How did we feel under fire? Why, just full of fun. The boys were singing, and down on the berth deck, where the batteries were being held in reserve, they had a series of waltzes while we were at work in the turrets and on the spar deck. There was singing and cheering, and some of us enjoyed good smokes while the firing was going on.

"Suddenly a shell burst over our heads and there came a rain of metal. The doctor rushed up from the sick bay and asked the chaplain if anybody had been hurt. The chaplain said 'Yes,' and they took three of us below. That stopped the gaiety for a while, and some of the boys crowded down to see how badly we were hurt. They went back to work in a minute, though, and as soon as they saw the damage done by the next gun they cheered harder than ever.

"We didn't fire so many shots at the forts. The Spaniards wasted an awful lot on us. We just fooled them. The ships on which pieces of shell fell were not the ones they aimed at. We were sailing in column in a circle and firing when we got in line with our object. At first we went by at 2100 yards. The Spaniards tried to get that range, and I suppose they got it; but our next move was to go in at 1800 yards, and the shells from the forts went

over us. Of course, some of the ships going around the circle were at the 2100-yard distance, while we were further in. That was how the *New York* and *Indiana* happened to be hit by bursting shells. The Spaniards aimed at the inside ships, and shot away over them."

"How did you feel when you were hit, and what did you do?" I asked Mitchell.

"I didn't feel at all," he said, "but something made me whirl around. I didn't know what it was and went back to my gun. I worked there for a while and enjoyed a quiet smoke, and then somebody called my attention to my coat and the red on it. I felt sore then and knew I had been hit. The shot was a mistake, though, because the Spanish gunners never hit what they aim at."

Interesting Facts About Porto Rico.

Porto Rico is the most eastern island of the Greater Antilles in the West Indies. On the east the Lesser Antilles sweep in a great bow toward Trinidad, on the South American coast, inclosing on the westward the Caribbean Sea. Of these, St. Thomas, a Danish island and coaling station, is of greater strategical importance. It is southwest from the capital of Porto Rico, about ninety miles away. A strait of seventy miles separates the island from Hayti on the west. The distances of San Juan from other strategical points are 2100 miles to Cape Verde Islands, 1050 miles to Key West, about 1200 to Havana, and 1420 to Hampton Roads. There are smaller islands which belong to the colony, especially on the eastern coast, but they are of slight importance.

The main island is a parallelogram in general outline, one hundred and eight miles from the east to the west, and from thirty-seven to forty-three miles across. It has an area computed at 3530 square miles, or not quite half that of New Jersey. The little island on the east of Viequez, on which is the town of Gabel Seguada, is a military penal station.

The population in 1887 numbered 798,565, of whom 474,933 were white, 246,647 mulattoes, and 76,905 negroes. Slavery was abolished in 1873. Three years later the colony was declared to be a representative province of Spain and divided into seven departments.

Cape San Juan is on the northeastern corner of the island. Going thence southward along the east coast, the Port Fajardo is reached, which is nothing but a channel sheltered by the small islands of Obispo, Zancudo, and Ramos. There are other ports and anchorages on this coast, where this sea is generally calm, prevailing winds being the easterly trades. Near the northeast coast runs the Sierra de Loquillo, in which the peak of El Yunquo reaches the highest elevation of the island, 3600 feet. Here the coast is broken and forbidding. The north shore is almost straight, and presents no shelter between Cape San Juan and the port of the same name thirty miles

west, which is described further on. Here the sea is full of rocks, over which the swell tumbles in heavy breakers. Further west lies the town and port of Manati, with 5000 inhabitants. It is the least dangerous port between San Juan and Arecibo, although it is an open roadstead, and in the windy season vessels cannot reach the shore. Rounding Punta de Bruquen, which is the northwestern corner of the island, Aguadilla, or San Carlos de Aguadilla, is reached, on the west coast. It is on the banks of a fine stream of water. It is one of the busiest ports in the island, and affords a fine anchorage in summer, close to shore, but in winter it is unsafe.

Passing Punta San Francisco, the most western point of the island, there comes into view Punta Algarrebo, the shores of which form the northern boundary of the Bay of Mayague. The city of this name lies inland a few miles, near a river, at the mouth of which its port is located. It has 12,000 inhabitants, military barracks, an iron bridge, a good trade, gaslight, and there is sixteen feet of water in its harbor; but the entrance is difficult.

Punta Guanajibo forms the southern shore. Pilots are needed all along this coast.

Cape Aguila is the southwestern extremity of the island. Between this and the Morrillos of Cape Rojo is the Bay of Salinas, with from ten to twenty feet of water, but not well protected. Navigation along the southern coast requires great care. Between Cape Rojo and Punta de la Brea is a long line of cliffs, called de la Marguerite, between which and the mainland are inlets, like the coast thoroughfares of Maine or New Jersey, affording many good anchorages; but these cannot be reached without a pilot.

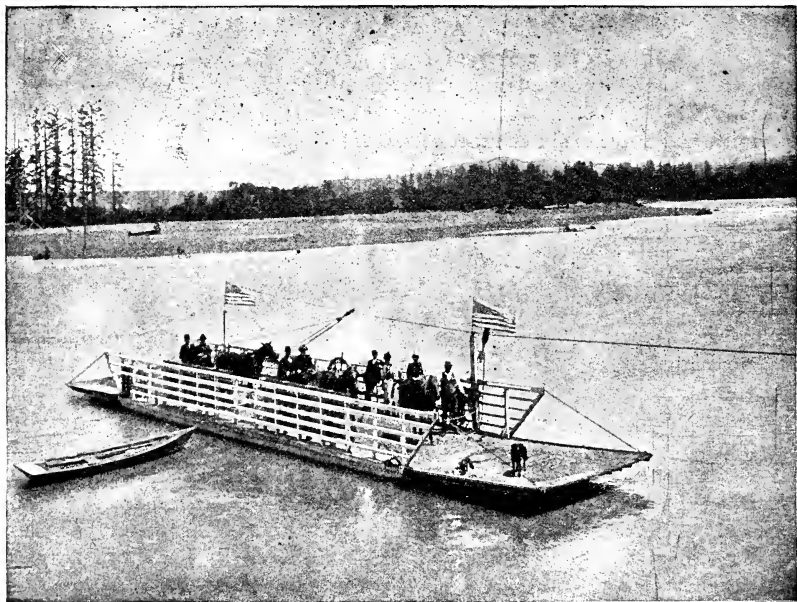
The port of Guanico, the largest anchorage ground on the southern coast of Porto Rico, lies fifteen miles east of Cape Rojo, with fifteen to thirty-three feet of water over a bottom of sand and broken rock. The coast presents no further interest until we come to Ponce, which port is one of the most important on the island. Still further east is Guayama, with the port of Arroya near by on the south coast.

Porto Rico is traversed from east to west by a mountain range, dividing the island into two unequal portions, by far the longest slope being on the north, so that the rivers on that coast are much the longer. From this chain several branches diverge toward the north coast, giving it a rugged appearance. Part of the main range is called Sierra Grande, or Barros; its north-east spur is known as the Sierra de Loquillo; that on the northwest is the Sierra Lareo.

The most of the population is located on the lowlands at the sea front of the hill. For lack of roads the interior is accessible only by mule trains or saddle paths, and it is covered with vast forests. There are interesting caves in the mountains, those of Aguas Buenas and Ciales being the most

notable. Rivers and brooks are numerous, forty-seven very considerable rivers having been enumerated. They are short and rapid, especially on the Caribbean slopes, which are steep and abrupt. The mountains intercept the northeast trade winds blowing from the Atlantic, and wring their moisture from them, so that the rainfall of the north section is very copious. South of the mountains severe drouths occur, and agriculture demands irrigation, but such work is unsystematically carried on.

The principal minerals found in Porto Rico are gold, carbonates, and sulphides of copper, and magnetic oxide of iron in large quantities. Lignite



A PORTO RICAN FERRY-BOAT.

is found at Utuado and Moca, and also yellow amber. A large variety of marbles, limestones, and other building stones, are deposited on the island, but these resources are undeveloped. There are salt works at Guanico and Salinas, on the south coast, and at Cape Rojo, on the west, and this constitutes the principal mineral industry in Porto Rico. Hot springs and mineral waters are found at Juan Diaz, San Sebastian, San Lorenzo, and Ponce, but the most famous is at Coamo, near the town of Santa Isabel.

The climate is hot, but much alleviated by the prevailing northeast winds. A temperature as high as 117° has been recorded, but it seldom

exceeds 97° in the shade during the hottest hours; at night it sinks to 68° or 69°.

The rainy season lasts from August to December, and the rainfall is at times so copious north of the mountains as to inundate cultivated fields and produce swamps. The rainfall for 1878 was eighty-one inches. Its mean annual average is sixty-four and one-half inches.

Porto Rico is unusually fertile, and its dominant industries are agriculture and lumbering. In elevated regions, the vegetation of the temperate zone is not unknown. There are more than five hundred varieties of trees found in the forests, and the plains are full of palm, orange, and other trees. The principal crops are sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, and maize; but bananas, rice, pine-apples, and many other fruits, are important.

The wild hog is the most predaceous quadruped on the island, and he chiefly attacks pigs and calves. Mice are a pest, but they are kept down by their natural enemy, the snakes, which reach a length of from six to nine feet. Numerous species of ants and bees are found, as well as fireflies, or cucuyos. They fly at times in great masses, producing weird and splendid effects in the tropical nights. Poultry is abundant, and the seas and rivers are full of the finest of fish.

Railways are in their infancy, and cart roads are deficient. Telegraphic lines connect the principal towns, while submarine cables run from San Juan to St. Thomas and Jamaica.

Porto Rico was sighted by Columbus on November 16, 1493. Three days later he anchored in the bay, the description of which corresponds to that of Mayagues. In 1510 and 1511 Ponce de Leon visited the islands and founded a settlement, and gave it the name of San Juan Bautista.

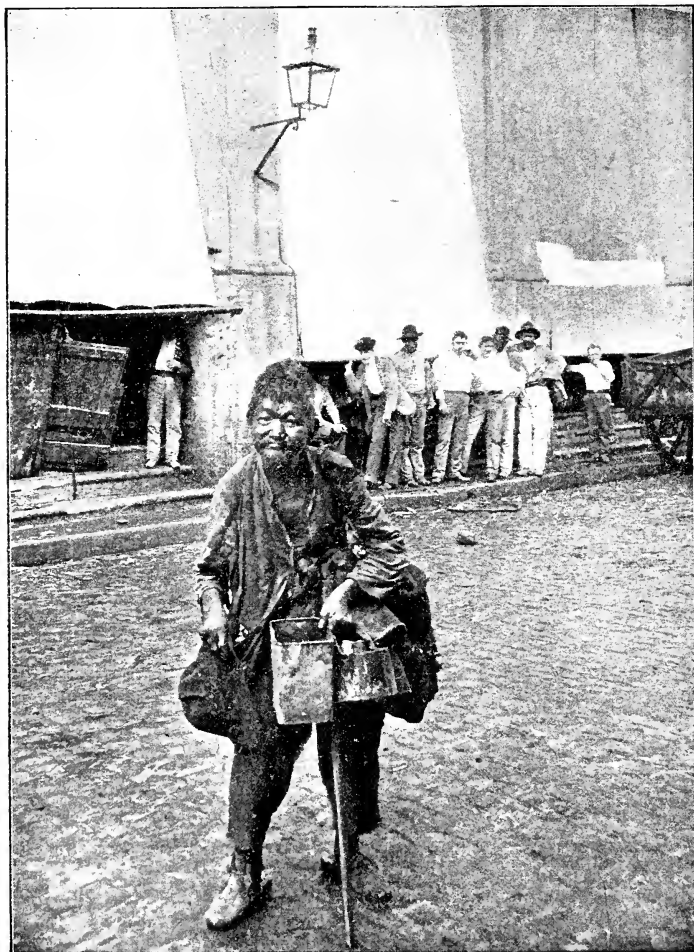
The island has had many vicissitudes, especially at the hands of the enemies of Spain in times of war, particularly the Dutch and English. Buccaneers and pirates harassed its coast and plundered the people during a large part of the eighteenth century. Landings were effected by the English in 1702 at Arecibo, in 1743 at Ponce, and in 1797 at the capital, but each time they were repulsed by the Spaniards. An attempt of the people to obtain independence, after three years of turbulence, was frustrated in 1823.

As to the Spanish administration of the island, it differs but little, if at all, from that imposed upon Cuba.

The capital of the province is San Juan Bautista, founded by Ponce de Leon, as already stated. It is located on the small island of Moro, now connected with the mainland by the San Antonio bridge. The district of its name contains 27,000 inhabitants. On the western end of the island Ponce de Leon built the governor's palace, inclosed within the Santa Catalina fortifications; where, also, are the cathedral, town house, and theater. This portion of the city is now called Pueblo Viejo. It is an episcopal see, subur-

dinate to the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. There are two tramways and also railways to Ponce, and to other places. Its principal exports are sugar, coffee, and tobacco.

The harbor of San Juan is enveloped on the east and south by swamps.



BEGGAR AND SPANIARDS IN SAN JUAN. (From a Photograph.)

On the west it is sheltered by the islands of Cabra and Cabrita, which a sand-bank practically connects with the mainland. This site of the city com-

prises four small bays and two rocks, of which the one nearest the coast is a half-mile west of the Moro. It is strongly fortified for the defense of the entrance to the outer harbor. The interior harbor is landlocked, capacious, and safe, and is being dredged to a uniform depth, from docks to anchorage, of twenty-nine feet. The entrance to San Juan harbor is very difficult and dangerous, particularly when a norther is blowing. The "Boca," or entrance to the harbor, is a mass of seething, foaming water, and presents an imposing spectacle. San Juan is described as a perfect specimen of a walled town, with moat, gates, and battlements.

The description of the various cities, both in Cuba and Porto Rico, shows that yellow fever and small-pox are everywhere prevalent; that the streets reek with filth; that the water supply is poor and usually polluted, and that modern sanitary methods are unknown.

Four wards are comprised in the old city. Three are outside of the fortifications, and, extending up the hillsides like an amphitheater, present a picturesque panorama when seen from the harbor.

The houses are of stone, usually one-story high, and have roof gardens, from which fine marine views may be enjoyed. Almost every house has a garden in its *patio*, or court.

The defenses of San Juan were San Felipe del Moro, at the entrance to the harbor. It was the principal defense against attacks from the sea, had three rows of batteries, which could converge their cross-fire on any point in the harbor, and was separated by a strong wall from the city at its rear. Within this fortification were the light-house, barracks, large water-tanks, stores, a chapel, and necessary offices. A tunnel, giving access for troops and provisions, communicated with the shore, and was defended by a battery.

San Cristobal defends the city from the land side, and extends over the whole width of the island on which the city is built. Firing can be effected in all directions. Two large barracks are therein.

Higher up the hill is the Caballero fortress, with twenty-two cannon, commanding the city and its environs by land sea. Santiago and Principe are smaller fortifications, as are also Abancio and Fort Cannuelo, at the entrance of the harbor. Yet these forts are of the pattern of two hundred years ago; the ordnance is old and mostly smooth-bore, and the walls are crumbling, like most of the forts in Cuba.

The natives of Porto Rico were, like those of Cuba, gentle, hospitable and kindly-disposed. They lived at peace among themselves, and with the natives of the adjacent islands, subsisting principally upon the natural products of their rich soil, aided by the most primitive methods of agriculture. Being neither hunters nor warriors, they possessed very few weapons of any kind, and were of an exceedingly timid and docile disposition, approaching, as near as it is possible to imagine, the state of man in his sinless condition

in the Garden of Eden. In 1505, thirteen years after the discovery by Columbus, Ponce de Leon landed on the shores of this peaceful island, with a small band of Spanish cut-throats, and proceeded immediately to exterminate the natives. By his own account he slaughtered between 600,000 and 800,000 of these helpless and inoffensive people, and reduced the small remnant to a condition of servitude, the horrors of which cannot be understood or appreciated in this enlightened age. The worst fate that could by any possibility befall Spain, would hardly atone for the blackness and inhumanity of her crime in the destruction of the Porto Ricans.

Lieutenant Whitney's Adventures in Porto Rico.

Lieutenant Henry Whitney, of the Fourth United States Artillery, whose adventures in Cuba are related elsewhere, met also with some very thrilling experiences in Porto Rico, while collecting information for the government in that island. This gallant young officer left Washington in the early part of April, with letters for General Gomez, and having successfully performed his commission to the Cuban commander, he was conducted through the enemy's country by an escort of insurgent cavalry to a point where he was to secure passage and continue his trip to Porto Rico. This he was able to do, returning to the United States, where he took passage on the English steamer bound for St. Thomas. At that place he first represented himself to be a correspondent for a New York newspaper. Awaiting his opportunity, he hid himself in the hold of a merchantman bound for San Juan, and when safely out at sea he presented himself to the captain, who at first contemplated returning to port and landing his passenger.

"I'll work my way," the Lieutenant said, "and I'll become one of the crew."

"Well, I suppose I might as well accept you. Go down in the fire room," said the Captain.

When the steamer arrived at Ponce, on the southern coast of the island, he was a full-fledged member of the crew, and even went about buying stores for the vessel. Then came the opportunity for which the young lieutenant was waiting. He obtained a horse and started off through the valleys and over the hills. He found that on the island there were about 2000 Spanish regulars and almost as many volunteers. The latter were discontented and ready to flock to the support of the American troops when landed.

Throughout the island the feeling was very much anti-Spanish. Workmen in the field were considered as part of the volunteer force, and their captain was the plantation owner. Both men and employ  s, while they feign allegiance to Spain, are really opposed to that nation's rule.

At one time while the steamship on which Whitney was a seaman was lying in port, it was visited by Spanish officers, who said they heard an

American army officer was aboard. The lieutenant was standing on the deck at the time checking the cargo as it was being lowered into the hold. He greeted the Spanish officers pleasantly, and learning their mission said:

"The captain is not on board at present, but I know he would be pleased to have you satisfy yourselves that the report is false. If you wish I'll accompany you."

There was no necessity for an escort, the officers replied, and they searched every part of the steamship without finding "that Yankee."

After visiting all the principal points on the island, and collecting information that will be of great value to the government in the contemplated invasion of Porto Rico, Lieutenant Whitney returned to the United States, reaching Washinton on the 8th of June.

THE PATRIOTIC MULE.

The mule played a conspicuous part in the civil war, and it has been said had it not been for this patient brute the nation could never have sustained itself; and if this is true, it must have been equally true that the collapse of the Confederacy would have occurred months earlier than it did, but for the services of the long-eared, musical hybrid.

Generals planned, officers led, and soldiers fought, but in the absence of the mule all efforts would have been in vain. Supply trains were the *sine qua non*, and only the mule could be depended upon to bring them up. He might be lean, lank, hungry, and discouraged, yet his endurance seemed everlasting; he was always patient, and never in the long run failed to get there with his train or pack in time. It is also of record that when so situated that he could not bring food, he gave up life itself, that his body might be fricasseed, stewed, roasted, boiled or broiled, that life might be kept in the bodies of his masters.

No old soldier, whether he wore the blue or the gray, will ever cease to remember his four-footed friend and to return thanks to the giver of all good things that he invented the mule.

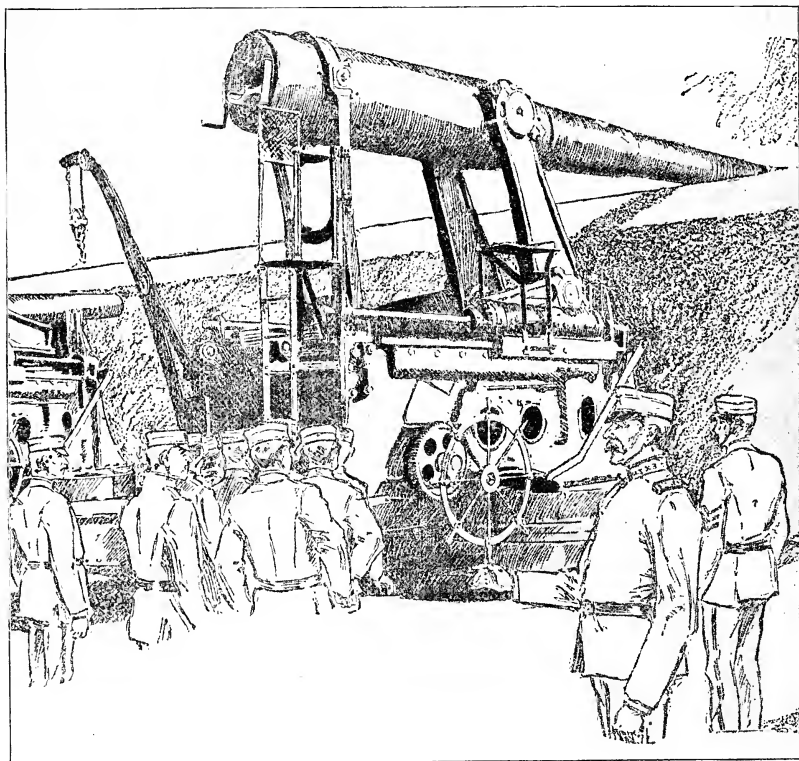
The mule is the progeny of a pair of jacks sent by the King of Spain to George Washington, a little over one hundred years ago. This was the first pair of jacks ever landed in this country. It seems like the irony of fate that the descendants of these jacks, bred on the President's Mount Vernon farm, should now be destined to play such an important part in the great drama about to be fought out in Cuba.

The Spaniard sent Columbus, four hundred years and over ago, to plant his standard in the Antilles, and three hundred years afterwards sent Washington the progenitors of the animals that are now to lend their aid to the American soldier to kick that same standard out of the islands.

RANGE-FINDING AND EXPERT GUNNERY.

Frank Colvin, of New York, who was graduated from Annapolis and served as an officer in the navy for six years, says:

"Range-finding, one of the most important factors in accurate gunnery, is purely a mechanical operation, quickly performed, and requires no trig-



DISAPPEARING GUN FOR COAST DEFENSE.

onometrical expert or elaborate calculation, as many people doubtless think. It is done by two automatic electrical machines at the bow and stern of the vessel, respectively. The two triangulate the point on the shore or elsewhere whose range is desired, and by an ingenious mechanical system indicate almost instantly its range. Thus, when Captain Chadwick, of the *New York*, gave orders to Naval Cadet Boone, at the Matanzas engagement, to open fire with the eight-inch waist gun on the fort at Punta Gorda, he is reported as

saying the range was 4000 yards. The machines I have referred to had already indicated this fact, and all that it was necessary for the Captain to do was to report their reading to the officer in charge of the gun.

"Another factor which contributes much to accurate gunnery is the immense initial velocity of the projectile fired by modern guns, by reason of which a comparatively flat trajectory can be maintained up to 2000 and 3000 yards, and even greater distances; while little or no consideration has to be given to the wind, unless an exceedingly strong cross-wind is blowing. By flat trajectory is meant the aiming of a gun without the use of any elevated sights. The gunner, of course, has to know his gun—how far it can be counted upon for accurate work with a flat trajectory, and what elevation to give after that, which, of course, requires much experience.

"The Spanish are proverbially careless and indifferent regarding this work, hence it was not surprising that their gunnery should show up in a sorry light by the side of the American 'jackies.' There is great emulation among the different gunners of our fleet, as well as the different gunners on the same vessel, regarding the most expert gunnery, and the gunner of the *Puritan*, who fired that last famous shot in the Matanzas engagement, will be the hero of the fleet for many a day to come."

The distance covered by this famous shot was two and one-half miles. Any one desiring to correctly appreciate the wonderful accuracy of aim that could send such a shot so great a distance with such fatal results, should think of some point two miles and a half distant, and then imagine a cannon-ball being hurled with the velocity of a ball of lightning over this tremendous space!

The gunner who fired it was Samuel Wyley Gardner, a Baltimorean. He is an old naval man, having been in the service twenty years. At the age of fifteen he was assigned to the *Saratoga*, under Captain Robley D. Evans. He studied gunnery and electricity at Newport, and gradually rose to the position of chief gunner. On the day of the *Maine* explosion Mr. Gardner was in Baltimore, visiting his mother, Mrs. J. H. B. Lowe. He immediately telegraphed to know whether he should rejoin his ship, and, receiving an affirmative answer, left a few days after the terrible disaster, in which so many of his comrades were killed.

The shot fired by gunner Gardner was the longest that sped its way of destruction from any of the ships to the Matanzas batteries. They were well masked, and the only target the gunner had was the infrequent smoke from the fort. Yet every *Puritan* shell burst within the fortification walls, until its last shot ended the battle that has now gone down into history as the first in the American-Spanish war.

Gunner Gardner's shot was pronounced by all present as the best of the day. It struck the battery just where the gun was mounted, tore its way into the earthworks and exploded, doing great destruction.

ATTACKING LAND FORTIFICATIONS.—BY A BRITISH EXPERT.

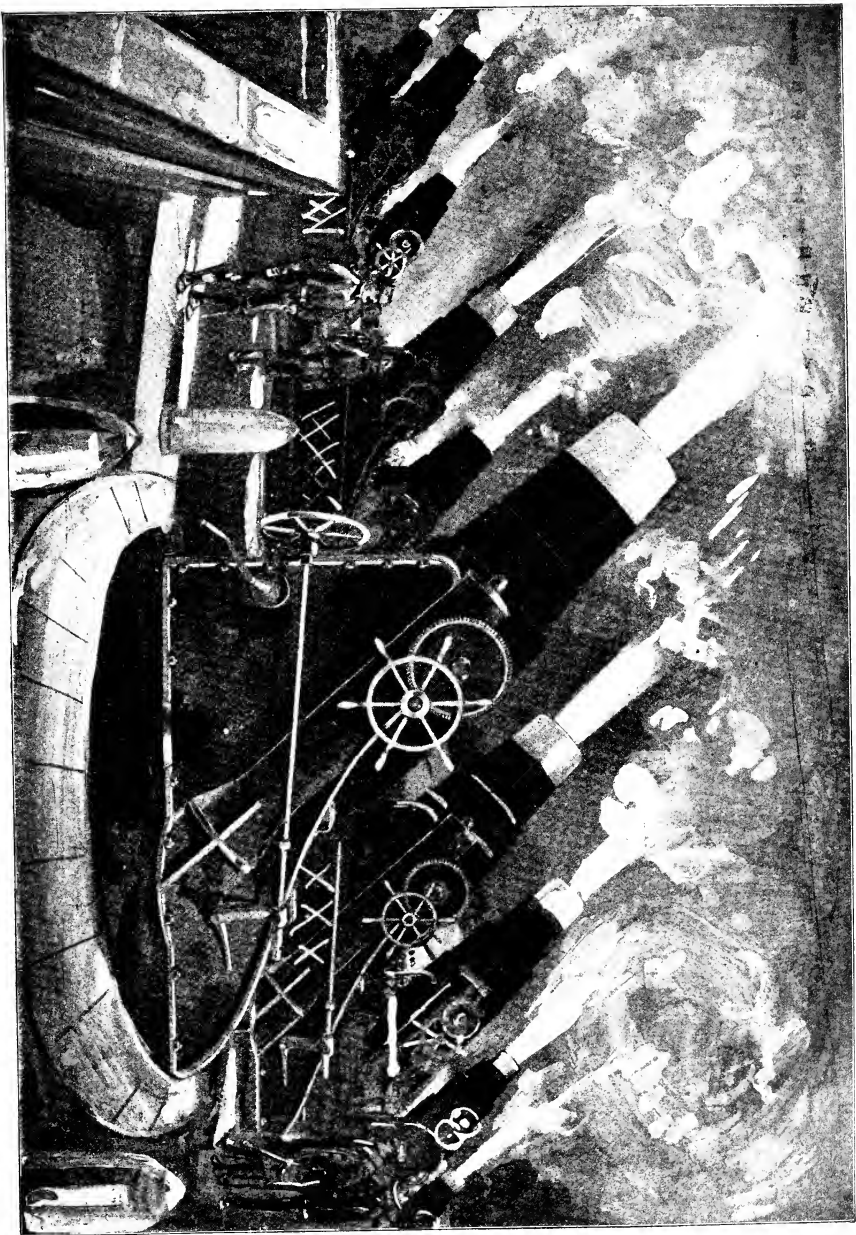
The greatest interest is being taken among those engaged in coast defense work in this country in the present hostilities between Spain and America, because of the lessons which may be learned from any attack on the shore fortresses by either side. The bombardment of Alexandria was a surprise to most in that respect, and nothing in the Japanese-Chinese war has served to change the deduction from that engagement. The damage done by the ships at Alexandria was comparatively slight, and had the forts been manned by British gunners, a night would have served to restore them to almost their original condition. The ships, on the other hand, though they had not suffered severely from the Egyptian projectiles, would not have been able to continue the bombardment another day because of the risk they ran of emptying their magazines.

It seems on the face of it that Matanzas will furnish subjects to our own garrison artillery for much fruitful study. If it is true—which is doubtful—that behind the earthworks there were some eight-inch guns, there will have to be a general remodeling of British coast fortresses. The American ships must have used chiefly quick-firing guns of small caliber, as it would be impossible for a couple of ships to get off between three hundred and four hundred rounds in the time the action lasted. The shore has, also, to be heard from; for the Spaniards never were good gunners, and they may have been more frightened than hurt.

Contrary to the general supposition of amateurs, a coast fortress has everything in its favor. Even some of our own antiquated forts do not present so prominent a mark five or six miles out at sea as might be supposed, and it is from such a distance that the initial stages of a bombardment would be undertaken. The drill-book definition of a coast fortress is an area of land and water where works of defense have been erected, and it may include, as it frequently does, several forts within it, as well as several mine fields, which are all so placed as to be covered by the fire of the guns, in order to prevent them being removed or destroyed by counter-mines.

The defenses of Havana form a coast fortress of this sort, commanding a water channel which is very easily defended. The American vessels, to attack it, will have to steam inshore and engage in long-range fire, when they will not be able to do very great harm, or they will have to take up a position closer still, come to anchor, and pour in a rain of shell. The unsteady platform of a ship's deck is not conducive to good shooting, though they may be helped by something wonderful in the way of a range-finder which the United States ships are believed to possess.

The Spaniards are not known to have any system of range-finding instruments in use, and will have to pick up their distances by means of ranging shots. There is a belief that no nation is so well equipped in this respect as



MORTAR BATTERY AT SANDY HOOK, N. Y., FOR COAST DEFENSE.

ourselves. A special department in Woolwich Arsenal is devoted to the manufacture of these instruments, and, for a wonder, it is not at the inspection of the wandering foreigner, while the principle of the Watkin position-finder is kept a secret even from the bulk of those who would have to put it to practical use. The ordinary range-finder consists of a telescope, with a drum marked in hundreds of yards fitted below it, and a sliding-bar which enables the instrument to be adjusted to the height above-tide at which it is mounted. Without going into further details of a technical character, it may be said that when the telescope is focused on the target the drum shows the yards in the range, and an arc on the base of the instrument, which corresponds with the arc on the guns, gives the training in degrees and subdivisions of degrees. This enables the gun to be trained at once on the target at a known range, and reduces the error to a very few yards.

With the position-finder, on the other hand, the gun is fired by electricity from the position-finder station, and the gun-layer does not sight the gun at all. The gun is "laid" with the training and elevation—that is, the range ordered on the electrical dial, worked from the position-finder cell, which may be a long distance away—and when the ship reaches the point selected by the officer in charge of the instrument, he touches a button, and the gun is actually fired by him. Otherwise, under the English system, the range is picked up by a series of trial shots arranged on what is called a bracket—that is, they are fired within a certain square till the target is hit. The system is only effective against ships at anchor, and will be the one which the Spanish gunners will have to adopt. That it is not overeffective is obvious from what happened at Matanzas.

The Americans may probably attempt the device of "running past," and will have to do so at night. It will be a dangerous undertaking in such a harbor as that of Havana. They will have to try to steal past the forts with all lights out, and it is now certain, from a message to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that the Spaniards have by now fitted up fixed electric-light beams, through which all vessels will have to pass and reveal themselves to the men on watch. In a British fort they would no sooner have passed that point than they would be picked up by another searchlight from the shore, and greeted with a hail of shot and shell. The ships must follow a known channel, which gives the gunners known ranges, and every gun would be ready laid at that range and training.

As soon as the nose of the enemy's vessel showed on the sights, the gun would be fired, and as this would represent a salvo of all the weapons covering that point, the result is almost certain to be disastrous. This is very much the system laid down for the defense of New York, where the batteries are well masked and of late construction. Those who have studied the question have very little fear that any Spanish captain will be bold enough to

face the risks he would have to undergo in an attempt to hold that city to ransom. Still, some one may attempt a wild revenge on ill-defended Boston.

CUBAN HEROINES.—EXPLOITS OF GUERRILLAS IN PETTICOATS.

In a discussion on the military qualities of the modern Spaniards, Marshal Soult evaded a definite verdict by the remark that "times of danger appear to evolve heroes in France and heroines in Spain."

Spanish-America, however, can combine the two claims, and some of the fair countrywomen of General Gomez would not be afraid to emulate the Maid of Saragossa, or even the Cherokee squaw who liberated her lover by climbing the stockade of a Georgia mountain fort under cover of darkness.

Juana Rivas, "Garcia's weasel," as the insurgents called her, entered the fortifications of Holguin in broad daylight, in a cart-load of fodder that had been halting at the roadside while the foragers were indulging in a noon-time nap.

"But how did you get out again?" an American trader asked her.

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that," said she, "because you can watch the sentries; I crawled into a patch of weeds when the moon rose, and waited till the soldier on guard was at the further end of his beat. Then I used my short hand-saw, and cut down a little tree just long enough to make a good climbing staff. I knew about the depth of the ditches from what I had seen in daylight, and the next time the sentry had strolled out of sight I jumped down in the trenches, and was up on the other side before he could get half-way back. He did not hear me, I'm sure, and I suppose they never knew what had happened till they found the pole the next morning."

She had been wandering about the town all day in the guise of a begging *reconcentrado*, storing her memory with data on the location of the main forts, the number of guns, and the probable strength of the garrison, besides sounding the sentiments of the civilians and the haggard-looking conscripts that had been dragged from their homes in the Spanish sierras.

On another occasion she impersonated a colored water-carrier, and thus roamed all over the camp of a Spanish brigade that was awaiting the arrival of re-enforcements, and taking things rather easy in the meanwhile. The *aguadores* of the Spanish encampments are generally pressed into service and fed on the scraps of the regimental mess, but, by way of compensation, are permitted to peddle fruit in their leisure hours; and the next Sunday afternoon Juana contrived to barter a basket of bananas for a few coppers and a good deal of useful information.

"Who the deuce hired you?" one sharp-sighted Spanish officer asked her.

"The same gentleman that forgot to pay me," was the prompt reply; "won't you please give me a peseta?"

"Oh, go to hades," growled her interrogater; "I don't remember that I ever saw you before; shouldn't wonder if you didn't sneak in on your own permission, just to get rid of those shriveled plantains."

If he had suspected the whole truth the pseudo peddler would probably have been hung to the next tree, but Miss Rivas had a phenomenal memory for names, and could generally rake up local gossip enough to conceal her identity. The Spaniards had put a price on her head, and once tried to

entrap her with the aid of a counter-spy, who really ascertained the date of her next expedition, and would have headed her off in time to insure her capture if he had not been foiled by her superior topographical knowledge. Her employer, Gen. Hernan Garcia, often assigned her to pioneer duty as a guide of his vanguard, and just laughed at the report of an orderly who brought him word that Miss Rivas had warned his scouts to fall back and then deserted to the enemy.

"She's gone ahead on some errand that cannot be deputed to every lubber," said he, and took it as a matter of course when his "weasel" did slip back the next night with a bit of news that changed the main plan of his campaign.

Mrs. Susa (or Jesusa) Velasco took even greater risks in crossing the trochas to warn her husband against a projected surprise



MRS. SUSA VELASCO.

of his camp. The Spaniards had sequestered her in Manzanillo, with some two hundred other suspects, one of whom had found a job in the kitchen of the post quartermaster and ascertained the objective point of the next mountain raid. In order to accomplish her purpose, Mrs. Velasco had to cross the dead line of the closely-guarded town, and then make her way across rivers and mountains to the highlands of Maguayras, where her husband commanded the forage company of an intrenched rebel camp. It was at the end of summer, when berries are scarce; but the Spaniards had trained her in an

effective school of abstinence, and excitement made her fatigue-proof till she reached the uplands, where she could venture to approach a herder's cabin now and then to ask for a mouthful of food.

Her shoes were in shreds when she reached the camp, on her fifteenth day after her flight from Manzanillo, and her chief anxiety was removed when she learned that her husband had just finished a successful foray and was expected to return that same evening. He did turn up early the next morning, and at once volunteered to start out again and line the crest of the sierra with picket posts enough to checkmate the scheme of the Spanish surprise party. His wife accompanied him on that trip, and her timely warning proved the salvation of the brigade; the lynx-eyed scouts espied the smoke of the Spanish bivouacs, and when the raiders finally reached the ramparts of the rebel nest the birds were flown—why? and whither? remaining unanswered questions.

For nearly a year Mrs. Velasco shared the fortunes of the roaming guerrillas.

They had turned eastward, toward the cave region of the Sierra Maestra, and enjoyed a few weeks' breathing spell in a lair at an altitude of nearly 6000 feet above the tidewater of the Caribbean Sea; but soon were ordered out again, and had to take what luck there was, bivouacking in ravines and ruined villages. Besides reconnoitering the roads in advance of his comrades, Captain Velasco had to lead foraging expeditions in all directions, and on one of these raids got separated from his wife and avoided capture only by plunging into a reed-thicket and taking his risk of perishing in the quicksand drifts.



SPANIARDS SHOOTING PRISONERS.

While daylight lasted, he could hear the signal shouts of the Spanish skirmishers chasing his companions through the tangled river thickets, and did not venture to stir till about eleven P. M., when the gusty night wind turned into a gale, drowning the sound of his splashing footsteps and the rustling of the palmetto jungle, as he continued his flight on *terra firma*. He reached the bivouac about an hour after midnight, and before morning two-thirds of the missing foragers returned, some even with a few scraps of provisions they had procured in a log-cutter's camp.

Mrs. Velasco had been less fortunate. The Spanish scouts had cut off her retreat to the river, and after a chase of two hours she was surrounded in a cancho forest, and captured with half a dozen of her husband's troopers. Quite a lot of plunder had been taken on the same day, and to that circumstance the prisoners owed it that they were not shot on the spot. Their captors put them in charge of the pack horses, and made them keep ahead till they reached a ferry house, where their commander had stopped for dinner. That officer, a South Spaniard of the better class, ordered them to take their captives to St. Catalina, and shoot them only if they should attempt escape, but not to shoot the woman under any circumstances.

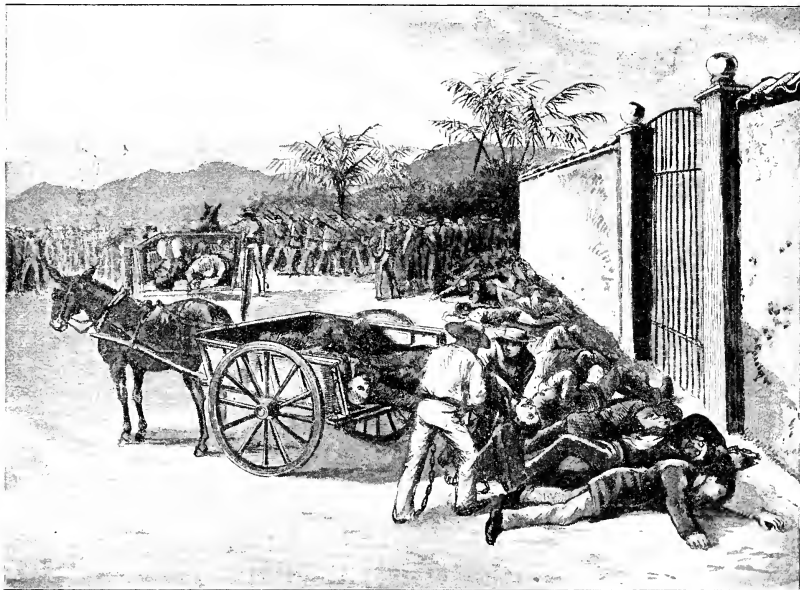
Mrs. Velasco took the hint, and the next time they crossed a deep bayou, slipped off her horse and tried to swim to a timber island, but was recaptured and kicked about in a manner that made her suspect the scouts were trying to kill her without the waste of gunpowder. They finally tied her hands on her back and hung her on her horse like a bundle of bags, and thus continued their journey to Carcobano, where they forced her to swallow a panada of soaked biscuits and syrup, and then flung her into a little cornshuck shed, with her hands still tied, and secured the door with a couple of logs.

The scouts bivouacked all around the corral that inclosed the shed, and one watch fire was only ten steps from the barricaded door, but when they removed the obstructions the next morning they found that their prisoner had disappeared. Shreds of the cord, that seemed to have been gnawed or scraped to pieces, were scattered about the floor, and an excavation near the opposite corner proved that the desperada had effected her escape by digging, like a dog, under one of the bottom planks.

WELLINGTON ON THE SPANIARDS.

What little time the Spaniards have to spare from denouncing the Americans, or "Yankee pigs," they devote to boasting. One would suppose, from their claims, that Spain had a record which fairly glittered with the sheen of sword and shield. The truth is that no nation on earth has less basis of military pride than Spain. Whatever dominion it has now, or ever had, comes through something besides conquest.

Having had the rare good fortune to enter into a commercial venture with a foreigner which resulted in the discovery of America, the country acquired vast possessions, rich in gold and silver, without having to maintain war with any other nation of Europe. There was certainly nothing to boast of in the conquest of the feeble Indians whom the Spaniards encountered and either subdued or exterminated. Nor is it of those exploits that they do boast. They pride themselves especially upon having driven Napoleon's army out of Spain. "History," says one of the Spanish diplomats, "has



SAMPLE OF SPANISH HEROISM—PRISONERS SHOT IN IRONS.

recorded that even the legions of Napoleon, with nearly 400,000 men, bearing the triumphs of all Europe, were halted and retired from Spain after those legions had lost between 200,000 and 300,000 men." All this is true, but not to the point.

History never gave the Spaniards credit for halting and retiring the French. As well give the Belgians the credit of Waterloo. In the peninsular war, even more than at Waterloo, it was Wellington and his British veterans who did the execution. In the decisive final battle on the soil of Belgium Blucher came to the rescue, but in the campaign in the Spanish peninsula those whose reliance the Iron Duke most counted on were of the

least value. A new life of Wellington recently published more than confirms the general impression of Spanish inefficiency at that time. After Talavera Wellington wrote:

"I hope that my public dispatches will justify me from all blame except that of having trusted the Spaniards in anything. We are worse off here than in an enemy's country. The Spaniards make all sorts of promises and accomplish none. They violate all the laws of humanity. Till the evils of which I think I have to complain are remedied, till I shall see magazines established for the supply of armies, and a regular system adopted for keeping them filled, and an army on whose exertions I can depend, commanded by officers capable and willing to carry into execution the operations which may be planned by mutual agreement, I cannot enter upon any system of co-operation with the Spanish armies.

"The Spaniards have neither numbers, efficiency, discipline, bravery, nor arrangement to carry on the contest. It is a mistake to think that the Portuguese and Spanish armies only want discipline, properly so-called. They want the habits and spirit of soldiers, the habits of command on one side and of obedience on the other—mutual confidences between officers and men, and, above all, the determination in the superiors to obey the orders they receive, let what will be the consequences, and the spirit to tell the true cause if they do not."

All this arraignment and denunciation of Spaniards comes from the pen of Wellington himself. It could not have been more severe. It is not a complaint against any particular officer or of conduct on any particular occasion, but it is against the whole people and government. Nor is it ancient history. This was written about the Spaniards of this century, and by the one soldier who proved an overmatch for Napoleon. In this letter, written originally for private perusal only, may be heard the voice of the hero of Waterloo cheering our soldiers on and laughing to scorn Spain's military pretensions.

Much has been said about Spanish bravery. We are told that while they are treacherous and cruel, they are brave, and will fight to the death for what they conceive to be their honor. But we do not believe they are a brave people, and their conduct in this war has not proved them to be such. Bravery never accompanies treachery and cruelty. They are simply a race of bloodthirsty bull-fighters, with few, if any, redeeming qualities; and we fully agree with the author of the following article, in believing that they should be forever driven from the western hemisphere. We have no room here for these ignorant, brutal, uncivilized wretches: "Between the traditions and institutions of Spain and those of free America there exists an irrepressible conflict. This hemisphere cannot exist half slave and half free. It cannot exist with freedom on the continents and mediæval tyranny on the

islands. The elixir of liberty and the virus of tyranny can never exist so close together without commingling, and wherever they mix there follows the subtle and deadly alchemy of war. It is utter fatuity to talk of peace with such conditions. It is like beseeching fire and powder to dwell together in unity. Unless we wish to quench the fire of our own liberty, the only way in which we can ever secure permanent peace in the West Indies is to drive Spain henceforth and forever from them. If we do not do it now with honor, we shall some day have to do it in shame."

CUTTING CABLES AT CARDENAS AND CIENFUEGOS.

Cardenas is a town of considerable importance, having a population of about 23,000, and lying on a fine bay of the same name about ninety miles east of Havana. It is connected with the latter city by railroad and telegraph, and is also an important cable center. Under the general plan of isolating Havana, it was deemed essential that these cables should be cut, and on the 12th of May this work was assigned to the gunboats *Wilmington* and *Hudson*, and the torpedo boat *Winslow*. The fight that ensued was one of the hottest and most deadly of the war. The *Winslow* was disabled by the firing from the Spanish forts, and had to be towed out of range by the *Hudson* to save her from total destruction. Ensign Bagley and four seamen were killed and four were wounded on the *Winslow*. The Spanish loss was very heavy, the havoc wrought by the shells of the American guns being frightful. Two days later, on the 14th, the cruiser *Wilmington* steamed into Cardenas harbor and avenged the deaths of our brave seamen in a manner that will not be forgotten so long as any of the participants on the Spanish side shall live. During a furious bombardment of only a few minutes, every Spanish battery was silenced and scores of their men were killed and wounded. By accident, some of the shells fell in the town, setting fire to the houses and causing the greatest consternation among the citizens and the soldiers who were quartered there. The action was renewed by the same vessel the following day, and continued until not a single Spanish gun remained mounted.

In looking over the *Winslow* after the battle it was found that a shell had struck the forward port torpedo and passed through the gun-cotton charge without exploding the missile. So far as known, this was the first time a torpedo with war head shipped and final adjustments for firing made was ever hit by a projectile. The result of that impact will unquestionably set at rest all doubts as to the effect of projectiles on gun-cotton torpedoes. The torpedo was ruined beyond repair. The forward boilers of the *Winslow* were perforated by a shell which passed clean through the boat.

Another shell struck the intermediate cylinder of the starboard engines and lodged there. One ventilator was shot clean away. A box containing

sixty charges of one-pounder fixed ammunition was hit by a shell, and, although the box was set on fire, the contents were not exploded.

Although the *Winslow* lost fifty per cent. of her crew in killed and

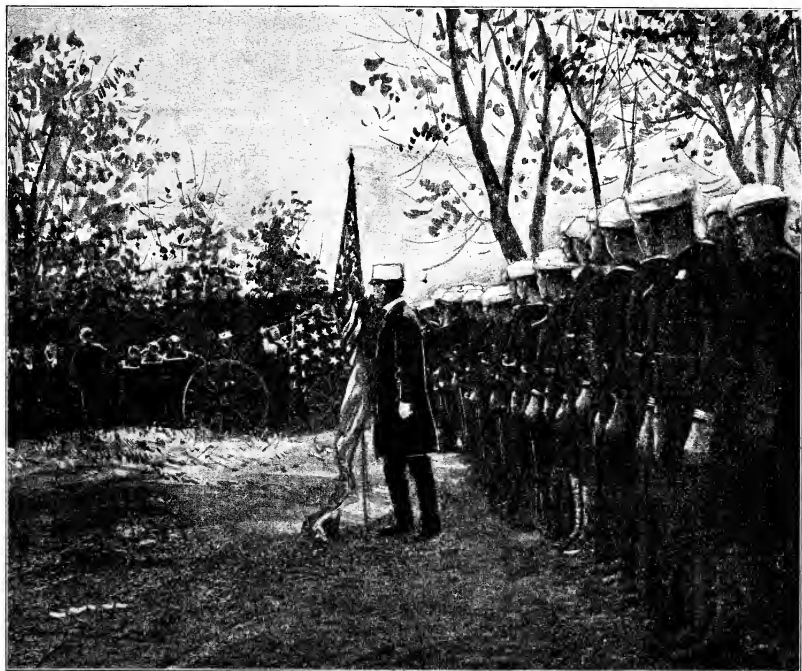


UNCLE SAM MEANS BUSINESS.

wounded, the survivors were not discouraged, and were just as eager for another "go" at the enemy as they were before their decks were made slippery with the good blood of American seamen.

They passed lightly over their own conduct to speak in high praise of the bearing of their brave young officer, Bernadou, who early in the action received a wound that would have sent a fainter heart below.

When the fragment of shell tore a great gaping wound in his thigh, he staggered a bit, leaned against the conning tower for support, gave some necessary orders about the helm and speed, and then told one of the men to jump below and bring him a towel. The towel was brought, and Bernadou, seeing a one-pounder cartridge, improvised a tourniquet in an effort to stanch



FUNERAL OF ENSIGN BAGLEY.

the fatal drain, which was reddening the deck about him. For several minutes after binding the towel over the wound and twisting it tight with the tourniquet, he stood at his post near the forward conning tower, and then sank back into a camp stool, which had been brought on deck.

The *Winslow* was then in the thickest of the fight. The Spanish gunners recognized in her a torpedo craft, and, ignoring the *Hudson*, which has the build of a tugboat, concentrated all their fire on the *Winslow*. A dozen whizzing shells struck the boat in almost as many seconds. One of these

exploded in the forward conning tower, where Quartermaster McKeown was standing at the wheel. The explosion tore his coat into shreds, but miraculously did no injury to the wearer beyond deafening him by the concussion. McKeown remained at his post.

Then came a shell which burst in a group of men gathered amidships, and which stretched several dead and wounded on the deck. Bagley, horribly mangled, was knocked overboard by the shock. One of the uninjured rushed to his assistance and dragged him back on board. He died a few minutes later.

A private letter received at the Navy Department gives a pathetic incident of the death of Ensign Bagley. The shot by which he was wounded practically tore through his body. He sank over the rail and was grasped by one of the enlisted men, named Reagan, who lifted him up and placed him on the deck. The young officer, realizing that the wound was a fatal one and that he had only a short time to live, allowed no murmur of complaint or cry of pain to escape him, but, opening his eyes and staring at the sailor, he simply said:

"Thank you, Reagan." These were the last words he spoke.

His remains were sent to Raleigh, North Carolina, his native place, for interment. More than 3000 persons marched in line behind the cortege to the cemetery, in the following order: Fifteen hundred United States volunteers, who were then stationed there; twelve hundred graded school children, two hundred Agricultural and Mechanical Arts College cadets, State and city officials, civic associations from Raleigh and other cities, followed by a vast concourse of citizens in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. There being no church large enough to hold this immense crowd, it was determined to conduct the funeral services in the grounds of the capitol square, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Eugene Daniel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of which the family of Ensign Bagley are members.

No such funeral was ever before witnessed in the North State, and the utmost decorum and solemnity prevailed throughout.

In the early part of the engagement at Cardenas the men were remarkably cool and collected. They handled their guns and obeyed orders as if they were on dress parade, but when they saw the mutilated bodies of their comrades on the *Winslow* they became frantic, and cursed and yelled, and it seemed as though they could not load and fire quick enough. They fired one hundred and thirty-five rounds in thirty-three minutes. The guns became so hot that the gunners could not touch them with their hands, and they manipulated them with their elbows.

A Sailor's Description of the Battle.

A correspondent writing from Key West gives the following interesting account of his interview with one of the survivors of the Cardenas battle:

For an hour to-day before the passenger steamer *Key West* left her dock for Tampa, a man wearing the uniform of a naval seaman sat wearily against a great bale of cordage, looking out past the harbor and the distant keys toward the Gulf. Hundreds of people were hurrying and scurrying about the wharf in hasty preparation for the boat's departure. They gave no attention to the sober-faced seaman, and he did not seem to see those who moved about him. Had any one of the busy crowd observed the lettering on his cap he would have received attention enough; more, no doubt, than would have suited his melancholy mood. He was William O'Hearn, of 70 State street, Brooklyn, and one of the survivors of the torpedo boat *Winslow's* crew which passed through the terrible storm of shot and shell that poured in from the Spanish batteries in the Bay of Cardenas. He was going home on a furlough for rest. Beside him, in a bright tin cage, was the *Winslow's* parrot, which made himself famous on the day of the battle by shrieking and chattering like a demon during the whole of the engagement. But he was a very solemn and silent war bird as he appeared to-day. He picked and chewed lazily at a large banana, but no amount of coaxing or poking could induce him to utter a sound.

"He has been mighty quiet since the fight," said O'Hearn, "and I sometimes think the poor 'cuss' is mourning for the boys who were killed. He was very fond of the black cook, Josiah Tunnell, and when the poor fellow lay dying on the deck, calling for water, the parrot screamed and shrieked as if he were mad. Tunnell used to feed him every day, and I believe that he actually understands what has happened."

"What is his name?" was asked.

"He has no name," said O'Hearn, putting his hand on the cage in an affectionate way. "I bought him on one of the South American fruit boats just before we went into the blockade, but I think I shall call him Josiah, in memory of poor Tunnell."

By degrees, and after much questioning, O'Hearn told the whole story of the battle, and no doubt his account of the engagement is the most correct in detail of any given yet.

"From the very beginning," he said, "I think every man on the boat believed that we could not escape being sunk, and that is what would have happened had it not been for the bravery of the boys on the *Hudson*, who worked for over an hour under the most terrific fire to get us out of range."

"Were you ordered to go in there?" he was asked.

"Yes; just before we were fired upon, the order was given from the *Wilmington*."

"Was it a signal order?"

"No; we were near enough to the *Wilmington*, so that they shouted it to us from the deck through the megaphone."

"Do you remember the words of the command, and who gave them?"

"I don't know who shouted the order, but the words, as I remember them, were: 'Mr. Bagley, go in there and see what gunboats those are.' We started at once toward the Cardenas dock, and the firing began soon after."

"What was the first you saw of the firing?"

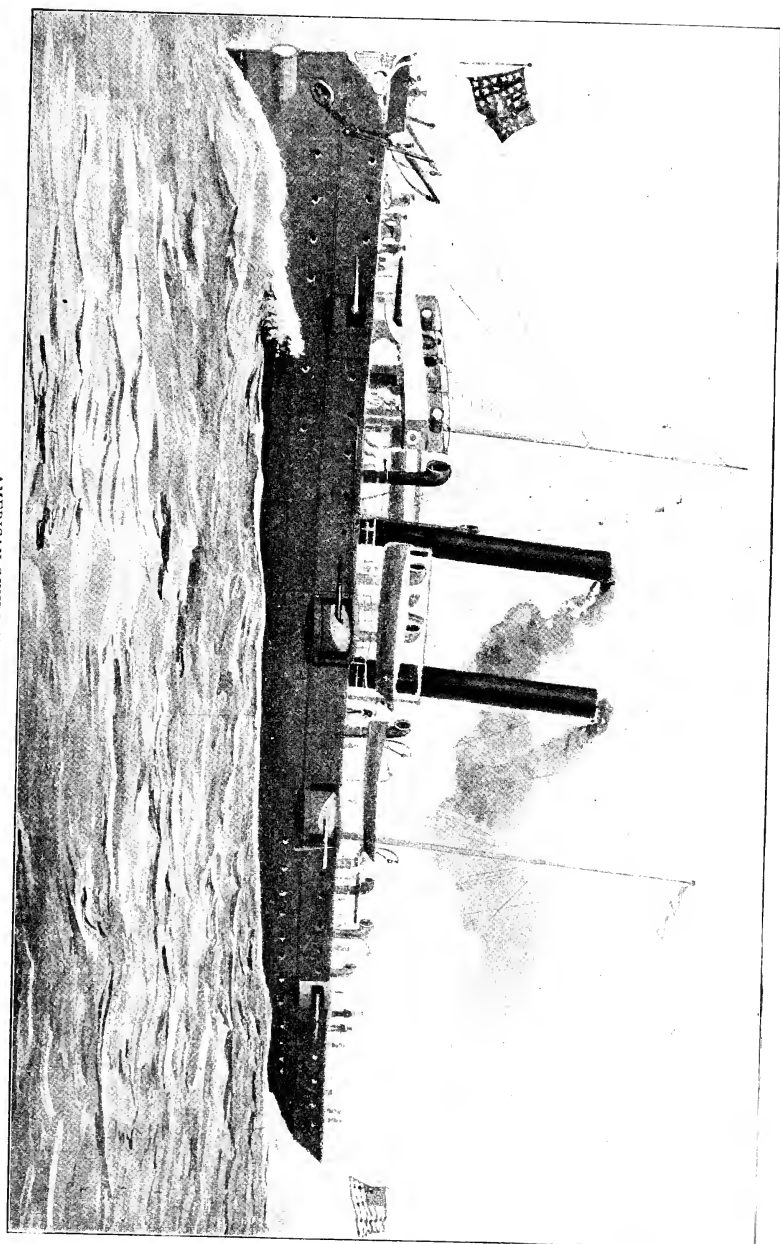
"The first thing I saw was a shot fired from a window or door in the second story of the store-house just back of the dock, where the Spanish gunboats were lying. I saw the flash and the smoke, and the same instant a shell went hissing over our heads. Then the firing began from the gunboat at the wharf and from the shore. I don't think any man can forget the sound and the effect of shell and heavy shot the first time he is under fire. It is something terrible. When a shell passes close by you, you feel it something like the effect of lightning when it strikes near by. You feel as though it had taken your head off. First you hear that awful buzzing, or whizzing—it is hard to describe—and then something seems to strike you in the face and head. I noticed that day, when the shells first began to fly about us, that the boys threw their hands to their heads every time a shell went over. But they soon came so fast and so close that it was a roaring, shrieking, crashing hell. I can describe it no other way."

The sailor stopped talking, and remained silent until asked where he was stationed during the battle.

"I am the water tender," he said, "and my place was below, but everybody went on deck when the battle began. John Varvares, the oiler; John Daniel and John Meek, the firemen, were both on watch with me, and had they remained below they would probably not have been killed. After the firing began I went below again to attend to the boilers, and a few minutes later a shell came crashing through the side of the boat and into the boiler, where it exploded and destroyed seventy of the boiler tubes. At first it stunned me. When the shell burst in the boiler, it threw both the furnace doors open, and the fuse from the shell struck my feet. Two pieces of the shell also came out of the door, and I am taking them home with me as souvenirs of the war. It was a terrible crash and report altogether, and the boiler room was filled with dust and steam. For several seconds I was partially stunned, and my ears rang so I could hear nothing. I went up on the deck to report to Captain (Lieutenant) Bernadou."

"What did you say to him?"

"I saw him near the fore-castle gun, limping about with a towel bound about his left leg. He was shouting, and the noise of all the guns was like continuous thunder. 'Captain,' I shouted, 'the forward boiler is disabled! A shell has gone through her.'"



AMERICAN GUNBOAT, "NASHVILLE."

"'Get out the hose,' he said, and turned to the gun again.

"I went back into the boiler room, and in a few minutes I went up on the deck again, and the fighting had grown hotter than ever. Several of the men were missing, and I looked around. Lying all in a heap on the after-deck in the starboard quarter, near the after-conning tower, I saw five of our men, where they had wilted down after the shell had struck them. In other places were men lying groaning, or dragging themselves about, wounded and covered with blood. The deck had blood on it, and was strewn with fragments and splinters. I went over where the five men were lying in a heap, and saw that they were not all dead. John Meek could speak and move one of his hands slightly. I went up to him and put my face down close to his.

"'Can I do anything for you, John?' I said; and he replied, 'No, Jack; I'm dying; good-bye;' and he asked me to grasp his hand. 'Go help there,' he whispered, gazing with fixed eyes where Captain Bernadou was still firing the forward gun. The next minute he was dead. He was my friend"—and again there was a pause in O'Hearn's story.

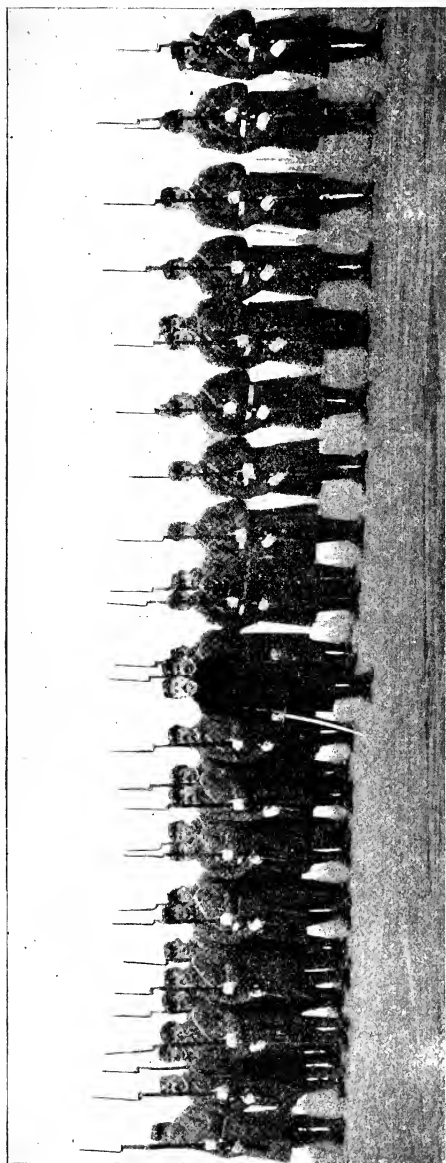
"Ensign Bagley," he continued, after a little, "was lying at the bottom, badly torn to pieces, and the bodies of the other three were on top of his. The colored cook was lying a little apart from the others, badly mangled and in a cramped position. We supposed he was dead, and covered him up the same as the others. Nearly half an hour after that we heard him calling and making a slight movement under the cloth. We went to him, and he said: 'Oh, boys, for God's sake, move me; I'm lying over the boiler and burning up.' It was time; the deck was very hot, and his flesh had been almost roasted. He also complained that his neck was cramped, but did not seem to feel his terrible wounds. We moved him into an easier position, and gave him some water. 'Thank you, sir,' he said, and in five seconds was dead."

O'Hearn is thirty-five years of age, and has served eighteen years in the United States navy. He went on the *Winslow* last January, and had previously served on the *Puritan*, the *Katahdin*, *Texas* and other vessels of the navy. While on the *Puritan* in the Brooklyn Navy Yard last July, he prevented a catastrophe by saving the ship from being blown up when the boiler was on fire. For this act of bravery he was given a medal, which he now wears. He will return to some place in the navy after a few weeks' rest in Brooklyn.

A Sailor's Letter to His Mother.

James C. Darcy, of New York City, a first-class fireman on the gunboat *Wilmington*, gives a graphic account of the fight at Cardenas in a letter to his mother, written the day after the battle occurred. The letter is as follows:

"*U. S. S. Wilmington*, off Cardenas, May, 1898. Dearest Mother: Although I do not know when this will reach you, I am going to write, at



COMPANY OF AMERICAN MARINES.

any rate, and I suppose when this does get to you the papers will be full of the gunboat *Wilmington*.

"We have fought about the first battle of the war on the Atlantic side of the house; that is, if it can be called a battle. The morning of the 12th of May was a bright, sunshiny day. We had been out from Key West two days and had aboard three Cuban officers, and had proceeded here, when we met the gunboat *Machias*, which had been blockading this port. When our captain asked him about his intention of going into Cardenas, the *Machias* captain said:

"I am most too heavy, owing to the depth of water I draw, and I do not think I could get in."

"Then our captain said: 'I'm going if I get blown to h—l.'"

"Captain Todd is a Kentuckian, and all the crew answered with a wild cheer. So, with the torpedo boat *Winslow* and the gunboat *Hudson*, which is a gunboat now, we went in by another channel and got right into the harbor without any trouble.

"The Dons ran up Spanish colors and fired a solid shot at us, but it fell short. We loaded with shell and let drive. There was a cloud of

bricks and stone in the air and the shell burst. Then orders came to fire at will, and then the boys let her go.

"For about an hour there was a wild scene. The *Winslow* ran in close and was fired on with a shell, and her steering gear was shot away, leaving her helpless. The same shot entered her forward boiler room, but fortunately there was no steam on in this boiler.

"As a shell crossed the deck and burst, it struck a barrel of green paint, and one or two pieces went into the fire room and tore the back out of one man just at the hips. Another piece passed through both thighs. Another piece shot the entire left leg off below the knee of another man, besides passing through his hips. Another piece went through his shoulder-blades.

"An officer by the name of Bagley, who was an ensign, was shot in the back. The piece of shell, which was about the size of a man's fist, passed through him entirely. He dropped and got up again, with a smile on his face, ran about fifteen feet, and dropped dead.

"In about fifteen minutes the port engine of the *Winslow* was crippled. She was helpless under the terrible fire of the shore batteries. The *Hudson* ran in close and opened fire with her six-pounder guns. The way they poured fire into the Spaniards was a warning to the government to hurry up and make more shot, or they would shoot all they had away.

"The damage to the *Winslow* was all done in about five minutes. The *Hudson* ran in under a storm of flying shell, put a line on the *Winslow* and dragged her out of the way. She had five killed in one shot. We could not get to her on account of shallow water. The Spaniards had a few guns in a stone building. We settled it, set it on fire, and in a few minutes the whole front of the city was a raging fire, but our boys were hot, and the sight of the fire only made them wild.

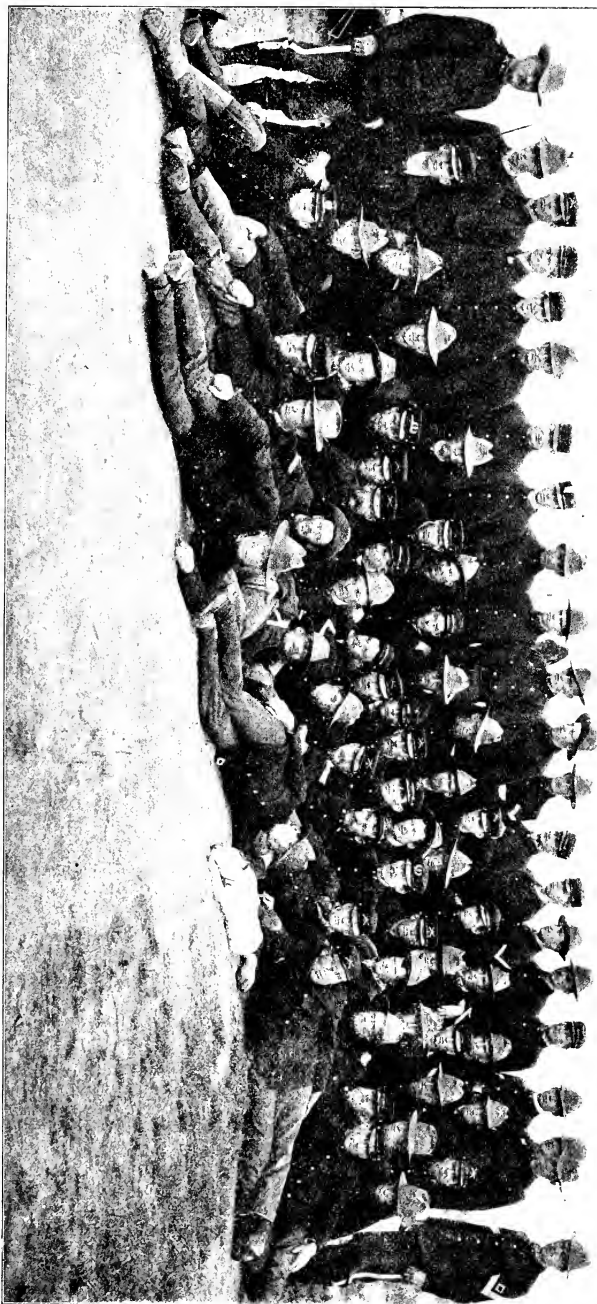
"When the wounded men were brought over to us, willing hands helped all that they could. The most pitiful sight was the negro boy, the cook, about twenty-two years old. His left leg was hanging by sinews only, and in his agony he asked for water. He was handed a cup of cold water, and the doctors gave him ether to deaden the pain. He would try not to groan, and occasionally would smile and say: 'Boys, boys, did we win?'

"As he laid on the doctors' table he looked at us and said: 'Boys, this is a hard death.' Still smiling, he died.

(Signed.) "Your Bluejacket, JAMES C. DARCY."

Cutting the Cables at Cienfuegos.

Cienfuegos lies on the southwestern coast of the Province of Santa Clara, diagonally across the island from Cardenas. It is one of the largest cities of Cuba, having a population of about 65,000, and is enough of a cable center to attract attention in that line. So, while the guns were pop-



SOLDIERS OF AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY.

ping at Cardenas, as a protection for the cable-cutters at that place, they were also making lively music for the Spaniards at Cienfuegos, and with a similar purpose in view. This Cienfuegos fight was a marvelously brilliant affair, and deserves a prominent place among the long list of daring deeds of our gallant sailors and soldiers.

Some days after the epoch of eagerness of latest news of the war has passed, says a correspondent, somebody will tell the true story of the cutting of the cable at Cienfuegos. And when that story is told, people will understand more clearly than they understand to-day what sort of stuff Uncle Sam's navy is made of. It was a theme for Victor Hugo, or a picture for a Meissonier, that three hours of heroism, determination and death in the Bay of Cienfuegos that bright May morning.

The men knew that death awaited them. They knew, when the small boats were lowered from the ships and they pulled toward the shore, that while they worked a thousand Spaniards were concealed in the tall grass and underbrush on the shore, waiting to shower bullets upon them. The look-outs from the masts knew this. The officers knew it, the men knew it; but the order to cut the cable had been given, and the command was obeyed.

Small sections of the cable which these brave seamen cut that morning are much sought for as souvenirs at the Key West Hotel since the warships brought back the dead and wounded after the work was done.

There is something amusing, and at the same time inspiring, in the picture one often looks upon in the rotunda of the hotel as one of the wounded men happens to stroll in. He sees the valued little souvenirs passed about from hand to hand. He hears the story told over and over again, and he smiles in silence and limps away. He alone knows the story. But he is the last one to tell it. Ask him about it, and he tells you the cable was cut, two men were killed, and six badly wounded. That is about all.

Lieutenant C. M. R. Winslow of the *Nashville*, who was in command of the expedition, came into the hotel and was soon surrounded by a group of friends, eager to hear his story of the affair, in which he was the principal figure. He had been wounded in the left hand, and his arm was yet in a sling. He was not eager to talk of the matter, but little by little the details were drawn out, and this is the story about as he told it:

The *Marblehead*, *Nashville* and *Windom* were detailed to do the perilous work. The town of Cienfuegos is situated some distance back from the harbor, which winds and twists about between high hills, completely obscuring it from ships standing out at sea. Near the mouth of the harbor, the land is low for some distance and then there is a sudden rise—a sharp bluff towering up and covered with trees. The lowland is covered with tall grass and underbrush. The cable-house, which the Americans desired to destroy, was located very close—within a few feet of the water. Not far from this on

one side a light-house, and on the other side an old block-house, or lookout, such as the Spanish in former years established all along the coast. They were built for the purposes of intercepting filibustering expeditions.

It was the plan of the Americans to send out the small boats from the ships, and, proceeding close to the shore, pick up the cables with grappling irons and cut out a section of sufficient length to prevent the possibility of mending them by reuniting the severed ends.

When daylight came the three warships were in position, a short distance out from the shore. With the first rays of light, the lookouts began to scan the shore, and it was soon discovered that the Spaniards were expecting and evidently knew the mission of the ships. Rifle-pits were plainly distinguished at the very water's edge, and commanding the point where the cable was supposed to be and where the Americans would have to go in their small boats. Rapid-fire guns and small cannon could be seen. The polished steel and brass of the guns glistened in the sunlight.

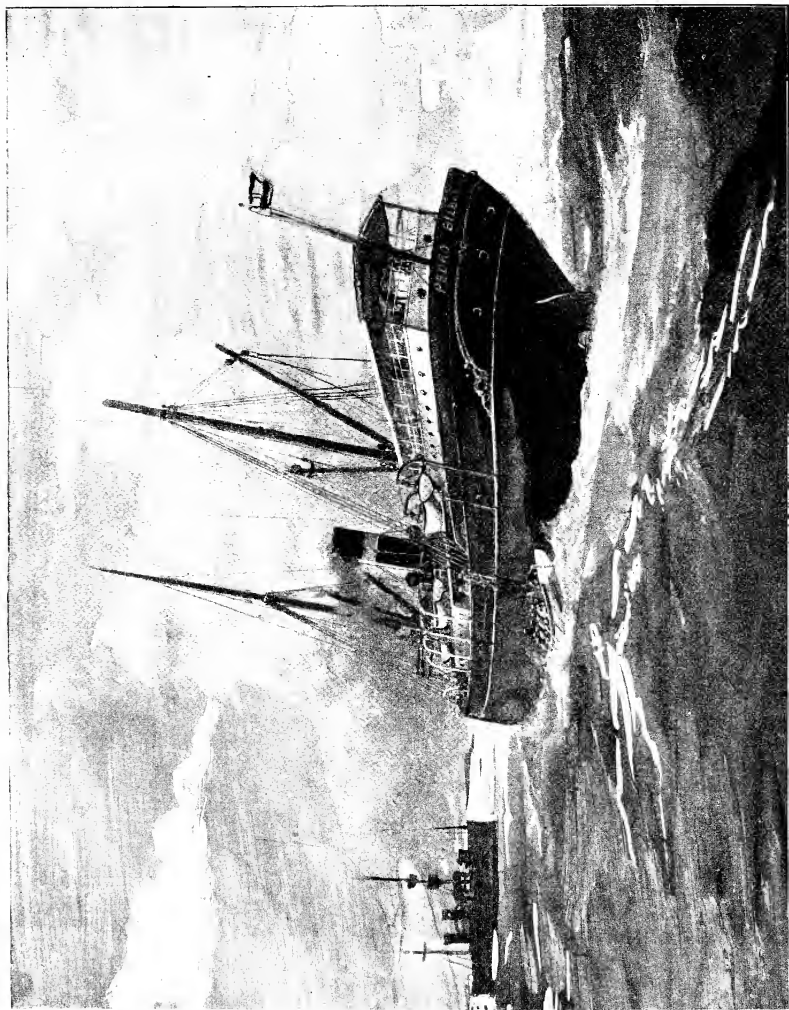
Squads of infantry swarmed like insects upon the shore. Groups of cavalry were galloping here and there, and constantly racing up and down a dusty, white path that led from the shore to the side of the bluff and the hill-top. All this the men saw; but, as if the shore were a desert, the boats were lowered, the implements were put in, and the perilous voyage was begun.

The little flotilla that did the hazardous work consisted of two small launches, two steam launches, and half a dozen ordinary rowboats. The launches were armed with machine guns, and were designed to do what they could in protecting the men in the small boats as they worked, and tow them back to the ships in case the men should be so badly disabled as to be unable to use the oars.

With steady nerves and strong arms the sailors pulled directly inshore toward the cable-house. On they went until they could see the faces of the Spanish soldiers peering out from behind the buildings and out of the rifle-pits. They knew it was only a matter of minutes when fire would be opened upon them. But the regular swing of the oars did not falter. At last a point within a hundred feet of the cable-house was reached. There, within two hundred feet of the rifle-pits, the Spaniards were lying ready to open fire.

Lieutenant Winslow stood up in the boat and gave the command to throw out the anchor and begin grappling for the cable. The water was clear as glass. The bright morning sunlight penetrated it, and every object upon the bottom was clearly seen. Calmly, as if trolling for fish, the men bent over the boats and began to work with the grappling-hooks. All this time the men on the *Nashville*, *Marblehead* and *Windom* stood at their guns, ready to rain shot and shell upon the shore the moment the first puff of smoke was seen to come from the rifle-pits.

The men in the boats worked on steadily and in silence. Lieutenant Winslow urged them to work speedily, telling them that any moment a



CAPTURING A SPANISH SHIP.

volley might come. They made no reply, but bent to their work. At last one of the grappling-hooks caught something a few inches below the soft,

white sand, and the arms of two strong sailors brought the cable to view. Then came the first shot. It was just a flash, a sharp snap, a singing over the heads of the sailors, and a splash in the water beyond. There was no white puff from the shot. The Spaniards were using smokeless powder. It was the signal for the opening of a deadly fire upon the men in the boats.

It was promptly answered by the guns on the ships out in the bay. A hurricane of shells shrieked and hissed above the heads of the sailors in the boats, and tore to fragments the earth where the Spaniards were crouching and hiding. Again and again the guns roared from the ships; again and again the great clouds of dust and *débris* flew skyward on shore. Another mighty crash from the *Nashville*, and the cable-house flew into the air, torn into numberless fragments. Another crash from the *Marblehead*, and the block-house was in ruins. Then this iron storm from the sea swung around and swept the hillside. It shattered the rocks and trees; it plowed great furrows in the soft sand; it drove a throng of panic-stricken men scurrying to shelter. Then it lowered again, like the rays of a mighty searchlight, and raked and riddled the rifle-pits. What marksmanship!

The terrible fire pouring in upon the rifle-pits passed only a few feet above the sailors working in the boats. Who but Yankee gunners could do that—would do it; and who but Yankee sailors would work on like heroes under such a blast-furnace of destruction?

At the time a heavy sea was rolling, and the miscalculation of a fraction of an inch, or the fraction of a second, would have slaughtered the men in the boats. But there came a moment's pause in the awful bellowing from the ships, and that moment was the fatal one. Snap, snap, crash! from a hundred different points came the fire of the Spanish rifles, and eight brave men sank down in the boats. Two were dead and six wounded.

But the Spaniards were too late. One cable had been hauled up and one hundred and fifty feet cut out of it. This was the cable that ran to Batabao and connected with Havana. It was slow, laborious work. The heavy cables had to be hauled up across the small boats, and then, by slow degrees, the tough steel wires were hacked off with axes, chisels and saws.

After the volley had been fired by the Spaniards, the men transferred the dead and wounded to another boat, and began looking for the other cable, which ran east to Santiago. This was soon found, and again, under the canopy of shot and shell from the ships, they worked bravely on until a section of eight feet had been taken from that one. After this another small cable, running to some local point east, was cut, and Captain-General Blanco's last line of communication with the world was apparently severed.

When our ships first opened fire on the shore it was the intention to allow the light-house to remain standing, but when the Spaniards poured their fire in upon the boats the men on the *Marblehead* discovered that a

large number of shots had come from the light-house. The guns of the *Marblehead* were at once trained upon the building. "Cut it down!" shouted the commander from the bridge, and the *Marblehead's* guns again thundered. The marksmanship was marvelous. First, the small house about the base of the tower was literally torn to atoms, and then, like an axman cutting down a tree, one of the great guns of the ship, with shot after shot, bit off the great tower. This was done at a range of 1000 yards with a heavy sea rolling.

Then it was all over, and the small boats were towed back to the war-ships, with random shots from the shore following them.

It was just seven o'clock in the morning when the small boats were put off and the perilous work begun, and it was a quarter past ten A. M. when the boats were again hauled up, with the dead and living heroes, to the decks of the ships. For nearly three hours these men had worked under the very shadow of death without flinching. It is said the men in our navy are untried. That is true. But this is how they conduct themselves when the trial comes. They are veterans without service.

Stories of Heroes.

A correspondent, at Key West, who visited the heroes wounded at Cienfuegos, relates these touching and thrilling incidents:

In the hospitals of Key West to-day I heard from lips that twitched with pain, while the eyes above them flashed with pride, simple stories told by the heroes of the war between the United States and Spain—the common sailors who have given of their blood for their country.

They made no boast of their valor; they made no complaint of their suffering; they grieved that they were wounded, but only because their companions, more fortunate than they when shot and shell were raining, had sailed away in search of further glory and had left them helpless behind.

Most of them are young fellows; all of them are above the average of intelligence. They are the victims of their first experience in action; they told me it was target practice.

In a stuffy ward at the barracks I found a fair, curly-headed youngster who wrote his name for me, "H. Kushmeister, of New York," and who, when I asked him what he was, said: "Oh, just a marine—one of McCalla's, of the *Marblehead*."

Men who care for details in history can well spare adjectives to praise him. He was one of those brave spirits who, in launches, protected only by their rifles and a small rapid-fire gun, whose supply of ammunition lasted only a few minutes, cut the cables at Cienfuegos in the faces of 1500 Spaniards pouring bullets in streams from their Mausers.



AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

A bullet entered his mouth and tore a terrible exit through his left cheek. He is up, however, and cheerful, though now and again the pain is so great that tears are forced from his eyes, and the torture of talking is awful.

"Yes," he said, when I asked him to tell me about his experience, "they had us in a tough place; and if they had been any good we never would have got back to the *Marblehead* alive. We left the ship, some of us in a steam launch, and others in a sailing launch. From the *Nashville* men were sent in the same fashion.

"We were picked—that is, we were volunteers. I got into it because I have lots of medals as a marksman, and wanted to show that I could hit Spaniards as well as targets. We went out to cut those cables under orders, and we did it—all but one, and that does not amount to anything, because it only runs to Santiago. Of course, we were under the guns of the cruiser and the gunboat, but then we ran in about forty feet from the shore, and could see the whiskers of the Spaniards once in a while before we got views of their retreating backs. But I guess I'll have to give it up now. This mouth of mine, where the Mauser hit me, is beginning to howl for me to stop

"How does it feel to be hit by a Mauser? I can't just tell you that, because I don't know, I just didn't have any head at all. You see, I was kneeling in the boat and taking aim. Oh, I had a beautiful bead on a Spaniard who showed above the bushes. The next thing I knew I had a sore face and was on the *Windom*, being taken to Key West. Davis, I guess you'd better take up the story now. I'm done up on talk."

Davis had hobbled into the room on crutches while I was listening to his mate. He is known to his shipmates on the *Marblehead* as "Jock," and is a gunner's mate. His shore home is New York. He is sturdy, not more than twenty-four years old, and a splendid type of bright-eyed, boyish-faced manhood, and is happy, although a bullet plowed a hole clear through his right leg below the knee.

"Well, you see," he began, "it was just like this: Our captain, McCalla, said he wanted some men to go out in small boats and cut those cables, and I was in the bunch that wanted to go and take a shot or two to help get square for the *Maine*. Well, the captain that day, he lined us up on the deck, and he says:

"Now, boys, I want you to know what you are doing. You ain't going to no picnic. This isn't a Sunday school party, or excursion, either. Some of you may come back dead, maybe, so now's your chance to get out of it."

"That made us just hurry to get the boats out, and away we started, and just as we were getting under way poor Reagan—him that was killed—says: 'Boys, there ain't a Spanish bullet made that can kill me.' Poor old boy; they sent one clean through his head from the front, and he dropped dead in the boat.

"When we began to go toward shore the Spaniards cut loose, and it seemed as if 16,000 guns were pouring balls from hell all around us. One solid shot, as big as your head, went between me and Lieutenant Anderson, and just missed sending us to glory by dropping in the water a few inches away. Then the *Marblehead* and the *Nashville* began to give it to them hot, and the Spaniards kept answering with Mausers and from a battery that we couldn't make out for a while, until we saw that the sneaks had played a mean trick.

"You know, by international law a light-house is safe in war. Well, what did those Spaniards do but use the light-house to throw us off—that is, they put the battery in front of the light-house.

"Well, after a while we got about forty feet from the shore, and while some were firing away with their rifles at the men on shore, more of us fished for cables. At last we got one up on the boat, and began to saw. It took half an hour to do that, and the bullets were falling worse than a thunder-storm of raindrops.

"I got hit in the right leg. At first I didn't feel nothing, and then, when the bullet spread, my leg felt bigger than a New York skyscraper. A couple of other fellows got hit, too, but we kept our mouths shut, us that didn't faint, because we didn't want to make the fellows that was working scared. But, Lord! you couldn't scare them if you told them a ton of dynamite was under them.

"And it's a fact, sir, we was over a lot of mines. We found it out afterwards. We saw a fellow—or, it was poor Ernest Suntzenich, of Brooklyn, that died here after his leg was cut off, that spotted them. I'm getting ahead of the story, but here goes.

"There was a little house where the cable landed. Suddenly Suntzenich hollers: 'There's a Spaniard with whiskers!' and, sure enough, we saw a fellow running toward the little house. 'Watch me hit him,' and he did hit him, too. It was his last shot. A bullet struck him a minute later and wounded him so that when his leg was cut off he died. Well, the fellow with the whiskers, we found out afterwards, was running to that little house to touch off the mines there and blow us up.

"All this while the bullets and shells was thick and our boats got almost full of holes, but only five of us and one from the *Nashville* got hurt. By and by the Spaniards began to feel the heat and ran away to cool off. There was about 1500 of them. The light-house battery kept on pumping, but our boys stuck to their work and sawed another cable.

"Then we picked up the third cable, but we were about ready to sink, and it only went to Santiago anyway, so we went back to the ship."

"What did the captain say to you when you returned?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know about that," was the reply. "When I got back to the *Marblehead* my leg began to hurt. But, say, here's a fellow that ought

to be dead, by what the doctor's said. Come on, Hendrichsen, and tell how you fooled them."

A young man with a timid down on lip and cheek stepped up to me, drew back his blouse and showed me a patch of plaster low down on his right side. "I wish you'd tell my friends in New York that the Spaniards couldn't kill me," he said. "I was slated to die, but here I am; and I'll be fighting again if they don't hurry up and finish this war. You see this plaster in front of me covers one end of a hole that goes right through me. The other end is in my back. See—" and he showed me a similar plaster, but larger, that covered the place where the Mauser made its exit.

While Hendrichsen was showing his wonderful wound to me a man in a neighboring bed sat up. His head was swathed in bandages, and he could not talk, but at a sign from him, "Jock" Davis briefly told me his story. His name is Robert Volz, his home San Francisco, and his ship the *Nashville*. "He was hit six times," said Davis, "and two bullets made wicked tracks in his head. Others grazed his body, a couple of them just being far enough out to miss his heart, but they made their marks just above it. He'll be all right in a few weeks."

These fights over the cutting of cables at Cardenas and Cienfuegos were as brilliant affairs as ever occurred in the annals of war. The men who took part in them were, in years, mere boys, with down on their lips, and some of them with the unsteadiness of voice that denotes the change from boyhood to manhood. Yet, they went with eagerness to what appeared almost certain death, even begging for positions in the boats' crews, insisting upon their right to go; and when the leaden hail poured upon them, they continued their work for nearly three hours as coolly as if they had been on dress parade, never flinching or blanching when their stricken comrades fell, wounded or dead, by their sides. These are soldiers of whom the nation should be proud. They show the material that enters into the composition of men fighting under the flag of a free people.

The Spanish loss at Cienfuegos was fully three hundred killed, besides large numbers wounded, making this fight second only to Manila in the carnage wrought. The light-house, which had been fortified in anticipation of the attack, was totally destroyed, and every man stationed there was killed.

The Spanish losses at this point, however, were small when compared with the destruction wrought on shore. Two companies of artillery and one company of infantry were practically wiped out. The *Marblehead* bore the brunt of the battle, and her big guns did terrible execution.

The lower part of the city was in flames when the American warships withdrew.

The Right to Cut a Cable.

This question of cable-cutting is one that has received considerable attention since the beginning of the war between Spain and the United States. Have the United States, for instance, the right to sever a cable belonging to a French or British Company, when it is known that the cable is or may be used to give information to Spain? The authorities on international law are agreed in answering this question in the affirmative. Everything that can give direct assistance to an enemy is recognized as "contraband of war," and may be seized or destroyed. Railways, telegraphs, and cable lines come under this head, as surely as provision or ammunition ships. The only disagreement among the experts is as to whether the companies whose lines are so summarily interrupted can afterward collect damages. On this point, authorities differ; but it is generally conceded that damages may be collected, and this opinion is held by the cable companies themselves.

Whatever the opinion of legal experts, there is no doubt as to the action of naval and military commanders in dealing with a cable which is likely to be of service to an enemy. Dewey did not wait for a legal opinion when he found that the Spanish governor of the Philippines was using his control of the Manila cable to send information to his home government. He cut the wire and shut the islands off from the world. The same thing has been done in the West Indies. All but one of the lines connecting Cuba with the outside world were cut during the first weeks of the blockade. That the course of the United States in dealing with the cables leading to her enemy's ports would have been that of other nations, under the same circumstances, is proved by the fact that the European navies have ships fitted with grappling-hooks for the especial purpose of hauling up and destroying cables in time of war

THE BOTTLING OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

Startling Reports of the Sailing of the Spanish Armada.—Mysterious Voyage Across the Ocean.—Unsuccessful Efforts of the American Squadrons under Schley and Sampson to Locate the Spanish Ships.—Cervera Slips into Santiago Harbor.—The Americans Bombard the Forts.—Daring Exploit of Lieutenant Hobson and His Men.—Landing of American Marines.—Successful Fighting on Shore.—Savage Brutality of Spanish Soldiers, Etc., Etc.

Early in May threatening accounts began to find their way to America regarding the sailing of a new Spanish armada to bombard our coast cities and wreak havoc among our people for having dared to call a halt in the perpetration of Spanish cruelties in the island of Cuba. This resistless squadron was known as the Cape Verde fleet, from the fact that it sailed from the group of islands bearing that name, lying west of the coast of Africa. The fleet was under the command of Admiral Cervera, the most distinguished of Spain's naval officers, and consisted of the following warships: the *Infanta*

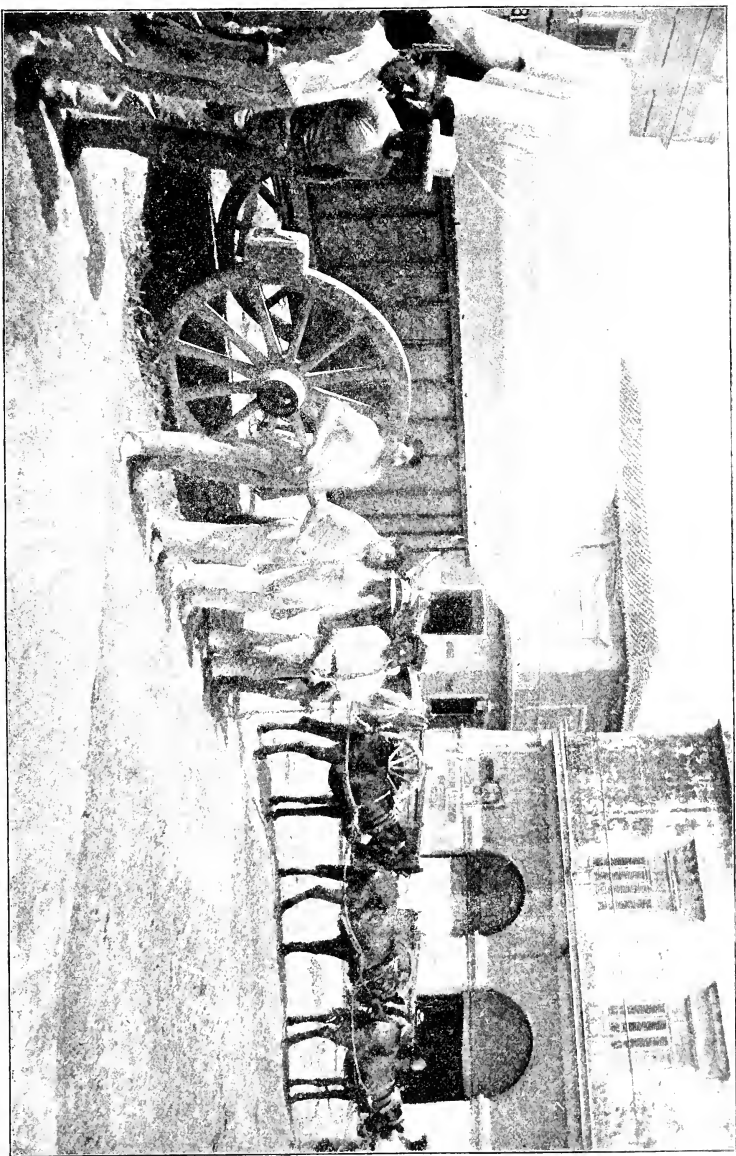
Maria Teresa, the *Vizcaya*, which gained much renown by visiting New York just before the commencement of hostilities; the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Cristobal Colon*, the *Reina Mercedes*, and the torpedo boat destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*. The Spaniards did not believe we had any ships that could successfully contend with them, or any naval commanders who were a match for the astute and cunning Cervera. In fact, the coming of this puissant fleet to our shores was hailed as the sure precursor of the ending of the war in a burst of glory for Spain; but the results were quite different from the expectations of the doughty Dons.

The Spanish Admiral's full name, when he has time enough to remember it all, is sufficiently formidable to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies. Who, for instance, would have supposed that plain, bluff sailors, with such plebeian names as Sampson and Schley, would summon up courage enough to attack so illustrious a commander as "Pascual de Cervera y Torpete Conde de Jerez, Marquis de Santa Anna?" That, at least, was the way the Spaniards made their calculations.

Cervera is a nephew of Admiral Torpete, one of the old-time admirals of the Spanish navy, and probably in his time the best known naval man in Spain. The distinguished nephew is now sixty-five years old. He was born in the Province of Jerez. His father was a man of large wealth and owned several estates in the province, and was known as one of the richest wine merchants of Spain. His mother was Marie Torpete, a daughter of Count Torpete y Valle of the royal family of Spain. They belonged to the aristocracy, and their son was afforded all of the advantages which wealth and position could secure for him. He was graduated from the naval academy of San Fernando, Spain, in 1851, and since then he has served his country in all parts of the world. His earlier promotions were won in Morocco, Cuba, and Peru.

During the ten-years' war in Cuba, Cervera was recalled to take the position of secretary of war in the Spanish cabinet. When he retired from that position he was given the command of the *Pelayo*, the first and only first-class battleship Spain ever built. Its construction was undertaken and carried on under the direction of the Admiral, who was raised to that rank ten years ago. Cervera holds fifteen medals, which have been bestowed upon him by the Spanish government, and Spain counts him as not only her foremost naval commander, but one of her leaders at all times, and particularly in the war with the United States.

Spain's other great naval commander, Admiral Manuel de la Camara Livermore, has charge of the Cadiz fleet, which we shall doubtless also have the pleasure of "bottling up," if the war continues long enough. He is sixty years old, a graduate of the naval college of San Fernando, which he entered in 1851, at the time Cervera was leaving, and graduated four years

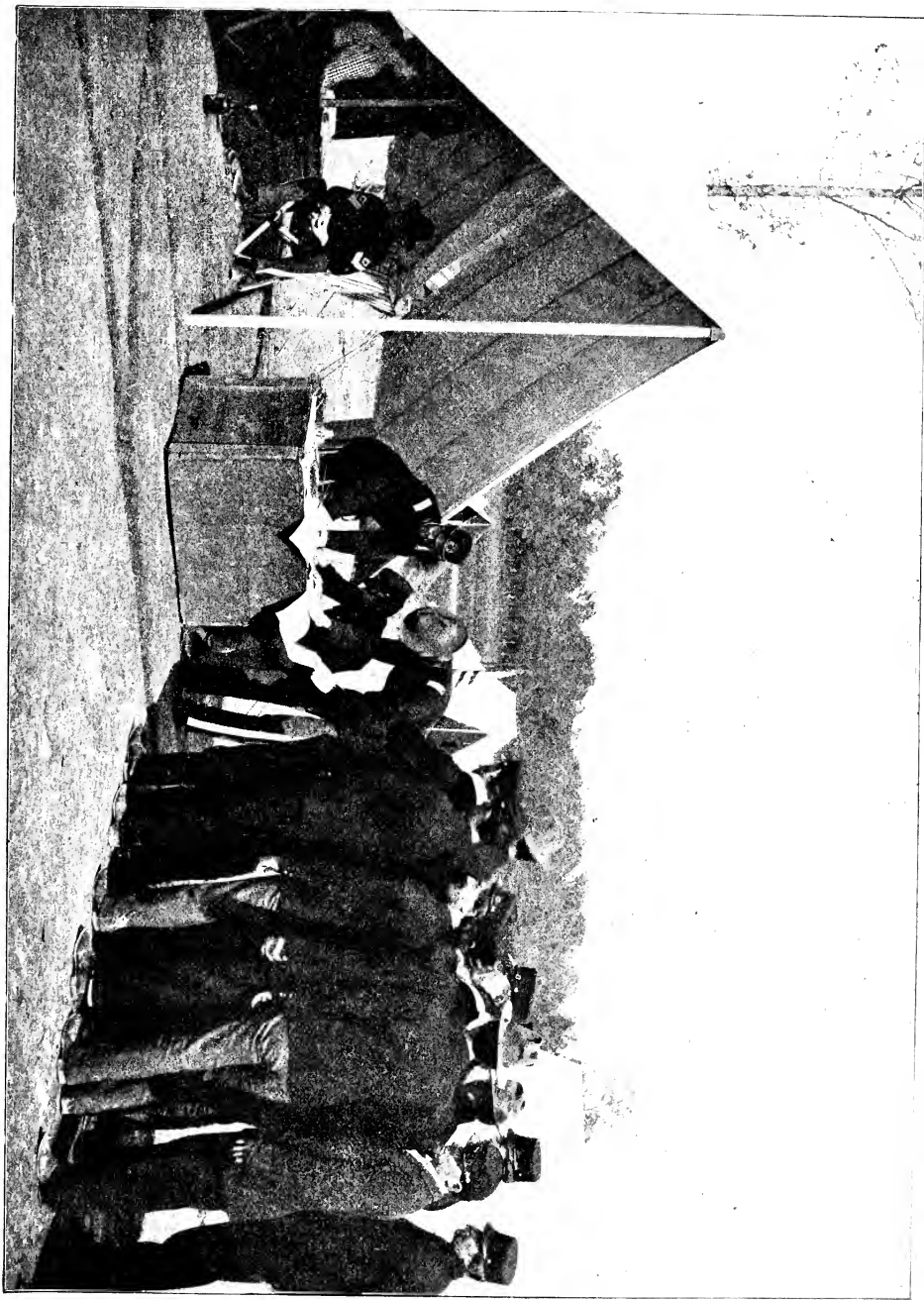


SPANISH MILITARY WAGON AT SANTIAGO. (From a Photograph.)

later. He is the son of a marine captain, who in one of his voyages to Liverpool met and married an English woman named Livermoore. He has served on nearly all of the ships of the Spanish navy. Entering as a cadet, he has received promotion by merit rather than by favors. He was made a first lieutenant and a captain in 1871.

Camara is a man of very religious habits and melancholy disposition. While in service he is high-spirited, in private life he is sad and is not fond of society. He is said to be a great Biblical student, and on shipboard is wont to read passages from the Scriptures to his sailors; and has a habit when ashore of visiting and remaining for hours in the cemeteries and carrying a mournful and sad countenance. These personal characteristics seem to point him out as a leader specially fitted to command a Spanish fleet at war with the American navy. Should he unfortunately come in conflict with our wicked and perverse "Jack-tars," they will supply him with all the gruesome subjects of morbid pleasure that he may desire, without troubling himself to go ashore in quest of them.

The destination of the Cape Verde fleet was veiled in profound secrecy; and several false movements were made for the purpose of deceiving our commanders. But it is now known that San Juan, Porto Rico, was Cervera's first objective point, with the expectation of eventually reaching Havana and relieving the garrison there. Sampson's attack on San Juan, and the destruction of its fortifications, spoiled that plan; and after dodging about among the islands of the West Indies for some days, the Spanish Admiral eventually slipped into the little port of Santiago, on the southeastern point of Cuba. This was regarded by his countrymen as a great stroke of genius. The fleet which had crossed the seas for the express purpose of terrorizing the American continent, was glad to escape destruction by seeking refuge in any available port. And Spain went wild with enthusiasm over the brilliant achievement of her Admiral. The inhabitants of Santiago swarmed to the shores of their bay and welcomed the fleet with noisy demonstrations of joy and effervescing patriotism. All the vessels in the port were dressed in gala attire. On Sunday night there was an imposing demonstration in honor of the officers and crews. The bands of the city played patriotic airs, there were brilliant illuminations, and the people paraded the streets singing patriotic songs. Admiral Cervera and his officers were given a banquet at the Casino, where loyal toasts were honored with florid speeches from the Admiral and Monsignore Saenz de Urturi y Crespe, Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. According to the usual custom of Spanish Archbishops, the latter gave free reign to the flights of his imagination and permitted it to soar far beyond the limits of common sense and plain fact. "It is not sufficient," he exclaimed, "to be victorious on the sea; the Spanish flag must float on the capitol." It is to be presumed that the good Arch-



MUSTERING IN RECRUITS FOR UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

bishop had the capitol at Washington in his mind's-eye, but a surplus of Spanish wine, or some other cause, prevented him from finishing the sentence.

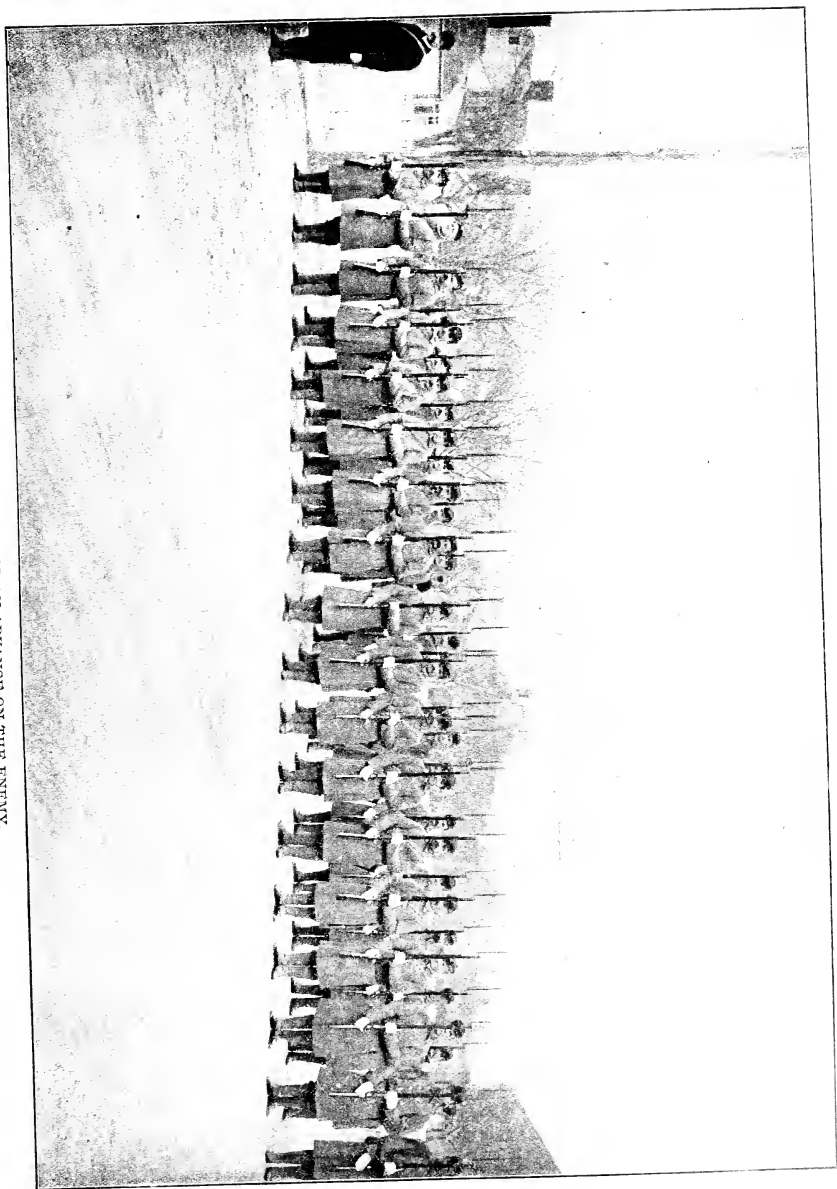
The town of Santiago has a population of 50,000, four-fifths of the inhabitants being negroes. The narrowness of the entrance to the harbor, not exceeding one-hundred and eighty yards at the narrowest point, adds much to its value as a defensive port; but the slender neck, like that of a bottle, makes it easy to insert a cork and hermetically seal the contents. The Spanish Admiral discovered this fact, much to his chagrin, when it was too late for him to avoid the consequences of his rashness.

It has long been a disputed point whether Columbus landed first at San Salvador or Santiago de Cuba. However that may be, St. Jago, as the Spanish call it, is far older than any city in North America.

The peculiar narrow streets and the facades of the houses remind one of some of the old towns in Italy, but there the resemblance ceases, for the houses of Santiago are nearly all built around a court, or *patio*, as they are in most Spanish towns. With their high-barred windows and glaring plastered walls, on the outside they look more like prisons than the American idea of dwelling houses. But go inside the *patio* and everything is different. There are palms, and shrubs, and flowers, and in some of the richer houses even fountains. Meals are often served in the *patio* in pleasant weather.

In Santiago, as well as in other Cuban cities, the proprietors of most of the shops and warehouses live in the same building in which their business is conducted. The shops open about nine o'clock in the morning and remain open until about noon, when they close up, and everybody goes to the mid-day meal. After that everybody takes a nap in the heat of the day. The shops open up again about two o'clock in the afternoon and remain open till half-past five or six. Go to an office in Santiago at half-past eight in the morning, and nobody will be up; go again at half-past twelve, and everybody will be eating; go again at half-past one, and everybody will be asleep.

In the evening the people sit around and take life easy, and smoke, of course, for in Santiago everybody smokes—men, women, and children. Even the waiters in the hotels and cafés pull out cigarettes and smoke between the courses. The porters and cabmen smoke at all times and seasons. The stevedores on the wharves smoke at their work; and even the clerks in the dry goods stores roll a cigarette and take a puff between two customers. The *senorita* blows a cloud of smoke from under the lace of her fascinating, mysterious mantilla, while negroes walk along the streets puffing away at huge cigars. Children of eight and ten years may often be seen with cigarettes in their mouths, and it is no uncommon sight to see men and women smoking in church.



LANDING MARINES FOR AN ADVANCE ON THE ENEMY.

The country houses around Santiago are infested with mice and lizards. The latter are very alert and active, and quite unlike the sluggish lizards seen in northern climates. There is a curious kind of mouser, whose presence is rather encouraged about Cuban country houses. These mousers are not cats, as one might suppose, but large black snakes. As they are quite harmless, nobody thinks of being afraid of them, and they come and go as they please—unmolested.

The climate is very hot and unhealthy, and it is said that yellow fever prevails there almost continually. This may be true among the native population, where dirt and ignorance prevail; but civilization and cleanliness will do much toward alleviating the rigors of the plague.

The people of Santiago being wretchedly ignorant, it goes without saying that they are also intensely loyal to Spain and bitterly hostile to all decent civilization. It was the scene of anti-American and anti-British riots immediately following the declaration of war. After our consul and other Americans had left, F. W. Ramsden, the British consul, undertook the work of distributing supplies sent from this country to the starving *reconcentrados*. This so enraged the Spaniards, that mobs threatened the life of Mr. Ramsden. The consul telegraphed an account of the situation to the British governor of Jamaica, and a British warship promptly made its appearance at Santiago.

The Spaniards have always boasted that the entrance to the harbor of Santiago was well defended by submarine mines and torpedoes. The steamer *Legazpi* went from Havana last January, carrying torpedo experts to Santiago. A large quantity of explosives and apparatus for submarine defenses were put ashore at the government wharf. It is not certain, however, that the mines and torpedoes were ever used, and it is intimated that they were merely stored away. Krupp guns of heavy caliber were taken to Santiago several years ago, but no effort was made to mount them until recently.

The entrance to the harbor is not only very narrow, but dangerous as well, and with any sort of intelligent defense it would be next to impossible for a fleet to capture the place, as only one vessel could be engaged at a time after entering the narrow neck of the harbor, and it would be exposed to the concentrated fire of all the forts and batteries, and any warships that might be on the inside. These conditions will afford a correct idea of what Lieutenant Hobson and his men had to face in sinking the *Merrimac*. The entrance is defended at its mouth by two forts, Moro Castle and Socapo Castle, built high on the bluffs, so as to give their guns a plunging fire. A little further along, toward the interior of the bay, there are Catalina and Blanco batteries, and numerous smaller fortifications variously placed, so that with intelligent management the guns could concentrate a fire along the neck of the harbor that would mean absolute destruction to anything attempting to enter there.

The Attack.

In due time, on the 18th of May, the American warships *St. Louis* and *Wampatuck* appeared on the scene and bombarded the batteries at the mouth of the entrance to the harbor. This bombardment was intended to cover the cutting of the cables. All the afternoon the two American ships threw a shower of shells into the defenses. The mortar batteries were silenced and heavy damage was inflicted on Moro Castle. Many Spaniards were killed. Previous to the bombardment the *Wampatuck* had slipped by Moro Castle during the night and thoroughly explored Santiago harbor. She went within one hundred feet of the batteries, and made a careful study of the position of the wharves of the city. Much valuable information was furnished to Commodore Schley as a result of this daring exploit.

Ten days after the bombardment by the two vessels above named, the magnificent flying squadron, under Commodore Schley, and consisting of the battleships *Iowa*, *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, and the cruisers *Brooklyn*, *New Orleans*, *Marblehead* and *Vixen*, lined up before the entrance to the harbor of Santiago and prepared for business. Two days later, namely, the 31st of May, no movement having been made by the Spanish fleet inside, the Commodore decided he would find out just how far in the mouth of the harbor the Spanish cruiser *Cristobal Colon* was located, appearances at angles being very deceptive. In addition to this, he was confident that the forts would return his fire, and in that way the location of the Spaniards' guns and the probable accuracy of their aim could be determined.

At ten o'clock, accompanied by Lieutenant Sears, Lieutenant Wells, and Ensign McCauley, of the flagship, he boarded the yacht *Vixen*, and all were taken to the *Massachusetts*. Up to the time of their going on board, there was no intimation on the big battleship that she would be allowed to shoot. Leaning up against one of the big guns in the turret, Commodore Schley patted it with his hand, and said:

"Higginson, how would you like to try a few of those on that fellow in the harbor?"

Captain Higginson and the officers near him fairly jumped with delight.

"Very much, indeed," replied the Captain expressively; and his officers intimated they felt that way, too.

"I am sure I can plunk her if we get the range," said Lieutenant Glauan, who had charge of the big pair in the forward turret.

"Well," said Commodore Schley, "tell your bullies that after they have finished their midday meal I will let them have a chance."

The men were quickly told, and then there was a rousing cheer that might have been heard ashore.

After luncheon, Commodore Schley, with his staff, went forward and took up a position near the conning tower. Lieutenant Sears at precisely

12:45 o'clock signaled to the commander of the *New Orleans* to swing into line and follow the movements of the flagship.

"Tell them to clear for action," said Commodore Schley; and the signal had hardly been made out, when a cheer from each ship came over the water.

"Tell them to get ready for firing; and go to quarters," added the Commodore.

The men were at their guns in an instant.

"Fire only with the large guns; get the range of the ship in the harbor, and hit her if you can, but do not fire at the forts. The *New Orleans* may try a few shots at Moro for a range."

These were the rest of the Commodore's orders. The ships were ready to move in when Captain Higginson, preparing to go to his fighting station in the steel-protected conning tower, said:

"You had better step in the tower, Commodore; you will be hit there."

"No," replied Schley, "I want to see things; I can't see there."

Then, still chewing his cigar, he stood with his glasses in his hand, looking toward the objective point.

The men of the secondary batteries, who were not busy, profited by the example and stood out on the open deck and watched the firing of the guns.

The three war vessels were then about six miles from the entrance of the bay, to the southwest of it, where the *Cristobal Colon* could not be seen, as she lay broadside on to the narrow entrance or nook. There was only one place where she could be fired at by the American ships, and the firing would have to be done, if the ships were moving, in two minutes.

"Go ahead at ten knots northeast," was the order issued by the Commodore, and the ships straightened out.

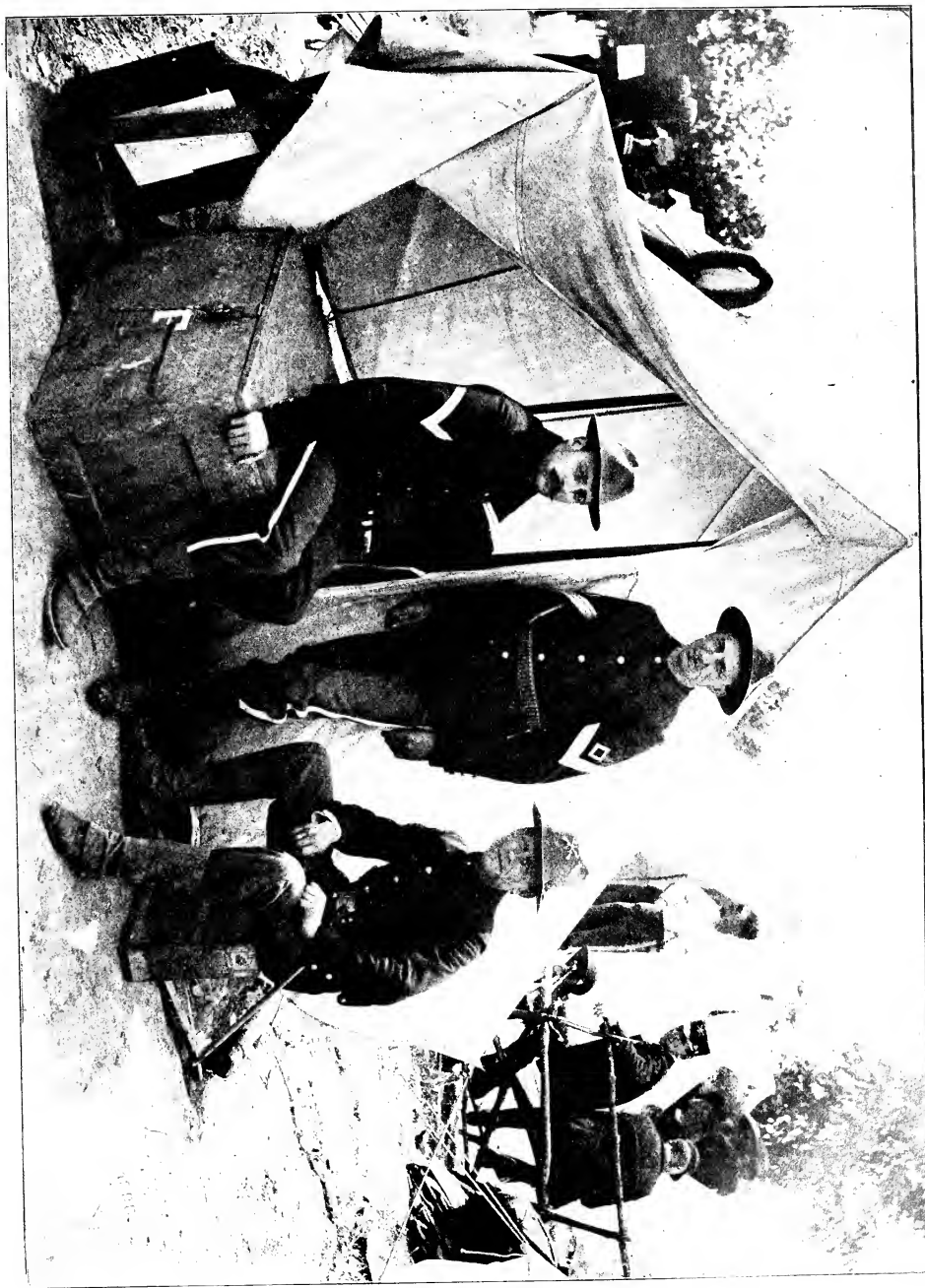
"Fire when you are about 7500 yards," was the next order from the Commodore, who stood on top of the big thirteen-inch gun turret.

Lieutenant Potts with the stadimeter told off the distance to Lieutenant Sears, and when 7500 yards was announced, the *Cristobal Colon's* stem and the bow of the partly dismantled *Reina Mercedes* showed in the harbor.

"You can fire now," said the Commodore to the semi-stripped Captain, who stood unconcernedly in the open of the great turret, and then the Commodore stepped off the turret to avoid concussion.

"Let her go, Lieutenant," was heard from the turret; and then there was a frightful roar, and an immense half-ton projectile, propelled by the explosion of five hundred pounds of powder, went flying toward the mark. For three seconds it flew along its trajectory, and when it dropped there arose a fountain of water, which, for a minute, hid the *Colon* from sight, while a ringing cheer went up from the jackies on deck.

"A little short there. Try your other a little higher up," said the Commodore; and elevating it to 8000 yards, the second big gun hurled a projectile toward the enemy.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

"A fair hit!" cried the men, as the shell crashed into the stem of the *Reina Mercedes* and exploded.

The two after-guns then spoke; and after this the entrance of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba was closed out of vision from on board the battleship.

By this time the cruiser *New Orleans* had come in range, and the forts were opening a steady fire from what evidently were high-power modern guns.

The shells dropped thick and fast over or short of the *Massachusetts*, and the American blue jackets jeered and laughed at the bad aim of the Spaniards. One very well-put shot went close through the upper works of the *Massachusetts*, but it did not hit anything, and simply made a splashing in the water upon the other side of the battleship.

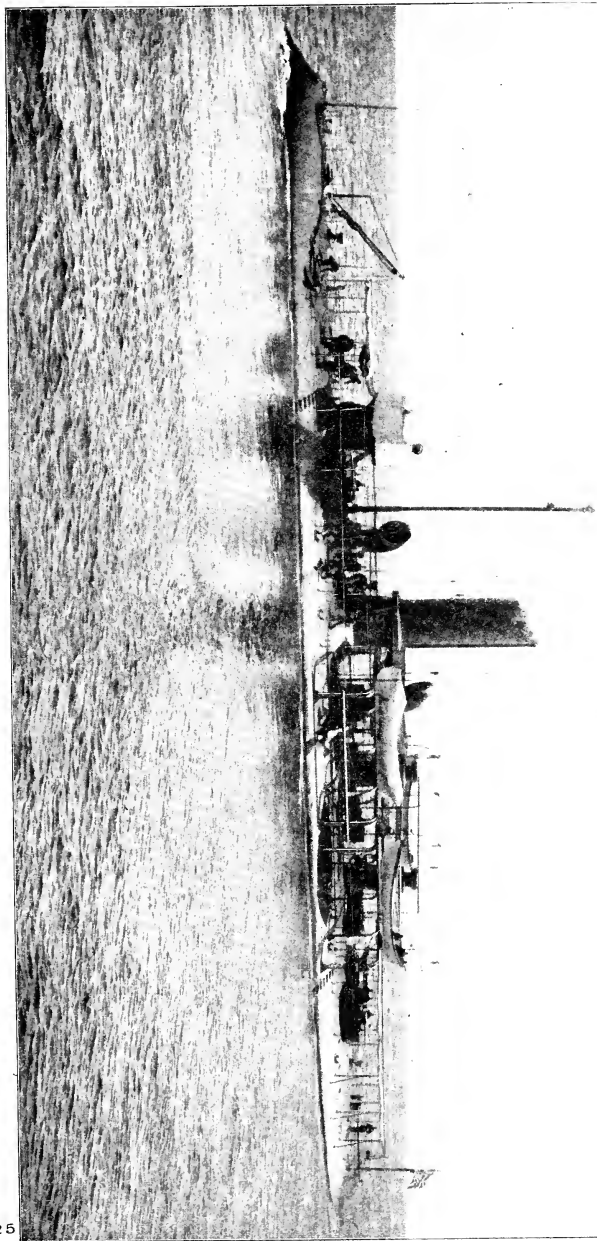
"Well, the Dagoes are getting a little better," said a sailor. The remark caused another waggish blue jacket to say, "Oh, give them a year, and they'll learn to shoot." The long rifles of the *New Orleans* were by this time playing a tattoo on the low-lying forts near the entrance, so as to draw their fire and ascertain their range; and the *Iowa's* twelve-inch guns were hurling steel projectiles into the harbor entrance. The forts kept up a perfect cannonade, and some of their shots were well aimed, so far as the range was concerned, but they were not effective.

The *Cristobal Colon* opened fire with her big guns, but the shells never once came near the line; while, it is believed, several of the shots of the American squadron damaged the Spanish warships.

After running a mile to the eastward the *Massachusetts*, followed by the other American warships, circled around and ran back over very nearly the same course, steaming west by south. On getting near the range, where the firing opened, the warships delivered one more round from their starboard batteries, and drew out of the Spaniards' range, Commodore Schley saying, as he stepped to the quarter-deck:

"Well, we let them know we have some ammunition, and I know their capacity for defense."

For half an hour after the ships had passed a mile out of the range of the shore batteries and the *Cristobal Colon*, the Spaniards kept up their fire, and then it became known by the placement of the shot that the enemy had plotted a neat little plan that might have succeeded had there been good gunnery. The *Colon* had dropped down the harbor into a position which she occupied to act as bait. The modern guns on shore had found the range of the place where the flying squadron would have to lay in order to fire upon the *Cristobal Colon*, and had trained their guns to play on that place. But Commodore Schley beat them at their own game by going by at ten knots speed and firing on the fly.



THE RAM "KATAHDIN," OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

It was learned afterward that the shot which struck the *Reina Mercedes* killed eight Spaniards; and a portion of Moro Castle was demolished. No damage and no casualties on the American squadron. These were the results of the first day's firing.

Gallant Exploit of Lieutenant Hobson and His Seven Brave Men.

On the 1st day of June, Admiral Sampson arrived before Santiago at the head of his fleet, and, being the ranking officer, he assumed command of the squadron. He had previously arranged with Lieutenant Hobson to sink the coal ship *Merrimac* in the narrow neck of the harbor, and thus effectually "bottle up" Admiral Cervera's fleet. The story of this thrilling achievement, which electrified the world and will go down in history as one of the most gallant deeds known to men, is simply and plainly told in Admiral Sampson's report to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of June 3d:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK," }
Off SANTIAGO, June 3, 1898. }

Permit me to call special attention to Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson. As stated in a special telegram before coming here, I decided to make the harbor entrance secure against the possibility of egress by Spanish ships by obstructing the narrow part of the entrance by sinking a collier at that point.

Upon calling upon Mr. Hobson for his professional opinion as to a sure method of sinking the ship, he manifested the most lively interest in the problem. After several days' consideration, he presented a solution which he considered would insure the immediate sinking of the ship when she reached the desired point in the channel. This plan we prepared for execution when we reached Santiago. The plan contemplated a crew of only seven men and Mr. Hobson, who begged that it might be intrusted to him. The anchor chains were arranged on deck for both the anchors, forward and aft, the plan including the anchoring of the ship almost automatically.

As soon as I reached Santiago and had the collier to work upon, the details were completed and diligently prosecuted, hoping to complete them in one day, as the moon and tide served best the first night after our arrival. Notwithstanding every effort, the hour of four o'clock in the morning arrived and the preparation was scarcely completed. After a careful inspection of the final preparations, I was forced to relinquish the plan for that morning, as dawn was breaking. Mr. Hobson begged to try it at all hazards.

This morning proved more propitious, as a prompt start could be made. Nothing could have been more gallantly executed. We waited impatiently after the firing by the Spaniards had ceased. When they did not reappear from the harbor at six o'clock, I feared that they had all perished. A steam launch, which had been sent in charge of Naval Cadet Powell to rescue the

men, appeared at this time coming out under a persistent fire of the batteries, but brought none of the crew. A careful inspection of the harbor from this ship showed that the vessel *Merrimac* had been sunk in the channel.

This afternoon the Chief of Staff of Admiral Cervera came out under a flag of truce with a letter from the Admiral, extolling the bravery of the crew in an unusual manner.

I cannot myself too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew. I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the *Albatross*.

Referring to the inspiring letter which you addressed to the officers at the beginning of the war, I am sure you will offer a suitable professional reward to Mr. Hobson and his companions. I must add that Commander J. M. Miller relinquished his command with the very greatest reluctance, believing he would retain his command under all circumstances. He was, however, finally convinced that the attempt of another person to carry out the multitude of details which had been in preparation by Mr. Hobson might endanger its proper execution. I, therefore, took the liberty to relieve him for this reason only.

There were hundreds of volunteers who were anxious to participate; there were one hundred and fifty from the *Iowa*, nearly as many from this ship, and large numbers from all the other ships, officers and men alike.

W. T. SAMPSON.

The passage in Secretary Long's "inspiring letter," to which Admiral Sampson refers, is as follows:

"Each man engaged in the work of the inshore squadron should have in him the stuff out of which to make a possible Cushing, and, if the man wins, the recognition given him shall be as great as that given to Cushing, so far as the department can bring this about."

A consultation of the records of the Navy Department shows that the recognition accorded Cushing was his advancement one full grade—that is, from the rank of lieutenant, which he held when he took his little boat up to the *Albatross*, to the rank of lieutenant-commander. In addition, he was accorded a vote of thanks by Congress.

As soon as the facts became known, steps were taken by the President and the Navy Department to reward Lieutenant Hobson and his brave companions in accordance with their merits, and to even a greater degree than the promise made by Secretary Long. Hobson, himself, was recommended for advancement ten files in the construction corps. At the time of his gallant achievement he was the junior officer of the corps, with the relative rank of lieutenant, and his advancement took him nearly to the top of that grade, with the relative grade of captain, the highest in the corps, and he still a comparatively young man.

The seven enlisted men who composed the crew of the *Merrimac* on her perilous run past the forts at the entrance to the harbor and through the torpedo fields, will also be honored. Under section 1407 of the Revised Statutes, "seamen distinguishing themselves in battle, or by extraordinary heroism in the line of their profession, may be promoted to forward warrant officers, upon the recommendation of their commanding officer, approved by the flag officer and Secretary of the Navy."

When seamen have received this recommendation "they shall be given," the statutes say, "a gratuity of one hundred dollars and a medal of honor, to be prepared under the direction of the Navy Department."

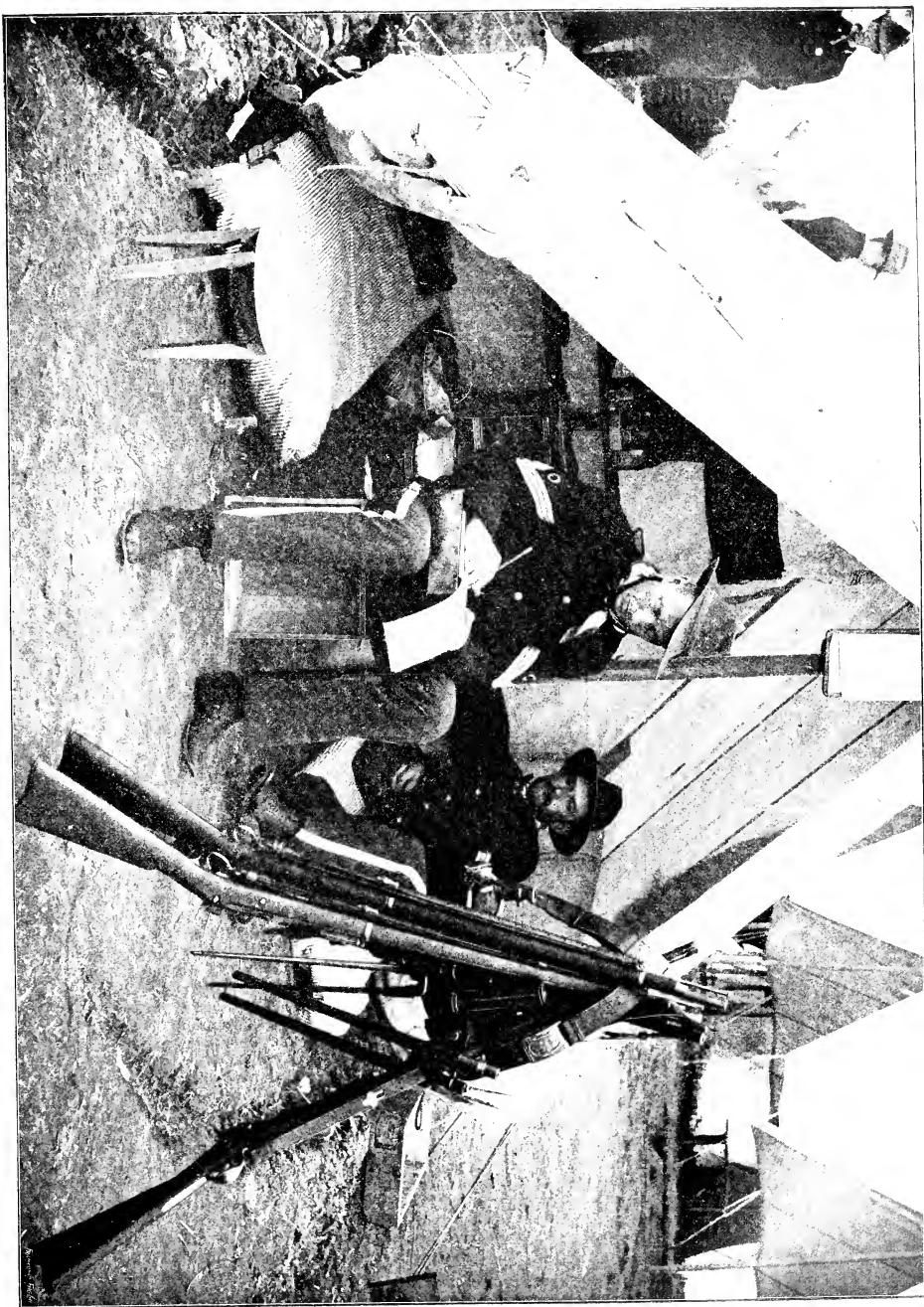
Before rewarding Hobson's seven blue jackets it was necessary for the Navy Department to receive a statement from Admiral Sampson, saying that they had been recommended for promotion by the captains of their respective ships, and that his approval was given. In his official dispatch the Admiral did not mention the members of the *Merrimac's* crew by name, but he was directed by telegraph to send the names of the enlisted men without delay, and to include in his answer the statement necessary to secure them their deserved reward. Secretary Long will indorse the Admiral's statement, and if it is deemed advisable to make the men warrant officers, the highest grade in the enlisted force, the President will grant them warrants.

A warrant officer wears a uniform very much like the undress of commissioned officers. He also wears a cap that a layman cannot distinguish from that worn by his superiors. A warrant officer is known as gunner, sailmaker, carpenter, or boatswain, according to his duties; is called "Mister" by the officers, and is treated with great consideration. His pay ranges from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year, and he can retire for age or disability on three-fourths of the sea pay he was receiving at the time of retirement.

The names of the eight heroes who performed this deed of extraordinary daring are: Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, assistant naval constructor; Asborn Diegnan, coxswain; George F. Phillips, machinist, and John Kelley, water tender, all of the *Merrimac*; George Charette, gunner's mate, of the *New York*; Daniel Montague, seaman, of the *Brooklyn*; J. C. Murphy, coxswain, of the *Iowa*; and Randolph Clausen, coxswain, of the *New York*. The latter went against orders, so anxious was he to take part in the hazardous enterprise.

When it became known to the fleet that Admiral Sampson had determined to block the harbor effectually by sending in and sinking a ship, two-thirds of the officers and men were ambitious to join the party. There was no need to call for volunteers, and the *Merrimac's* officers and men asserted their right to go.

Commander Miller was in command of the *Merrimac*, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he consented to yield his right. To appease him



THOUGHTS OF HOME IN THE DREARY WAITING OF CAMP LIFE.

and the men, three of the *Merrimac's* crew were selected, the other four necessary to complete the required force being chosen from the other ships of the fleet, as noted.

Before starting, the life raft of the *Merrimac* had been prepared, and torpedoes were ready along the deck. The vessel had seven transverse bulkheads. Torpedoes were arranged so that they could be quickly anchored over the side of the vessel ten feet below the water line, and in such a position that when they exploded they would tear out every bulkhead. This was to make it absolutely impossible ever to raise her again.

Commander Miller begged earnestly that he might at least remain on his ship till the moment came to sink her, but in the dead of night Admiral Sampson was rowed from his flagship to the collier, and when he returned Commander Miller was with him. Hobson was the man whose brain conceived the plan of placing a ship three hundred and thirty-eight feet long, broadside, across the bottom of a four hundred foot channel, and the Admiral decided that no possible honor should be kept away from a strategist so daring.

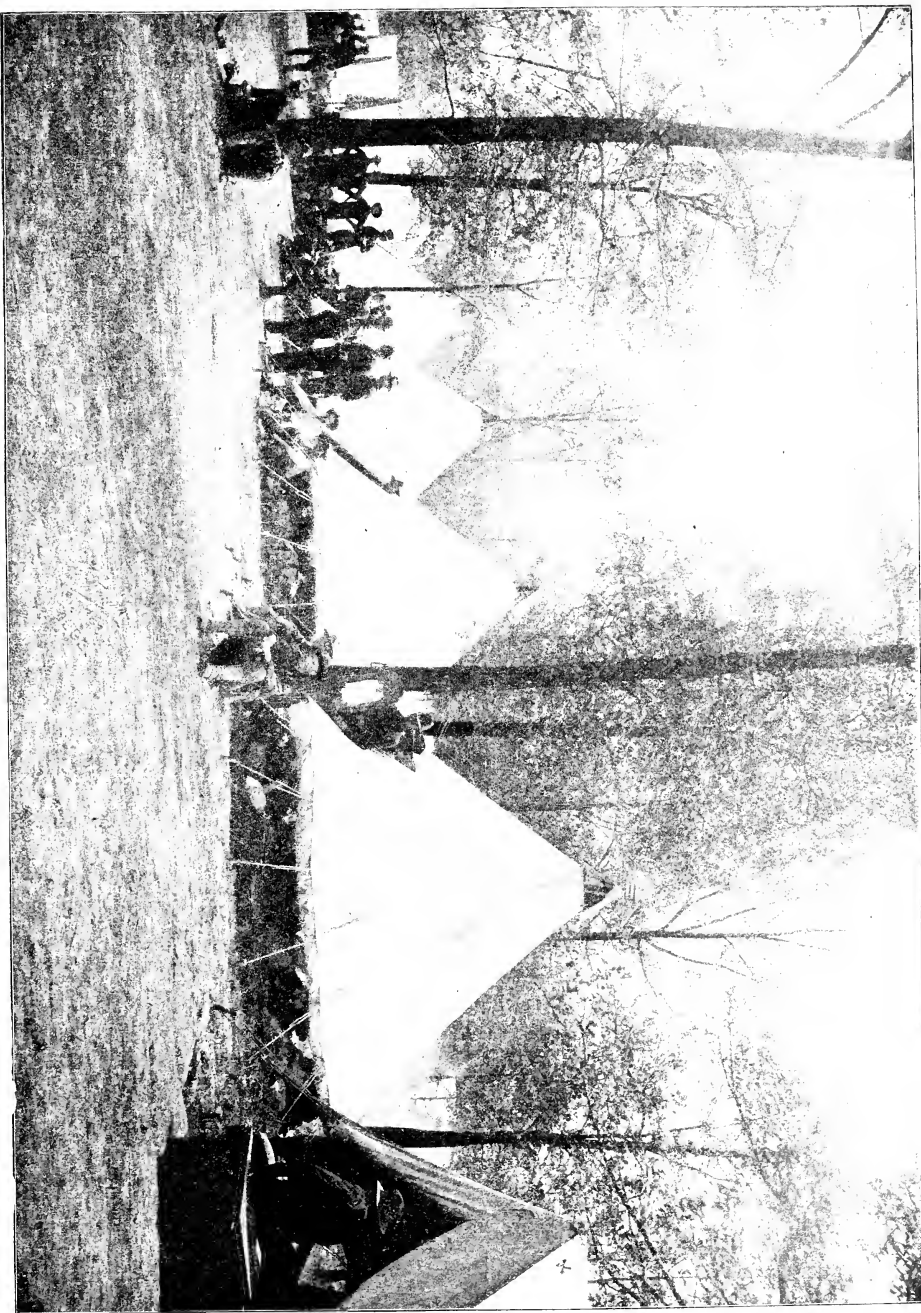
"Hobson," said Commander Miller, "is one of the grandest heroes in the world. The way the man went about sinking the *Merrimac* was absolutely astounding for audacity, cleverness, coolness, and success. When he started, I knew he never expected to get out alive. He said so, but he was calmly confident that he could fix the Spaniards like trapped rats.

"He had submitted the plan to Admiral Sampson as soon as it was known that the Spanish fleet was in Santiago harbor. It was intended first to put the scheme into execution on the night of June 2d, but the conditions were not favorable then, and it was postponed. The plan became known to the entire fleet, and I don't believe there was an officer or man on any ship who did not try to get a place on the *Merrimac*.

"It was decided that I could not go. I wanted to stand by the ship to the last, but at three o'clock on the morning of June 3d the Admiral came aboard and told me I could not. It was Hobson's scheme, and by right it was his to carry out, he said. Then he took me aboard the flagship, where all but three of my men were sent.

"The night was intensely dark, and not a sound came from the Spanish batteries as Hobson and his men entered the channel. We thought we had silenced the batteries, but soon learned our mistake. A long, thin flash came from Moro. We could not hear the roar, because we were too far out, but we knew it was a signal gun. The *Merrimac* kept on just as though she was going to land a picnic party, in whose honor fireworks were being exploded.

"In less than a minute after that signal gun we saw the gallant ship well in toward the east of the channel entrance, in the center of what would



VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.

pass for a living picture of hell. How those Spaniards fired! It seemed to me as though all the forts on earth had been massed at Moro and Socapa to slaughter our eight heroes.

"The *Merrimac* got well inshore and dropped her stern anchor. Then she swung around and pointed across the channel to the eastward. The batteries on shore kept on pouring shot at her. A rain of iron fell all around her, but she kept on. At last she reached the position for which Hobson had planned. She lay straight across the channel, with thirty-one feet of water both forward and astern. Next anchors were put out from the bows, and she was ready for destruction.

"I never saw a ship that had more water-tight compartments than she, and the means to sink her had to be elaborate and complete. Nearly everything of value had been taken out of her, but to help her sink a lot of coal had been left aboard.

"With missiles falling around them almost as thick as snowflakes in a winter gale, Hobson and his men went calmly to the completion of their work. They went over the side and on to a catamaran, every man of them, and then Hobson set off the torpedoes. The *Merrimac* went to the bottom with a roar. She was not smashed to pieces. Her bottom was torn out and she was left there, an impassable barrier.

"When they saw their work had been accomplished, Hobson and his men made a dash to escape. They did not row ashore and surrender, as has been stated. They did their level best to get back to us, but it was impossible. The Spaniards ashore, who stood amazed at their daring, put after them as soon as their torpedoes exploded. They were captured after a hard fight, in which, I believe, two were slightly wounded.

"That's the entire story, as far as we know it. Admiral Cervera was prompt to recognize the heroism of Hobson and his men."

Perhaps a majority of men, confronting dangers like those which Hobson and his gallant crew faced, would have become nervous and excited, and failed at the last moment. But the superb courage and coolness of the young Lieutenant and his brave followers never faltered. Right in the teeth of the concentrated fire of the Spanish forts and warships, they deliberately brought the *Merrimac* to the designated point, swung her across the narrow channel, let go the anchors, examined the machinery prepared for her destruction, and calmly took their places on the raft. There was no hurry or nervous excitement, no hysterical bravado, no hurrahing or swinging of caps in exultation over the success of their venture; but the whole thing was done in that quiet, business-like way that distinguishes thoroughly brave and well-drilled men. Unfortunately, the success of their undertaking was not complete, the vessel being too short to fully close the channel; but that fact does not lessen the splendor of the feat nor detract from the glory that belongs to them.

As soon as the first anchor was dropped, the men let the torpedoes down over the side of the ship, and then opened all the sea-cocks and portholes. Meantime the guns kept booming, and the flash of the burning powder lit up the harbor, so rapid was the firing. The fleet was so far off shore that they did not hear the guns, but they could tell the hotness of the fire by the flashes.

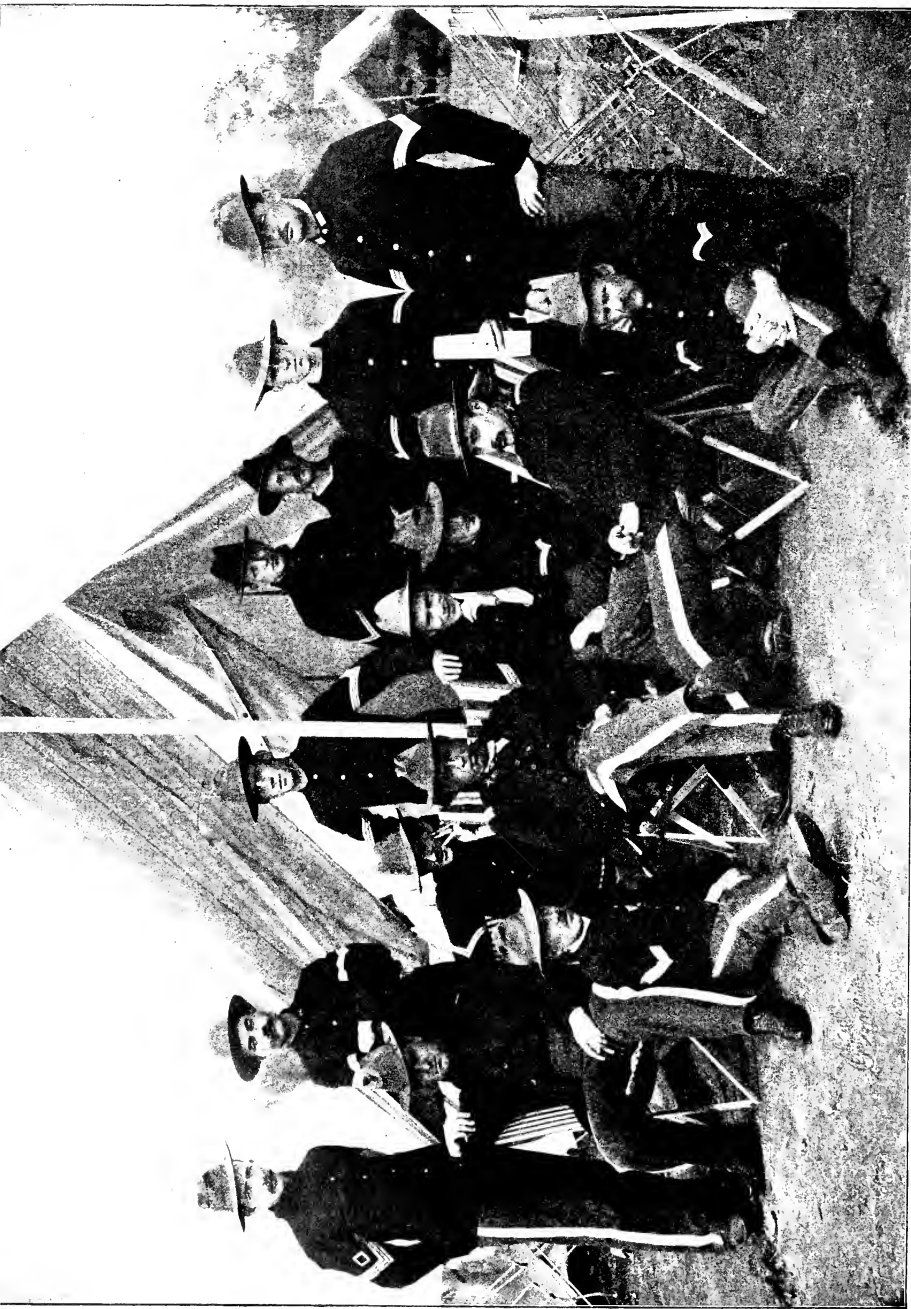
The current was running out with the tide, and as the *Merrimac* lay at anchor she swung lazily around until she was broadside across the entrance. Meanwhile, the men waited patiently until she had reached the desired position, when they quietly lowered the stern anchor and fastened her securely across the narrow passage. The vessel was so long that she left only thirty-one feet of the channel unoccupied at each end. The men remained on board until the ship swung to the limit of the second anchor chain and stopped. They were sure then that she would stay where she was, and they launched the life-raft and dropped down on board of it, taking with them the wires with which the torpedoes were to be exploded.

The thunder of the shore batteries and the rattle and clash of musketry continued. The water was foaming with the commotion made by the shells and bullets. Hobson and his men floated down stream on the raft one hundred and fifty yards, dragging the wires out after them. This was the distance for the contact to be made, and it was then done, and the explosion followed. The water about the *Merrimac* was lifted up by the explosion, and when it had settled again the ship was at the bottom of the passage, only her spars sticking out of the water.

Personality of the Hero of the "Merrimac."

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac*, was born at Greensboro, Hale county, Alabama, July 15, 1870. He is a son of Judge James H. Hobson, one of the most prominent lawyers in west Alabama, and for twenty years probate judge of Hale county. His mother is a daughter of the late Judge Pearson, who, before the war, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; she is also a sister of Congressman Richmond Pearson, of that State, for whom Lieutenant Hobson is named. Judge Hobson and wife are both members of aristocratic North Carolina families, and came to Alabama as groom and bride soon after the war. Lieutenant Hobson, their second son, began his education at the Southern University at Greensboro, Alabama, at the age of fifteen; entered a competitive examination for appointment to the United States Naval Academy and won, making a splendid record.

He was immediately appointed to the naval academy by Secretary Herbert, who was an intimate friend of his father, with whom Herbert had fought in the Confederate army. He graduated number two in his class at the naval



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE MISSOURI VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

academy, and number two in the class at Greenwich, England, where he was sent for a supplemental course in naval construction.

He was highly respected while at the naval academy, although he held none of the cadet offices. He was of the sedate and studious type, who are somewhat irreverently known at Annapolis as "Tin Angels," a term in the parlance of the naval cadets which implies no disrespect or ridicule. Among those qualities which distinguished him with his fellow-students was the practice of using "big words," and to-day officers who served with him at Annapolis as a younger man recall with evident relish some of the phrases which Cadet Hobson used on various occasions.

While being subjected to the practice of hazing, quite customary at that time, he interrupted the proceedings long enough to remark, with much dignity and feeling:

"I do not desire to, nor will I tolerate, any more of your scurrilous contumely."

Hobson is described as tall and strongly built, but very quiet and unassuming in manner. He would not be picked out ordinarily as having the high bravery his intimate associates knew all the time lay beneath a very modest manner.

Lieutenant Hobson's record shows him to be a remarkably brilliant man, yet he is as unassuming and as modest as a girl. He is extremely conscientious, and his friends say that this element of character had quite as much to do with his act of daring at Santiago as did his great courage.



A SOUTHERN BELLE.

He is one of the sort who, when he feels that duty has called him, will not hesitate to respond, though in so doing he must face death itself. He has always been a close student and a hard worker. His inclinations are



HOME OF AN ALABAMA NEGRO FAMILY.

strongly religious, and he is a kind and dutiful son, the special favorite of his mother, who idolizes him, and to whom he is very devoted.

The Hobson family is quite remarkable. James Hobson, a brother of the Lieutenant, has just won a scholarship at West Point through competitive examination. Another brother, S. A. Hobson, is a brilliant lawyer and editor at Tuscaloosa, and a prominent leader in local politics.

Alabama does honor to her distinguished son, whose name is woven in the galaxy of heroes. A new battle-cry has been coined. With the Alabama troops, who are soon to move to action, it will be "Remember the *Maine!* Remember Hobson!"

Nothing of a love affair is known in his career. No dandyism entered into his make-up. He was too busy to be won by the languid smiles of any southern belle. Yet, he was never too busy to be polite and courteous. His mother, whose once jet-black hair is now tinged with gray, was his sweetheart—his all.

To-day crowds swarm the stately home of the Hobson's, at Greensboro. Men and women tender congratulations, but, perhaps, the most touching incident was when the old family servant, "Uncle Ben," handed Mrs. Hobson the simple, yet sincere, congratulatory telegram of President McKinley. A tear crept from among the heavy lashes that shade the beautiful blue eyes which have lost none of their old-time fire, none of their motherly tenderness, by age.

When "Rich" first went away to school he carried a Bible and a prayer-book, gifts of his mother. He has them to this day, locked near his heart with a mother's love.

From early boyhood "Rich" Hobson's belief in Providence was strong. His parents share this faith in an all-protecting power which will bring their boy back to their old home. The hero's faith is best illustrated in the opening clause of his will, which is now held by his father: "For my near and distant future, I leave myself without anxiety in the hands of Almighty God," it reads.

To Annapolis, where he went after leaving the sophomore class in the Southern University, "Rich" carried his prayer-book and Bible and a mother's "God bless you." Here his earnest character and religious devotion secured for him the nickname of "Parson Hobson," bestowed upon him by his less reverent associates. He continued to read his Bible and repeat a prayer before retiring, notwithstanding the jeers of his mates.

Determination of purpose is as strongly marked in his nature as religious devotion. This trait is aptly illustrated by an incident related by "Uncle Ben," the old family servant:

"'Course, Marse Rich 's a hero," said Uncle Ben. "Didn't I see dat boy prodjecting wid all sorts of little boats on dat very pon' out dar? He didn't take no foolishness, nuther. A boy playin' wid him tried to ruinat one of 'em play ships one day, and de way Marse Rich thrashed dat boy was a caution. Doan' talk to me 'bout Farragut! Dat boy what I nussed on my knee is de bes' of all! I said he war gwine to do suthin to git his name high!"

The good old darkey's predictions have certainly proved true, for his *protégé's* name is on the lips of all men. Greater events and bloodier will

live less long in the national memory than the sinking of the *Merrimac* at Santiago. Again, as when Decatur fired the *Philadelphia*, and as in the torpedo attack on the *Albemarle*, daring has snatched life from the very jaws of death, and a handful of men have achieved what a fleet might have struggled for in vain.

Deeds of this sort fall outside the limits of naval duty. Men are not ordered to perform them. They are done by volunteers. And it is the pride of America, that the more desperate the service the more abundant are the men who are eager to perform it.

Eight Volunteers.

Eight volunteers! on an errand of death!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Eight men to go where the cannon's hot
breath

Burns black the cheeks;

Eight men to man the old *Merrimac*'s hulk;

Eight men to sink the old steamer's black
bulk,

Blockade the channel where Spanish ships
skulk—

Eight men! Who speaks?

"Eight volunteers!" said the Admiral's flags!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Who will sail under El Moro's black crags—

Sure death he seeks?

Who is there willing to offer his life?

Willing to march to this music of strife—

Cannon for drum and torpedo for life?

Eight men! Who speaks?

Eight volunteers! on an errand of death!

Eight men! Who speaks?

Was there a man who in fear held his breath?

With fear-paled cheeks?

From ev'ry warship ascended a cheer!

From ev'ry sailor's lips burst the word
"Here!"

Four thousand heroes their lives volunteer!

Eight men! Who speaks?

—LANSSING C. BAILEY, in the *Mail and Express*.

Hobson.

(As told by Mikey O'Toole.)

Siz Hobson, of Allybama, I brought yez
A load of coal.

Siz Servery, it's just the very thing
I wahn't, bless yer soul.

Siz Hobson, I'll put 'er down in the
Bazemint for yez to get.

Siz Servery, hould on, if ye do it'll
All git mity wet.

Divil cares, siz Hobson; is this the
Bay of Santiago?

Never yez mind about the bay,
Dom the bay, siz the Dago.

That's phot I'm tryin' to do, siz Hobson,
Both inds on the ground.

Siz Servery, lave room, plaze, for
A wheelbarry to go round.

'Dthin he siz, doo yez see me min a
Shootin' away at marks?

I doo, begorra, siz Hobson, they're
Skarrin ahf all the sharks.

Pay for the coal, siz Hobson, I've
Put er all down in the bin.

Divil a cent I have, siz Servery,
For you and the min.

'Dthin we'll boord wid yez, siz Hobson,
Until ivery cint we git.

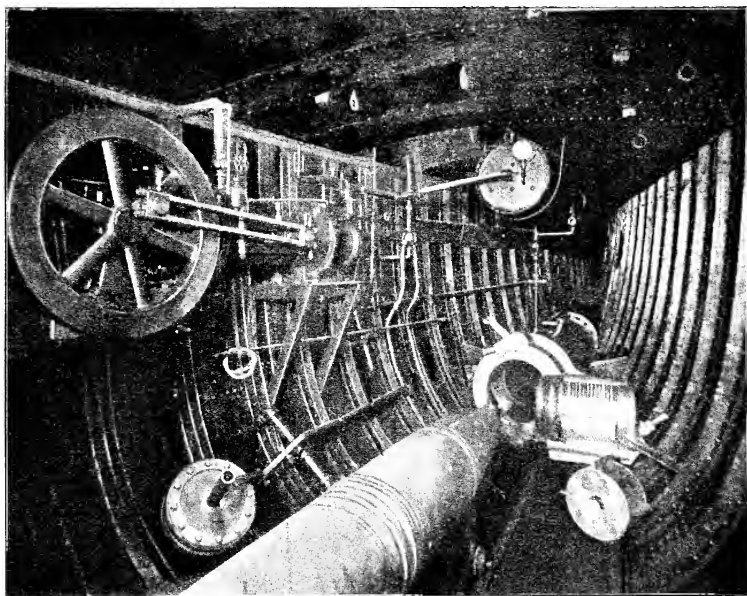
And he did, an' he's boording it out
With the Dago til yit.

—IRONQUILL, in St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Other Events at Santiago.

It may be right to "give the devil his due," but we doubt if anything is gained by believing a Spaniard capable of a generous deed. When Admiral Cervera sent his second in command to the American fleet, under a flag of truce, to compliment Lieutenant Hobson and the gallant seven, and to assure our people that they would be well treated as honorable prisoners of war, the

whole nation took off its hat in generous acknowledgment of this first act of chivalrous courtesy on the part of a Spaniard. For the moment we forgot that all Spaniards are liars. The reminder came a little later, when Admiral Sampson was notified by Cervera that the prisoners were confined in an exposed portion of Moro Castle, where a bombardment of that fortress by our ships would mean almost certain death to them. This cowardly expedient of self-protection by exposing prisoners at dangerous points is common enough among savages, but it was hardly to be expected from an enlightened



TORPEDO READY TO DISCHARGE IN TORPEDO CHAMBER.

officer like Cervera, representing a nation that pretends to be civilized and especially prides itself on its "honor." But Spanish civilization and honor are of a very low order. Even the half-civilized rebels of the Philippine Islands can give them salutary lessons in that line. These wild people, through whose veins the hot blood of the tropics courses, although subjected for centuries to the vilest indignities and cruelties of their Spanish masters, now that they have thousands of prisoners in their possession are treating them with a kindness and courtesy that are truly commendable. They do not outrage women, nor kill, torture, nor mutilate their prisoners. They

have had lessons enough in such barbarities from the nation they are fighting, but the humanizing influence of American civilization has penetrated their ranks; and, although provoked nearly to the verge of desperation, they treat their prisoners as honorable foes. The wife and daughters of the Spanish Captain-General, as well as the meanest Spanish soldier, are safe from dishonor and wrong as prisoners of the Philippine insurgents. Of all countries claiming the slightest degree of civilization, Spain alone sinks herself to the level of the savage. Even Turkey is more honorable and humane in warfare than Spain.

When Lieutenant Hobson and his men performed the gallant feat of sinking the *Merrimac*, in the face of almost certain death, and were captured by the Spaniards, Cervera sent his deceptive note of flattery to Admiral Sampson, and this paragraph made a part of that note:

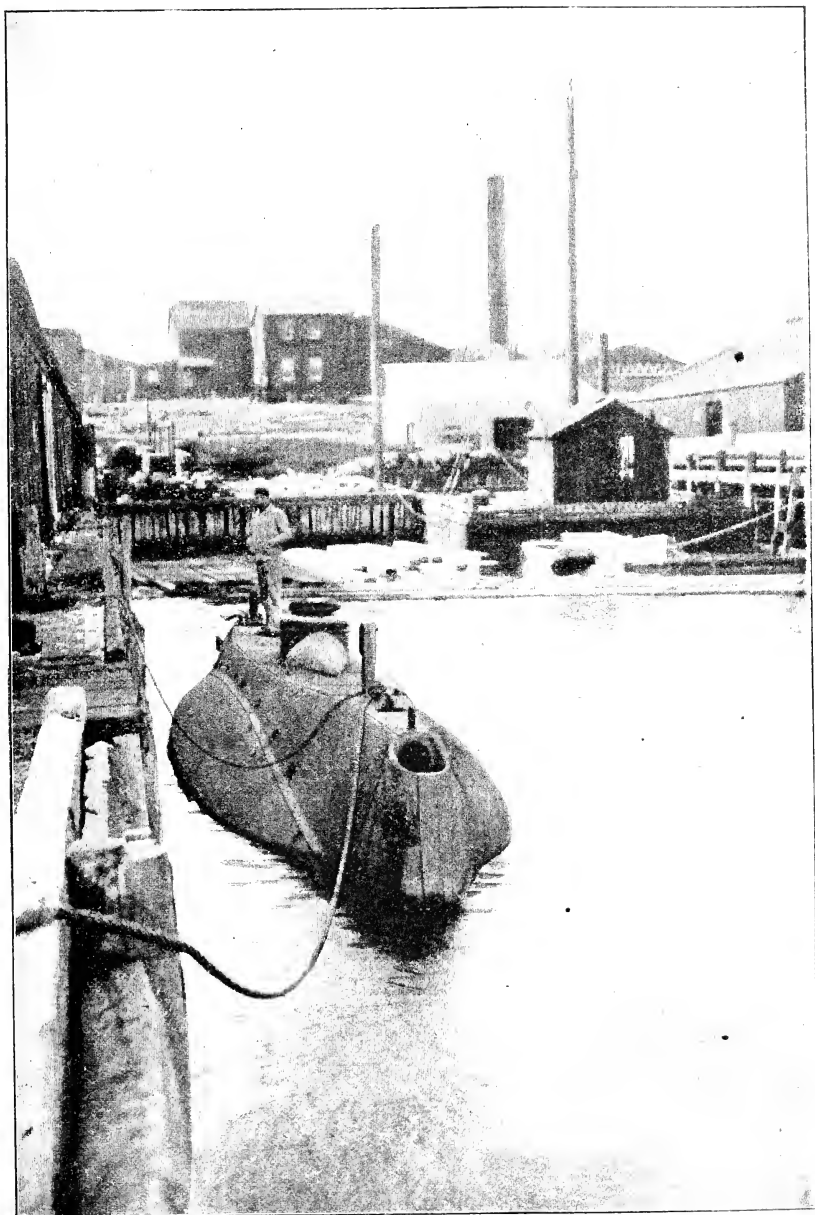
"Your boys will be all right in our hands. Daring like theirs makes the bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes. They were taken to the city of Santiago and thence to Santiago's Moro, where they are our prisoners, but our friends. Everything is being done to make their stay with us comfortable. If you wish to send anything to them, we will cheerfully take it."

That message was telegraphed all over the world, and caused men everywhere to believe that Spanish Admirals fought like Christians. But the sending of Hobson and his men to Moro Castle to prevent Sampson's gunners from firing on that fortress, changed sentiment again; and the refusal to exchange prisoners was another proof of Spanish treachery.

The offer of exchange by our government was referred to Captain-General Blanco, as chief in command of the Spanish forces in Cuba. An American officer was sent immediately on a government vessel to a point within one mile of the mouth of Havana harbor, where he displayed a flag of truce and awaited a response.

After the vessel had lain there a while, a launch put out, having on board a Spanish naval officer. The American explained his business, and made proposals for exchange. The Spaniards went back to Havana to confer with General Blanco. They returned in an hour and brought a message from the Captain-General, saying that he had to communicate with Madrid and would send an answer in a few days. Here ended the first conference.

Two or three days afterward the men on our vessel saw a Spanish gunboat, a small affair, bristling with guns, put out from the harbor and run toward them. The ship cleared for action. The gunboat kept right on, and just as our ship was about to send an inquiring shot at her she hoisted a flag of truce. A tug was sent alongside her, and the officers on board the gunboat gave the commander of the tug a letter from General Blanco to deliver to the captain of the war vessel. In the letter General Blanco said that after



mature deliberation the government had decided to consider no proposals for the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson.

The letter closed with a warning that any of our vessels venturing within six miles of the forts would be fired on, regardless of flags of truce.

This warning was so absurd as to be amusing, as our vessels lay every day within four miles of the forts, and frequently ran right under them. But the occasion presented an opportunity for the Spanish commander to indulge in a little cheap bravado, and he could not resist it. Blanco declared that Hobson and his men were his prisoners, and he intended to keep them as long as Havana held out; adding, in the language of a common bully: "If you want them, come and take them."

This incident did more to convince our people that they were at war with a moral degenerate and a barbarian than anything that had occurred since the beginning of the war. It changed the belief that the battleship *Maine* had been blown up by Blanco, acting under orders from Spain, into actual conviction. The employment of prisoners for self-protection, and the treacherous destruction of a friendly ship, are similar acts of cowardice, barbarism, and moral degeneracy. They both represent Spanish treachery, and they have added enormously to the debt Spain will have to pay when she comes to the final settlement. Spain cannot fight like a barbarian and then ask consideration as a Christian when it comes to framing a treaty of peace.

Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, referring to this matter, said:

"The message of Admiral Cervera to Admiral Sampson was worth millions of dollars to Spain in the final settlement. It impressed the world as an act of a Christian soldier. It made people wish that the war could be ended and peace between Christian nations restored. But that chivalrous message has been followed by the most cowardly and barbarous acts that could be credited to the soldiers of a civilized country. The Spanish Admiral sent his prisoners to a fortress to protect it, or compel the Americans to fire on their own heroes if they continued the bombardment of Santiago's defenses. Only cowards fight that way. It was equivalent to holding a man's child between you and him to protect yourself. That act, followed by the refusal to exchange these prisoners, stamps Spanish soldiers and sailors as cowards and barbarians. They evidently intend to keep these American heroes to protect themselves from our punishment. It will cost Spain heavily in the end. It will arouse the indignation of all American citizens, and open their eyes to Spanish character. Whatever men may have thought before, most Americans will now believe that Spain directed the blowing up of the *Maine*. An army and navy that would use brave prisoners of war to protect themselves would blow up a ship and murder its seamen."

This is strong language to come from the chief justice of the highest court in the world, but it is true, and the facts which rendered such language admissible, ought to deprive Spain of all sympathy that any other nations may have previously entertained for her.

The circumstances seem to prove conclusively that Cervera's note to



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE DEAD SAILORS OF THE 'MAINE,' THROUGH THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

Admiral Sampson, couched as it was in terms of smooth and deceptive flattery, was a pretense, a cheap and scurvy trick, resorted to for the purpose of enabling his under-officer to get a view of the American squadron and report its strength and position. A correspondent who witnessed the visit of the Spanish officer states that during his interview with the American Admiral

his eyes furtively took in the whole scene, and that he was evidently casting a mental photograph of the strength and location of every ship in our fleet. In short, while pretending to compliment our brave seamen, he was, in fact, playing the part of a villainous spy, and he ought to have been hanged like any other spy. We should not forget, in our fight with Spain, that we are at war with a savage and treacherous people, and we must expect the usual trickery and cruelty of such tribes.

Mutilating the Dead.

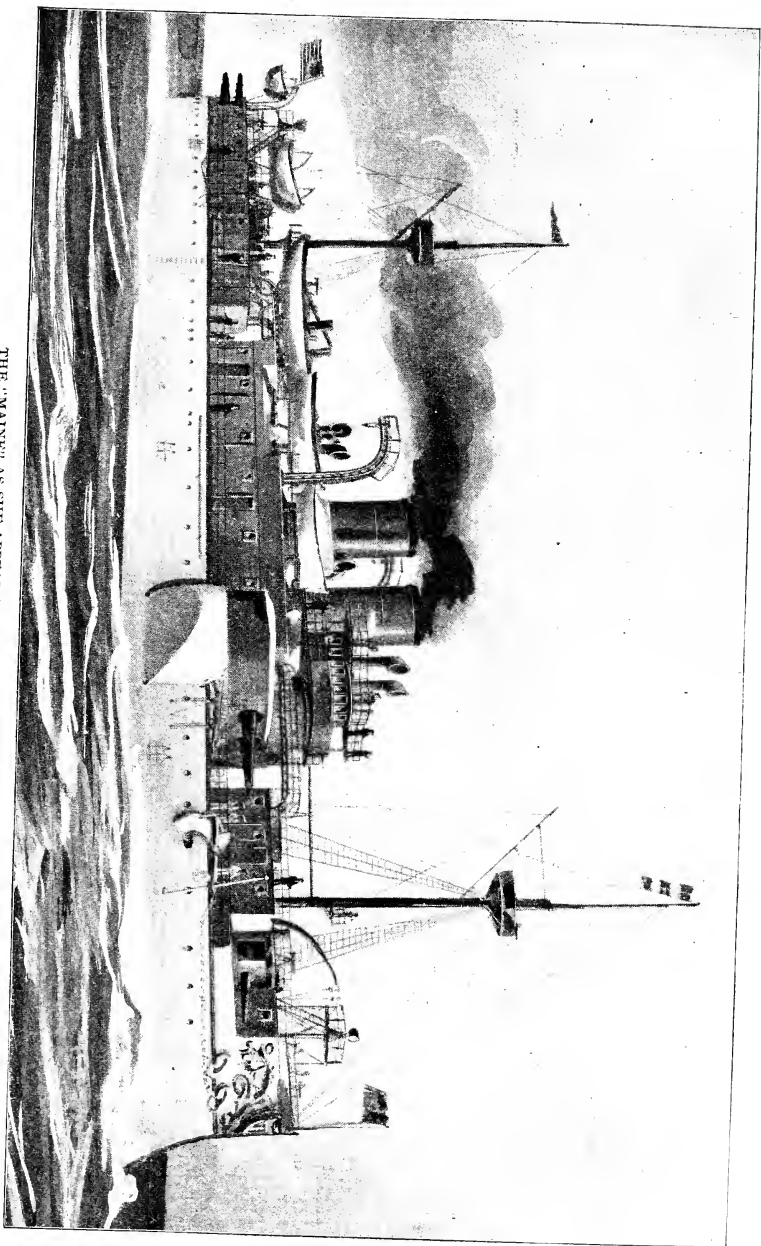
In the first skirmishes that took place on land near Santiago, a few of our soldiers were killed, and the nation was horrified to learn from Admiral Sampson's reports that their bodies were afterward mutilated by the Spaniards. This is the kind of warfare that our soldiers have been accustomed to in dealing with the wild Indian tribes on our frontiers, but every one supposed that such deeds of brutal cowardice were confined to races claiming nothing better than savagery.

Incidents like these, and the destruction of the *Maine*, remind us that the time has come when Spain should no longer be tolerated in the Western Hemisphere. Let her be driven into the narrow confines of her own miserable peninsula, and there learn, through suffering, that she must become civilized before she can expect to stand on an equal footing with the nations of modern enlightenment.

American civilization stands in the way of any recourse to retaliation for these inhuman outrages, either in the shape of submitting the Spanish dead to the same ignominy, or even of punishing the savage and barbarous foe by refusing quarter, the refusing of quarter to the enemy being expressly forbidden by the terms of the United States general army orders, No. 100, issued for the instruction of the United States armies in the field. Nor will it be possible or practicable to exact reparation for the outrage by means of an increased monetary indemnity at the close of the present conflict, as any sum that is demanded in the shape of war indemnity will only be extorted from the bankrupt Madrid government with great difficulty. Indeed, it is extremely difficult to devise any adequate means of punishment for the Spaniards on account of the mutilation of the American dead.

Attempts were made in some quarters to cast doubt upon charges of mutilation brought against the Spaniards, but we may take it for granted that a prominent officer like Admiral Sampson would not make such charges without knowing them to be true.¹ Besides, they are in keeping with the

¹ Admiral Sampson, having been asked by the government for specific information regarding the reported mutilation of our dead, replied, after this paragraph was in type, saying that careful investigation led to the belief that the supposed mutilations were caused by the peculiar tearing of wounds inflicted by Mauser rifle-bullets at close range, and that he desired to withdraw his previous charge of intentional mutilation. The cautious wording of the Admiral's reply leaves the matter in doubt, and shows that he was not fully convinced of error in his first report. At any rate, mutilation of dead enemies is a common custom among Spanish soldiers, as it is with other savage races. And every one believes that they would mutilate our dead if not restrained by wholesome fear.



THE "MAINE" AS SHE APPEARED ON ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR.

known character of the Spanish people. They have practiced such brutalities in all their wars, the present struggles in Cuba and the Philippines being no exception to the rule. It is natural, therefore, to presume that they will mutilate the American dead, when they have the opportunity, just as they have done those of all the peoples with whom they have contended. An American diplomat, who was in Spain during the Carlist civil war, gives some horrible instances of this vile practice, in which the mutilations were inflicted upon relatives and members of the same families. His statements almost challenge belief, but they are supported by facts that cannot be successfully disputed. He says:

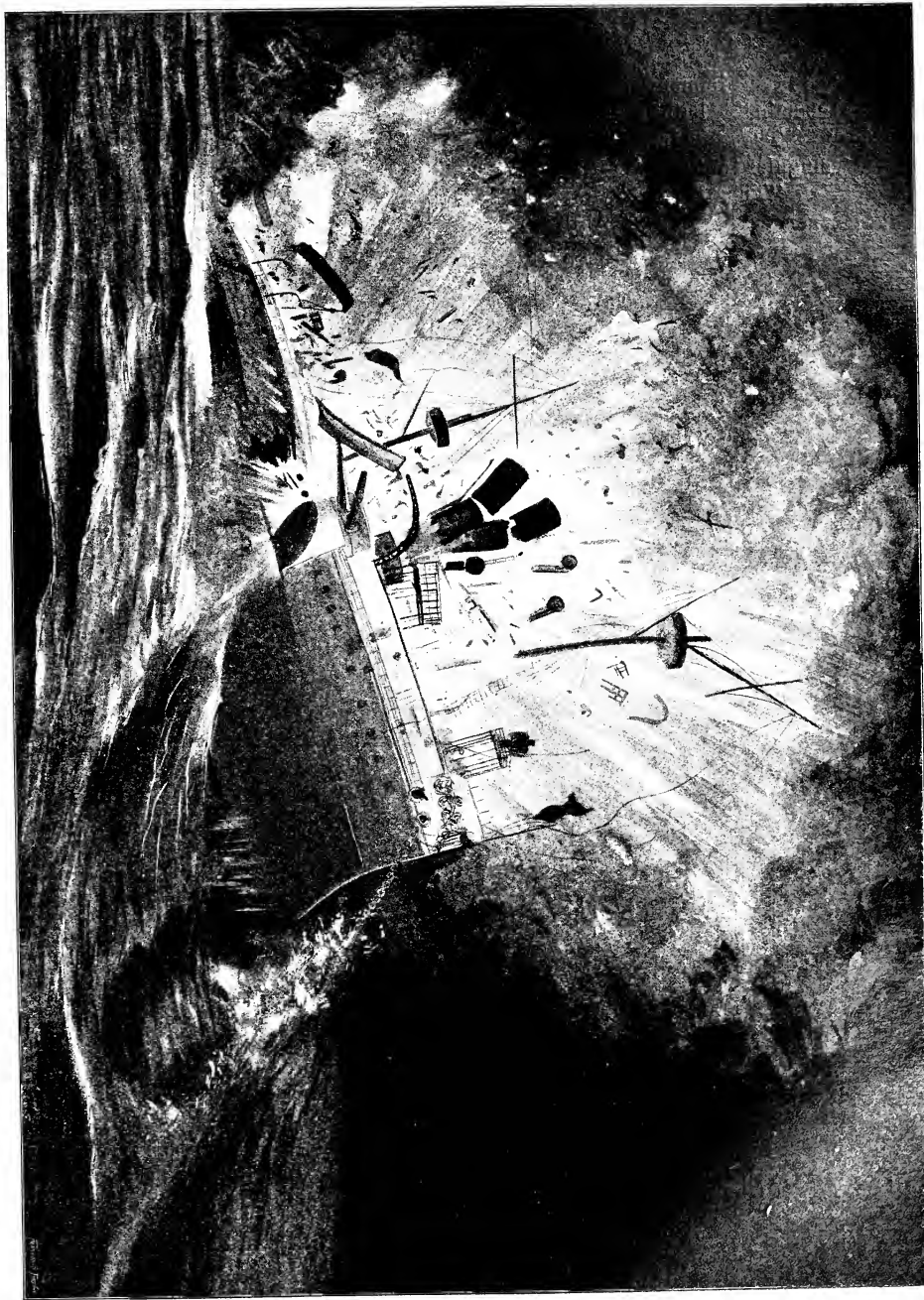
"I was in Spain at the time of the last Carlist war, and every other foreigner who followed the operations, either with the Carlists or with the government forces, will bear me out in my assertion that the belligerents on either side mutilated the dead bodies of their foes in the same ghastly fashion that is so familiar to those American officers and men who have been engaged in Indian warfare out west. In the last civil war in Spain there were innumerable instances of brothers fighting on opposite sides, of fathers being with the Carlists and of sons with the government armies. Indeed, if ever there was a fratricidal war, it was this terrible and sanguinary conflict which raged a quarter of a century ago in Spain. Not only were the dead mutilated on either side, with equal impartiality, by both belligerents, but also the wounded. Every woman captured was subjected to the most awful indignities, and then, as a rule, disemboweled. Children were either bayoneted or else had their brains dashed out with the rifle-stock or against rocks, and no quarter was given.

"There are even tales told by the Spaniards themselves, aye, and printed as well, by Spain's most popular authors, in standard works, to be found in the best houses in Madrid, of tortures inflicted on prisoners quite as barbarous as those to which the Spanish guerrillas subjected the French troops of Napoleon in the early part of this century.

"If, then, the Spaniards accord such treatment to their own countrymen and women, to their own kinsfolk and nearest relatives, how is it possible to be surprised that they should have resorted to their usual practices in dealing with the dead bodies of a foe whom they have been taught from childhood to hate with such intensity as the Americans?"

And it may be seriously asked, if this war should last long enough, and opportunity be afforded for the perpetration of such brutalities as those described by this intelligent writer, what would be the effect upon the American people? Suppose a Spanish fleet should land at some undefended town, and the men be permitted to outrage the women and afterward murder and mutilate them, what would the American people do? Would they not rise as one man, and seizing all the ships they could lay their hands upon,

DESTRUCTION OF THE 'MAINE' IN HAVANA HARBOR.



go in one immense body of infuriated and desperate avengers, and wipe the abominable bull-fighting Spanish nation off the face of the earth?

The same intelligent writer quoted above seeks to find a cause for this singular trait of excessive brutality in the Spanish character. He says:

"There are but few Western nations who are given to this form of savagery, and it is noteworthy that in each case it is where the people have a strain of Oriental blood in their veins.

"The Orientals, with the sole exception of the Japanese, invariably mutilate the dead foe, and often the living one as well. It is not a matter so much of creed as of race, for the Christian Abyssinians are just as guilty of this cruelty as the Chinese, the Malays, the Afghans, and the Moors. It is from their Moorish ancestors that the Spaniards have undoubtedly inherited this peculiarly Oriental practice, which is likewise in vogue among the Sicilians, who have much Saracen blood in their veins. True, the Sicilians have never laid themselves open to such charges when enrolled in regular military forces, but they have frequently treated their foes thus in the insurrections which have devastated their so romantic island.

"The semi-Oriental races of the southeast of Europe are likewise addicted to the custom of mutilating the fallen or captured foe; and during the insurrection of Bosnia and Herzegovina against the Austrian rule, in 1879 and 1880, not only all the imperial soldiers that were killed suffered mutilation, but likewise most of those who fell into the hands of the insurgents.

"The French troops who have taken part in the various recent campaigns against the Chinese in Tonking, have frightful stories to tell of the treatment to which their fallen and missing comrades were subjected by the so-called Black Flags; while the terrible carnage of the Chinese at Port Arthur during the Chinese war with Japan, which aroused so much obloquy against the Japanese, who were charged with having temporarily cast to the winds their new-fledged Western civilization, originated with the blind fury which overtook the Mikado's troops when they beheld the bodies of some of their comrades who had been mutilated by the Chinese just before the capture of the stronghold."

Similar provocation will probably have the same result in the case of our own soldiers, for beneath the skin of every civilized man the tiger slumbers; and the Anglo-Saxon tiger, when aroused, has proved himself to be one of the most sanguinary in existence. The Spaniards, therefore, may find it safe and profitable not to arouse the slumbering demon.

Brilliant Fighting Around Santiago.

On the 6th of June, Admiral Sampson led a second attack on the fortifications of Santiago. He had given the necessary orders the previous even-

ing, and so eager were the men for the fray that breakfast was served at an unusually early hour on the morning of the battle. At seven o'clock the signal was given to clear for action. Forty minutes later the ships were ranged in two lines, eight hundred yards apart—one on either side of the harbor entrance.

To the east was this naval parade: Admiral Sampson's flagship, the *New York*; *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Yankee* and *Dolphin*. On the other side: Commodore Schley's flagship, the *Brooklyn*, led, and then came in this order the *Massachusetts*, *Vixen* and *Suwanee*.

From six miles off shore the two processions moved slowly toward the mouth of the harbor. The *New York* and *Brooklyn* were within about 4000 yards when the unmistakable roar of one of Sampson's eight-inch rifles made the harbor vibrate. The *Brooklyn* echoed, and then the battle was opened.

Admiral Sampson's squadron turned to the west, Schley's to the east, and, as they turned, the lighter ships fell out of line in order to avoid the range of the heaviest shore batteries, and devoted themselves to a number of field batteries that had been erected on the beach.

The battleships steamed closer and closer, pouring in a tremendous fire on the defenses on either side of the harbor mouth.

The Krupp and Armstrong guns that were brought to Santiago by the *Montserrat* made as much noise as our guns, but in no other way were they as adequate. German and French artillerymen were behind them, but they did no better work than the Spanish gunners, whose marksmanship has made the American tars laugh in every action. No damage worth recording was inflicted on any of the American ships.

For an hour all the thunders of heaven seemed to be let loose at once. There was not the slightest interval in the banging and crashing. The Yankees lived up to their reputation as gunners. The *New York* and *Texas* did particularly well—not one of their shells seemed to go astray.

On the west side, the *Texas*, *Massachusetts* and *Brooklyn* were doing fearful execution. This was especially true of the *Texas*. It was the ship's first fighting since the war began. Captain Jack Philip was not let into the battle of Tuesday last, despite his pleadings, and he was eager for a chance.

In the eastern division the rivalry was fully as warm. Sampson took the *New York* very close in, but Clarke followed with the *Oregon*, belching a frightful hail of steel all the while.

Directly behind the big *Oregon* came the smaller *New Orleans*, very like an English bull pup, low in the water and full of snap and ginger.

She began by using her smokeless powder, but that soon gave out, and Captain Folger fell back on the same ammunition that the others were consuming.

The fire from the batteries became hotter and more desperate. From the crest of the hill where the Moro looms to the low-lying batteries at its base, it seemed impossible that anything could remain alive. The shells kept the air full of dust clouds and flying stone as they struck and burst.

The *Texas* and *Massachusetts* on the west seemed to be bearing the brunt of the fire from the west side, but finally, at 10:30 o'clock, after two hours and forty-one minutes' fighting, the *New York* displayed the "cease firing" signal.

The *Yankee* turned reluctantly away, and kept on shooting with her stern guns. The boys were enjoying the fun too much to quit willingly.

"Just one more shot," begged Captain Philip of the *Texas*, with the wig-wag code.

"Get it off quick, there!" he said to his gunners.

"Let me empty my guns," pleaded Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts*, turning loose the thirteen-inch belchers.

"Only just this once," came from Clarke of the *Oregon*, and Evans of the *Iowa*; and so it went, until finally the Admiral was forced to signal, "Withdraw every one of you," and the second battle at Santiago had been fought.

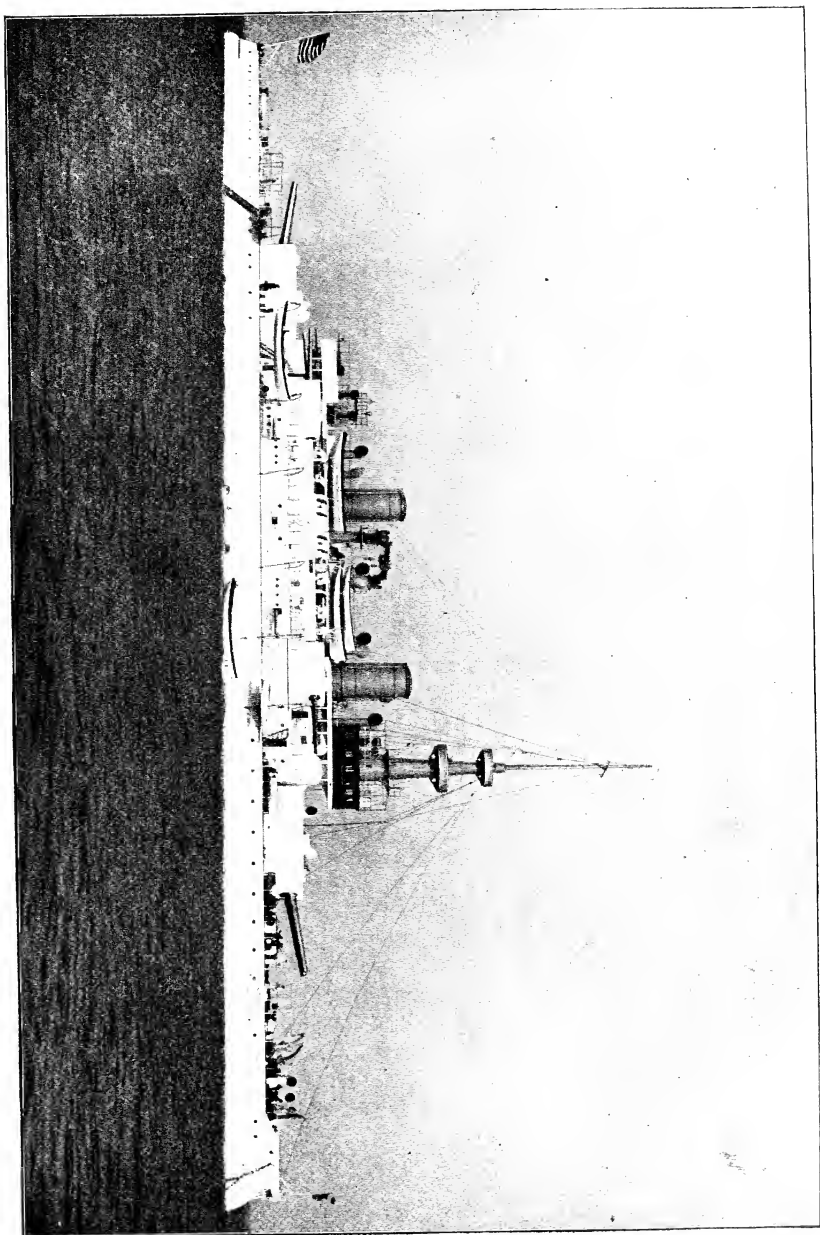
One experiment proved its value in this engagement. The *Yankee* was manned by the naval reserves, and they fought like veterans. She steamed close inshore fighting the beach batteries, and their fire was accurate and regular. The other ships cheered the "kids" whenever they came close enough.

The Moro at the end of the fight looked like an ancient ruin. Those of its walls that were not down were tottering and riddled with great holes, where the solid shot had torn through them. Only a little way below the Moro is a small stone fortification. It was an easy mark, but not a shot from the American ships fell near it. In that old fort Lieutenant Hobson and the other heroes of the *Merrimac* were prisoners. The works above and below their prison were entirely destroyed, which testifies to the accuracy of our firing.

Away back of the city a party of insurgents with some field artillery had taken up a position. They were ten miles off, and could not possibly do any damage; but they could not stand by and do nothing, so they blazed away, and probably the waste of shells was paid for in their obvious satisfaction.

As usual, the Spaniards reported this affair as a brilliant victory for themselves, claiming that the Americans made three desperate assaults, and were repulsed each time with heavy losses, estimated at 1500 men! They, however, admitted the sinking of the *Reina Mercedes*, one of the vessels of Admiral Cervera's fleet. No one was hurt on the American side; but the

THE "OREGON."



Spanish loss must have been heavy, from the destruction wrought in the fortifications by the bursting shells.

The bombardment was renewed from day to day with the view of shattering the works of the enemy and preparing for a safe landing of our troops.

Finally, on the 10th of June, after a brief engagement, in which a regiment of Spanish infantry was driven headlong from its position, eight hundred and fifty American marines were landed on the eastern side of the harbor of Guantanamo. The landing was made under the protection of the guns of the *Oregon*, the *Marblehead*, and the *Yosemite*. By this brilliant stroke the American forces gained a most desirable base. It brought within their grasp the railroad which runs from Guantanamo to Caimanero, and placed at their mercy several ships loaded with coal that were lying in the harbor at the time.

This first landing in the vicinity of Guantanamo was accomplished in broad daylight. The Spaniards made a feeble attempt at resistance, but they were forced to flee under the heavy fire of the American vessels. So hasty was their departure that when the Americans landed a first duty was to haul down the Spanish flag left by the enemy. In its place was raised the Stars and Stripes, at the sight of which the marines became wildly enthusiastic.

The first landing was effected by Captain Goodrell and sixty marines from the *Oregon*. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. They immediately seized and commenced fortifying a point known as Crest Heights, and were soon afterward joined by the remainder of the force of eight hundred and fifty men under Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington. Three thousand Spaniards were assembled within five miles of Crest Heights, and the men went to work with a will to complete their fortifications and be ready for the expected night attack. The spirits of the Americans were high, and the work of mounting guns went forward so rapidly that by half-past three o'clock their camp was made capable of resisting any force the Spaniards would be able to send against it. There was another enthusiastic demonstration when the American colors were raised over the fortified camp, and the men became more anxious than ever to meet the enemy.

The engagement that preceded the landing of the marines was short and decisive. The whole operation of silencing the Spanish guns and landing the forces was as easy as placing a Sunday-school picnic. The *Marblehead*, backed by the *Vixen* and *Dolphin*, opened fire on the earthworks. The shores to the right of the entrance were lined with guns and rifle-pits, but the Spaniards stampeded after firing a few shots.

The city of Guantanamo lies four miles up the bay, and a little Spanish gunboat came down to help the shore batteries. But she stayed just long enough to turn around. Numerous shots were fired by the Spaniards, but not one landed, and no Americans were injured.



RAPID-FIRE MACHINE GUN.

After the landing of the marines they found evidence of a very hasty departure upon the part of the valorous Spaniards. Watches, hammocks and ammunition were scattered about the earthworks, and a Spanish flag was found in one of the rifle-pits. A large batch of official telegrams, signed by prominent Spanish officers, and relating to the strength of fortifications and plans for the movement of Spanish troops, was also found, and proved to be of considerable value to the Americans.

About three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the Americans were attacked by a large force of Spanish guerrillas and bushwhackers, and during this fight, which lasted almost continuously for about twenty-four hours, four of our men were killed and several wounded. Among the killed was Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, son of Major Gibbs, formerly of the regular army, who fell at the Custer massacre. Dr. Gibbs' home was at Richmond, Virginia, but he had been practicing for some time in New York City. When the war with Spain began he entered the service as assistant surgeon, and fell at Guantanamo, as related. He was a brave and very popular officer, and his loss was keenly felt by his friends and associates. His death was instantaneous and painless, a Mauser bullet passing through his head.

The bodies of Privates McColgan and Dunphy were found in the brush, both shot in the head. The large cavities caused by the bullets, which, inside a range of five hundred yards, have a rotary motion, indicate that the victims were killed at close range.

The bodies were stripped of shoes, hats, and cartridge belts, and horribly mutilated with machetes. When they were brought in, the whole battalion formed three sides of a hollow square about the camp on the hill-top.

The tactics of the Spaniards were the same as those employed by savages. They skulked in the woods, crawled along ravines, fired from ambush, and even concealed their half-naked bodies by fastening branches of palm trees on their persons, so that they could not be distinguished from the dense foliage of the tropical country. When the funeral party went out to bury our dead they were fired upon, and were compelled to defend themselves and drive their hidden foes away before they could finish the solemn service.

During the fighting the ships threw their searchlights ashore, the powerful electric eyes sweeping the deep tropical foliage, and disclosing occasional skulking parties of Spaniards. It all resembled a transformation scene at the theater. Each discovery of the enemy was greeted by the crackle of carbine fire along the edge of the camp ridge, or by the long roll of the launch's machine gun, searching the thickets with a leaden stream. The Spaniards fought from cover, and could only be detected by the flashes of their guns, which were quickly greeted by volleys from our men, whose repeaters sounded like crackers in a barrel. It is estimated that during this desultory fighting, which lasted two or three days, the Spanish lost over three

hundred men. For several days afterward, vultures—Spain's national bird—sailed in flocks above the woods, and swooped down to their hideous feast in the dark recesses of the undergrowth.

A number of Cuban soldiers acted as scouts and guides for the Americans, leading in all the rallies and charges, and displaying a bravery and reckless disregard of danger that were truly phenomenal. As they rushed into the thickest of the battle, they shouted vociferously: "*Viva Cuba Libre! Viva los Americanos!*"

The following account of one of these fights was given by Lieutenant



CLEARING THE CUCKOOS OUT OF THE GRASS.

Neville, who led a party of American marines. It will serve as a sample of all the other brilliant little affairs that took place around Guantanamo:

"I had ten men, and Lieutenant Shaw had as many. We went out together to beat up the enemy, and separated about a mile from camp, intending to beat back by different ways.

"Soon I began to hear the cuckoos sing. They called from all directions. I had heard that this was the war-call of the guerrillas, and so was on the watch for enemies. But no man showed himself, and at half-past five we formed a vedette and began eating a light supper.

"Suddenly there was a volley from the mountains. My coat and hat were torn off, and, without waiting to pick them up, I pushed right in with my men, going toward the direction of the firing.

"They kept popping away, and we cut loose at them. This went on for twenty minutes. I saw two Spaniards drop. Others that we saw running had wrapped leaves and grass and branches about their bodies, so it was hard to distinguish them from the undergrowth.

"Night shut in while we were still popping away. Then, at eleven o'clock, I gave Sergeant Smith a lookout station while I went on a reconnaissance. He was killed and dreadfully mutilated while I was absent.

"The cuckoos now began to sing again from all sides of us, and I realized



CAPTAIN ELLIOTT'S MEN LOOKING FOR CUCKOOS.

what I had suspected—that the cuckoo song was the signal of the Spaniards. We picked up Smith's body and carried it toward the camp. The way led along a narrow path, and from either side of it the Spanish opened fire on us. I ordered my men to drop the body and to get clear of the Spaniards, which they did in about ten minutes.

"While stopping to rest among the trees we stumbled upon some bodies. They were the remains of a lieutenant and four colored men, who had evidently been shot by some of our men in one of the skirmishes of the early morning.

"We stuck to the woods all night. Just before daybreak the cuckoos began to sing again, and I came across Lieutenant Lucas, who said we were

completely surrounded. But we held our ground, and after a time re-inforcements came from the camp."

Such is the simple story of a heroic night's vigil. Many of those cuckoos will never sing again, for the fire of the marines and the Cubans was accurate, vicious, and terrible. Next day the buzzards told the story of the carnage and the hideous secrets of those dark woods.

The first division of General Shafter's army of invasion landed on Cuban soil on the 22d of June. Up to that time, fighting between the American marines and their Cuban allies and the Spanish guerrillas occurred almost daily. All of these miniature battles were alike in general results, and they taught the Spaniards a decent respect for the staying qualities and accuracy of aim of the Yankee marines. No sooner would an order to charge be sounded, and the rattle of fixing bayonets be heard, than the Spaniards would break from their places of concealment and run like frightened sheep for the cover of the next clump of bushes. As they ran there was shooting, quick and deadly, on our side, and the carcasses of the cuckoos lined the slopes of the hills and the green valleys with food for the vultures. There were at least five Spaniards to one American, but if the proportion had been a hundred to one the results would not have changed. It was the spirit of liberty and civilization against slavery, ignorance, and superstition, and there could be only one conclusion to such a contest. The hunting of Spaniards became a royal sport, in which all the men were eager to engage.

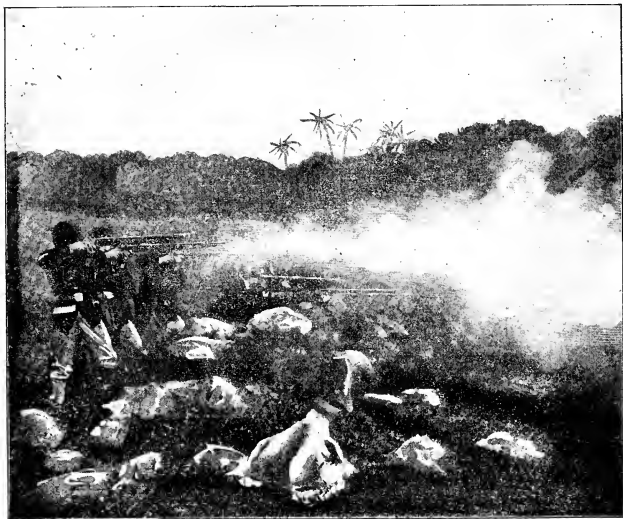
One morning, Captain Elliott obtained permission to go out and attack the Spanish camp and destroy a well, there being no other fresh water within fifteen or twenty miles. Captain Laborde, with fifty Cubans, made a part of Elliott's force. At seven o'clock the command to start was given, a party of Cubans having gone ahead to cover the advance through the dense chaparral.

A two-mile march brought the marines and insurgents to comparatively clear ground near two ranges of hills, 5000 feet high, that were covered with stones, rank dead grass, and cactus. The main body paused four miles from camp to await a report from Laborde's scouts. Meanwhile, they had been hearing from the hill-top the peculiar mellow call of the wood dove, which they had learned to recognize as a Spanish signal. The cooing of the cuckoos filled the woods with funereal melody as they took up their march to within about half a mile of the Spanish camp.

Lieutenant Lucas' men scaled the ridges and established themselves overlooking the enemy's position. Lieutenant Bannon's men, with Captain Elliott, followed closely. The marines all this time were silent. There was a sound as if a string of a delicate musical instrument was being touched rapidly, but very softly. Under the burning sun down goes a Cuban, shot through the left breast. Two comrades carry him back ten feet. Down goes Private Walker, of Company D, shot in the ankle. Down goes another

Cuban, shot in the arm. Men reel out of line, choking for air, and with blazing faces they drop into the slight shade of the cactus. The crashing of rifles is nothing to them. The Cubans did very bad shooting, seeming to be trying to pump the valley full of bullets in their overenthusiasm to press on. The marines were very careful and very cool. Most of them raised their rifles like lightning to their shoulders, and then came a beautiful premonitory pause before firing. The enemy's fire, so furious at first, gradually slackened, until the terrible hail from the ridge presently silenced it altogether.

Then there was cheering. Now was the time to scoop the guerrillas.



FIRING AT THE FLEEING SPANIARDS.

But the *Dolphin* steamed along the coast just then and misunderstood the wig-wagging of the marines. She began to shell across their front into the ridge occupied by Lieutenant Magill, who had been sent out with re-enforcements. The shell fire prevented our men from firing, and they were compelled to remain idle while the awful storm of lead and iron swept up and down and along the sides of those green ridges.

The Spaniards were badly exhausted and discouraged, for presently they began to break from the thicket in bunches of five or six, like partridges, and fly up the other hill. It really was the first sight the marines had had of the Spaniards. The shooting distance was from four hundred to six hundred yards. The firing of the marines was excellent. In some cases it simply destroyed whole bevvies of the guerrillas as they ran.

This lasted for an hour. The forces of the Cubans then chased after the enemy, while a party of marines moved down and destroyed the well and burned a house and huts. The men who had been overcome by the heat were carried on board the *Dolphin*. There were almost fifty such cases during the day. Most of the victims, however, lay down for half an hour and then came back to business.

The men went, in a long string of dun-colored figures, down and up the steep goat-paths of this wild, hot country, while the Cuban scouts guarded all points. *Vivas* came from the darkening valley, and a band of Cubans approached with fifteen prisoners. The marines cheered them heartily. They were getting fond of the Cubans, who bushwhacked magnificently. It was dark when the force reached camp, where it was welcomed quietly, but heartily.

And so the fighting and the royal Spanish hunting went on from day to day, the marines showing themselves apt students in the art of bushwhacking; until, finally, the great American fleet, with Old Glory waving from every masthead, rounded to and anchored with stately precision in front of Santiago Bay. Then all the Spanish cuckoos sought safety within the walls of their fortifications, and the gallant marines and their no less gallant Cuban allies rested for a while on the laurels they had so gloriously won.

FIRST AMERICAN INVASION OF CUBA.

The Expedition Under General Shafter.—Descriptions of the Soldiers, Their Appearance and Fighting Qualities.—A Canadian Lady's Visit to the Camp at Tampa, Florida.—Events and Incidents of Great Interest.—Sailing of the Great American Armada.—A Magnificent Spectacle.—Safe Voyage Across the Gulf.—Arrival of the Fleet Before Santiago.—Brilliant and Successful Landing of the Troops.—Ambushment of the Rough Riders.—Their Extraordinary Coolness and Daring in Battle.—Thrilling Scenes and Incidents.—Battles, Victories, etc.

After weeks of depressing inactivity and a number of exasperating delays, General Shafter and his command of about 16,000 men set sail from Port Tampa, on the 14th day of June, for the first armed invasion of Cuba. There were thirty large transport ships in the fleet, besides the men-of-war escorts, supply and hospital ships, etc., so that it was a veritable armada which sailed away from our shores to begin the real work of setting Cuba free. Two large barges and one schooner were loaded with water, in addition to the supply carried by the regular ships. When the transport fleet left Port Tampa it was the intention of those in authority to take the western course, around Cape Antonio, but later it was decided to go via the Florida Straits, that being a shorter distance.

After the fleet got into the rough waters of the straits the transports were formed into three lines, about 1000 yards apart, while 600 yards separated the ships.

The easily-advancing transports presented a very impressive spectacle, stretching for miles over the blue waters. It was one of the largest fleets ever gathered together, the grim-looking men-of-war hovering like watchdogs on the outskirts of the human-freighted ships.

At night every precaution was taken to guard against any possible attack. No lights were allowed on the transports, and the gunboats in the direction of shore were doubled in number, while at frequent intervals shifting searchlights swept the waters in the direction of Cuba in quest of hostile vessels. Throughout the voyage not one Spanish gunboat or sign of the enemy was seen.

The spectacle of transferring the sick at sea was presented the fourth day out. For four hours the fleet lay to while the ships' boats carried fourteen patients to the hospital ship *Olivette*.

In the rough waters of the Bahama Channel this work for the little boats was quite difficult, and the hoisting of the limp forms to the rolling deck of the *Olivette* seemed dangerous. But it was accomplished in safety.

The first sight of land was obtained in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba, the sixth day after sailing; and when the topmasts of the blockading ships were seen, they sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the soldiers.

This momentous voyage was accomplished without a single mishap or accident of any kind worth mentioning; a fact which reflects great credit upon the officers in charge of the expedition. Too much cannot be said in their praise. The world has never before had such a practical demonstration of the power of intelligent common sense over the elements and the fortuitous circumstances that always attend the movements of large bodies of men. Everything worked like a single piece of perfected machinery. No accidents happened; because no place or room was left for them. Including the troop ships, men-of-war, gunboats, and supply and hospital ships, there were sixty-six vessels in this immense flotilla, which covered a space of about seventeen miles in width. It is almost impossible to conceive the moving of such a vast collection of vessels of different kinds, nearly a thousand miles over a turbulent sea supposed to be infested with hostile gunboats, without an accident or the loss of a single man; and yet the marvelous feat was accomplished in the short space of only six days. Regardless of the military glory that General Shafter and his men may hereafter earn, they have gained renown enough in this one brilliant achievement to render their names immortal. In the future, when the poet, the historian or the artist employs his talent in delineating famous armadas, the one that sailed from Port Tampa on that bright June day on a mission of charity and humanity, will stand first and foremost as the only one entitled to imperishable glory.

It took some time for our people to begin to realize the size of the first expedition to Cuba and the fact that it has had few equals in history. Moving an army on ships is an immense operation. Napoleon never accomplished it

successfully. The army he took to Egypt was cut off. His long-cherished plan to invade England never came to a trial. The Spanish armada is associated in the mind with the stories of colossal undertakings, and yet it was only a little larger than our host that went to Santiago. The armada that started for England in the days of Philip and Elizabeth carried 19,295 soldiers and 10,000 sailors and rowers. There were over 16,000 soldiers and 8000 sailors on our armed vessels and transports. About fifty steamships and sixteen naval vessels were in the columns and convoys at sea.

Spain had one hundred and twenty-nine ships in her armada, but in our fleet there were single vessels that could have sunk the whole squadron, while any number of them were equal in carrying capacity to a dozen of the largest Spanish men-of-war. Of her one hundred and twenty-nine ships, Spain received back only fifty-four, and these were mere shattered hulks.

The armada entered the English Channel on July 30th, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None were decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide or cut spars, sails and rigging kill comparatively few. With hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic.

At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join; but there was no harbor for big ships; and it was unreasonable to expect that he, with the whole charge of the Netherlands on his hands, would be waiting there, ignorant when the fleet would appear, or whether it would come at all. Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7th sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships.

The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish Admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore; and the wind next day, coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge, but it was held by the Dutch. The enemy's ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind and the clumsiness of the Spaniards threatened destruction upon the shoals

off the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water. Here, again, was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Frith, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward course.

The disasters of the armada were due to the following causes:



COLUMBUS CATHEDRAL, HAVANA, WHERE THE REMAINS OF COLUMBUS ARE BURIED.

(From a Photograph.)

First.—The failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion.

Second.—The neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance have no right to expect success.

Third.—The several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast

nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range can afford inferiority of speed.

Fourth.—The disasters in the Atlantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed and the coast was inhospitable.

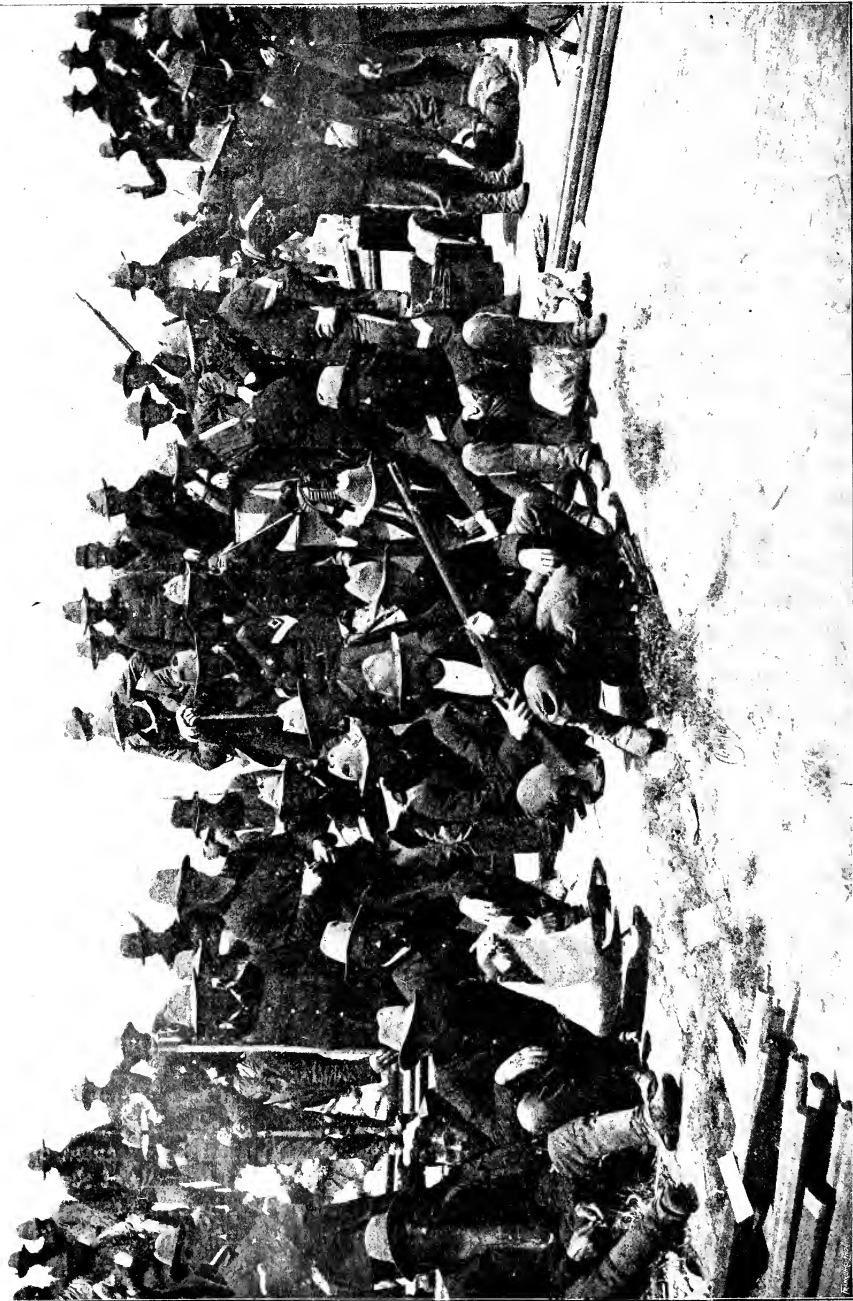
The Spanish armada sailed on a mission of hate and conquest; and the larger part of it found a place at the bottom of the sea. The first American armada left our shores on a mission of love and liberty; and its success has thrilled the world. In this there may be a premonition of future events. The Western giant is beginning to feel his strength. The starry flag carries a lesson to the oppressed wherever it floats. This flag of freedom has learned to cross the sea, and henceforth its influence will have to be considered in all the plots and plans of despots "born to rule." This war means, not merely the freedom of Cuba, but the disenthralment of the oppressed people of all nations. It means manhood and freedom for the world.

Our Rules of War and the Men Who Fight Under Them.

Freedom means humanity and mercy, and in accordance with these principles, General Orders No. 100, of April 24, 1863, comprising instructions for the government of armies of the United States in the field, were reissued and sent to the various commanders for their guidance during the present conflict with Spain. These instructions were prepared by Francis Lieber, LL. D., the father of the present Judge Advocate-General of the Army, and were published at the direction of President Lincoln, after being formally revised by a board of officers of which Major-Gen. E. A. Hitchcock was president.

They were adopted by both France and Prussia in the war between those countries five years after the civil contest here, and were the bases upon which a general European conference afterward acted in drawing up an agreement on this subject. The instructions make twenty-four pages of print, and cover almost every conceivable feature of military conduct and usage in time of war, and a definition of many of the terms used.

Martial law is explained as simply military authority exercised in accordance with the laws and usages of war. A place, district, or country occupied by an enemy stands, in consequence of the occupation, under the martial law of the invading or occupying army. It extends to property and to persons, whether they are subjects of the enemy or aliens to that government. Whenever feasible, martial law is carried out in cases of individual offenders by military courts; but sentence of death shall be executed only with the approval of the chief executive, provided the urgency of the case does not require a speedier execution, and then only with the approval of the chief commander. Martial law should be less stringent in countries fully occupied and fairly conquered.



GROUP OF AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS AT TAMPA, FLA.

Military necessity admits of all direct destruction of life or limb of "armed" enemies and of other persons whose destruction is incidentally "unavoidable" in the armed contests of the war. Military necessity does not admit of cruelty—that is, the infliction of suffering for the sake of suffering or for revenge; nor of maiming or wounding, except in fight; nor of torture to extort confessions. It admits of deception, but disclaims acts of perfidy. It is lawful to starve the hostile belligerents, armed or unarmed, so that it leads to the speedier subjection of the enemy. When a commander of a besieged place expels the non-combatants, in order to lessen the number of those who



DISSEMBARKING SUPPLIES FOR THE TROOPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

consume his stock of provisions, it is lawful, though an extreme measure, to drive them back, so as to hasten on the surrender. Commanders, whenever admissible, inform the enemy of their intention to bombard a place; but it is no infraction of the common law of war to omit thus to inform them. Surprise may be a necessity.

Retaliation will never be resorted to as a measure of mere revenge, but only as a means of protective retribution, and, moreover, cautiously and unavoidably—that is to say, retaliation shall only be resorted to after careful inquiry into the real occurrence and the character of the misdeeds that may demand retribution. The more vigorously war is pursued, the better it is for humanity. Sharp wars are brief.

A victorious army appropriates all public money, seizes all public movable property until further directed by its government, and sequesters for its own benefit or that of its government all the revenues of real property belonging to the hostile government or nation. The title to such real property remains in abeyance during military occupation, and until the conquest is made complete. The United States acknowledge and protect, in hostile countries occupied by them, religion and morality, strictly private property, the persons of the inhabitants, especially those of women, and the sacredness of domestic relations.

Deserters from the American army, having entered the service of the enemy, suffer death if they fall into the hands of the United States. It is against the usage of modern war to resolve in hatred and revenge to give no quarter. Outposts, sentinels, or pickets are not to be fired upon except to drive them in, or when a positive order, special or general, has been issued to that effect. Whoever intentionally inflicts additional wounds on an enemy already wholly disabled, or kills him, or orders that this shall be done, shall suffer death if convicted.

Spanish Cruelties.

In striking contrast with these humane and enlightened rules, which have been read to every soldier in our armies and every sailor on our ships, with all the impressiveness of a general order from the highest authority in the government, are the frightful reports of almost inconceivable Spanish cruelties that come to us from all quarters. Torture and murder of prisoners, the use of brass bullets in battle to poison wounds, mutilation of the dead, brutalities inflicted upon children, unspeakable insults to women—these are only a few of the almost endless list of disgusting and hideous crimes chargeable to the Spaniards as a race. Cruelty seems to be an inborn principle with them. They imbibe it with their mother's milk, and inhale it in the very air they breathe. Miss Clara Barton, in a published description of a visit that she made to a Spanish hospital at Jaruco, Cuba, says:

"A royal welcome awaited us from all the dignitaries of the town—the mayor, judge, doctor, and priest—who led the way to the church, followed by a crowd of people that filled its entire center, kneeling in prayer, with tears of gratitude to God that at length some one had remembered them; and as the word 'America' in broken accents burst out in their sobbing prayers we remembered the plentiful, peaceful American homes and happy hearts, and thanked God that we were of them. Alas! how poorly I took in the terrible danger threatening to engulf us in the direst of woes that could befall a peaceful, prosperous people.

"From the church our way led to the hospitable but plain table of the Mayor, for breakfast with the leaders of the town, and with them to visit the

village of *reconcentrados* that had built itself up in the midst of them. A remarkable fact regarding Jaruco is that more persons have actually died in that town during the three years of the war than comprised its own entire population when it began. The charities of the town people have been something enormous in proportion to their means, but they have given themselves unto poverty. They could not even keep up the furnishing of a hospital, although nearly every little palmetto hut had its suffering patients.

"We asked to be shown what would be their hospital if it could be kept; a fairly good building, capable of accommodating fifty to seventy, with only four patients, evidently left to die; but the conditions surrounding them forbade the entrance of cleanly persons. The stench, as of something dead, drove us back; but, rallying, we decided to make battle and called for volunteers. Arming them with weapons of shining Spanish gold and silver, we ordered them to enter the town for purchases: first, carts of water, for in its scarcity even that had to be bought in Jaruco; barrels of lime, brooms, whitewash brushes, disinfectants, and whatever else was needed; next, taking out into the air the four poor wretches, to commence on the building and grounds. Here were twenty strong men, full of unwonted courage and aroused impulse, to wage a battle with filth and death.



BEARING OF TITLED SPANIARD TOWARD THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"At noon we left for duties in another part of the city, and to arrange for the sending of heavy supplies. At five o'clock the return messenger found a perfectly odorless building, clean, whitewashed from floor to ceiling,

grounds policed and limed, and the four dying men reclining on cots in the sunshine, in clean clothes, eating crackers and condensed milk."

Spanish soldiers and sailors are subjected to indignities and cruelties so contemptible and inhuman as to almost surpass belief. They also know one another, naturally expect treachery, and fear their own people when they get into trouble. The case of a Spanish lieutenant, Francisco Baptiste, who was captured on June 14th by the Cubans, is one in point. The Lieutenant sent a letter to General Pareja, the commander of the Spanish troops at Caimanera, asking that his family be cared for while he was a captive. General Pareja, through an aide, made this truly Castilian response:

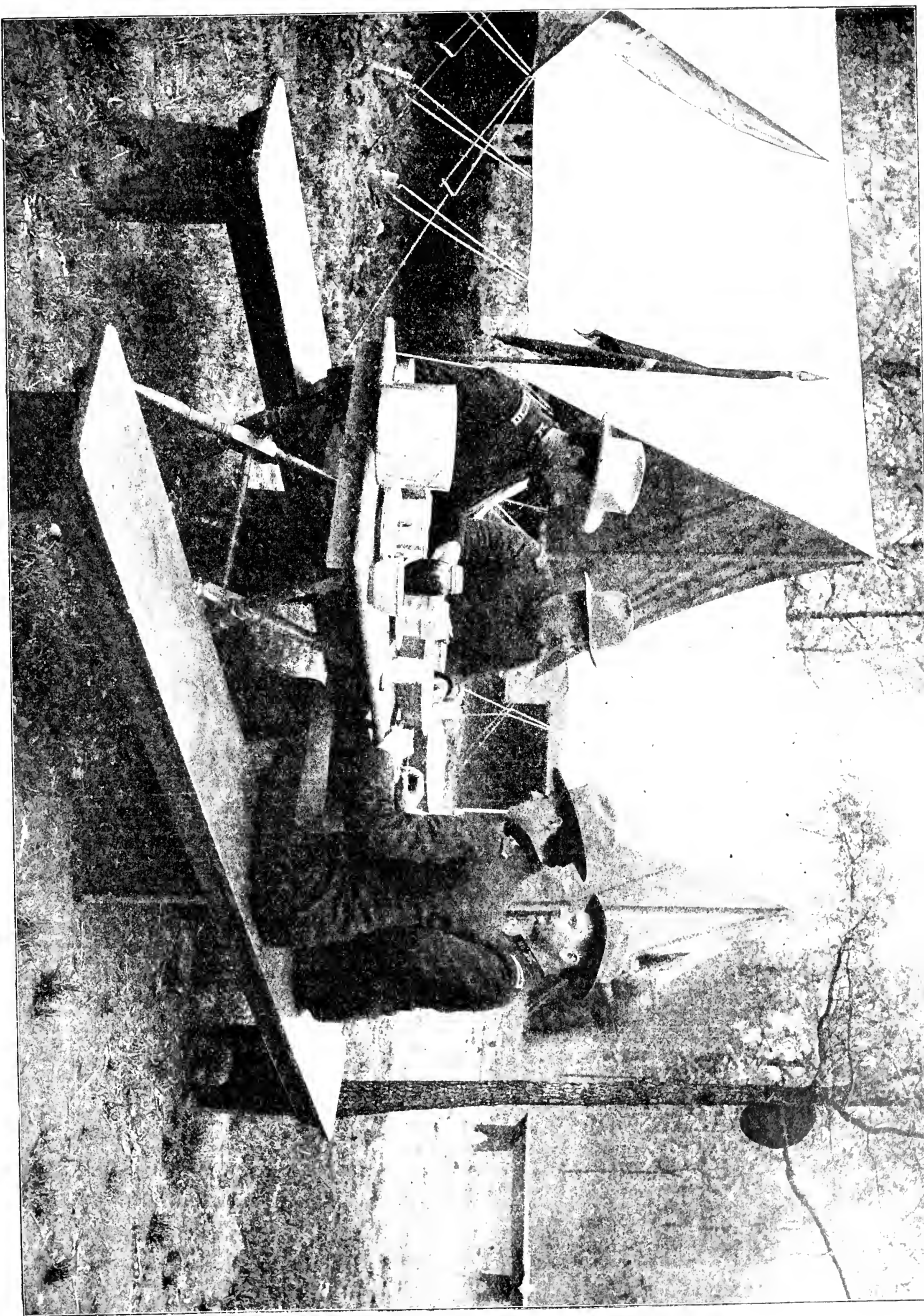
"General Pareja charges me to say that he does not care for your family, which, however, is innocent of the disgrace attached to you for surrendering seventeen men, a force which was sufficient to have allowed you to cut your way out from the enemy."

Thus Lieutenant Baptiste, knowing the traits of his race, was in mortal terror. The letter set him to trembling. He wrote in haste, denying the charge of cowardice, and praying again, though against hope, that his family be not injured.

One evening, during the fighting around Santiago, one of our sentries came upon a dying Spaniard in the brush, where a skirmish had taken place during the day. He gave him a drink from his canteen, and assisted him to an easier position, which acts of kindness from an enemy seemed greatly to impress the dying man. The Spaniard's machete scabbard was notched in twenty places, and when the American asked him the meaning of the notches he replied that they stood for sixteen men and four women he had killed with the knife. The sentry was horrified at the recital, but the Spaniard seemed to regard it as a matter of course, as well as an evidence of his personal bravery; and he died in the full and conscious pride of having done his duty.

It is hardly to be expected that good men or good soldiers will be produced by treatment that would shame a self-respecting beast and make it feel its degradation. Spain's conduct toward her soldiers and sailors is exasperating to the last degree. They are hardly recognized as human beings, and the idea that they are men, and entitled to consideration as such, seems not to be entertained by those who are placed in authority over them.

Spanish sailors forward are ill treated habitually by their officers. This is not a prejudiced or an exaggerated statement. It is literally true. The officers of the Spanish navy are for the most part younger sons of good families who have gained their billets, not by ability nor through competition, but through the intercession of their people at the court. The incapacity of many of them is laughable; their cruelty is notorious. From the very day that a Spaniard is enlisted in the ship's company of one of his country's war



THE OFFICERS MESS - REPRESENTING THE DEMOCRATIC SIMPLICITY OF THE AMERICAN SERVICE.

vessels—enlisted voluntarily or involuntarily—he is made to feel that he is no better than a beast. For the slightest infraction of regulations he is punished in a fashion that makes his fellow bluejackets in navies like our own or that of Great Britain flush with anger. The central and consuming idea of the Spanish naval officer is that all hands forward are his servants. There is absolutely nothing of this in the American navy. Once in a while, when an American ship is at sea for a considerable period in tropical waters, and all hands, fore and aft, are wearing white uniforms, an officer will pay a mess attendant for scrubbing one of his uniforms and hanging it out on the scrub-and-wash-line. The officer who requests a man to do anything like this stands by to have the man refuse. It is the man's privilege to refuse outright to perform such a task for money or otherwise; but, if he accepts the job, he is well paid for it. In the Spanish navy, every man forward, from the chief petty officers down to the unrated landsmen, stand by for a trick as valets for all the officers aft. They are not asked to wash the officers' linen; they are not requested to blacken the officers' shoes or pipeclay their belts—they are commanded to do these things, and tasks more menial, more repugnant to men of self-respect; and the slightest indication of hesitancy on the part of a bluejacket is visited by heavy punishment.

When a Spanish officer gets it in for a chief petty officer for any real or fancied cause, he does not immediately undertake to secure the petty officer's disrating. Instead, he begins systematically to humiliate the petty officer. He calls him vile names in the hearing of the unrated bluejackets, and not infrequently kicks him. He calls him aft—especially when the petty officer is showing a party of women visitors about the ship—and orders him to blacken his shoes, right in sight of all hands and all the visitors on the main deck. The writer was a visitor on board a Spanish gunboat at Cadiz a few years ago, and saw a chief petty officer—the ship's signal quartermaster—treated in this manner by a junior lieutenant. Finally, after the Spanish officer, who conceives a dislike for a petty officer, has abused and humiliated the man for weeks or months at a stretch, he cooks up a set of charges against the wretch, and has the man court-martialed and reduced from his rating to that of an ordinary seaman.

The Spanish bluejacket or soldier, standing attention during the progress of a drill, may never know when he is to get the flat, or even the edge, of a sword across his back, wielded by an officer of "somewhat impulsive" disposition, as Blanco might describe one who would order the massacre of the inmates of a hospital maintained by Cubans. Spanish bluejackets have been known to be maimed for life by such visitations of wrath on the part of officers. The regulation and approved punishments prescribed for the "correction" of offenders aboard ship in the Spanish navy commonly render their victims incapable of performing any sort of labor, either ashore or afloat, after they have been thoroughly through the mill.

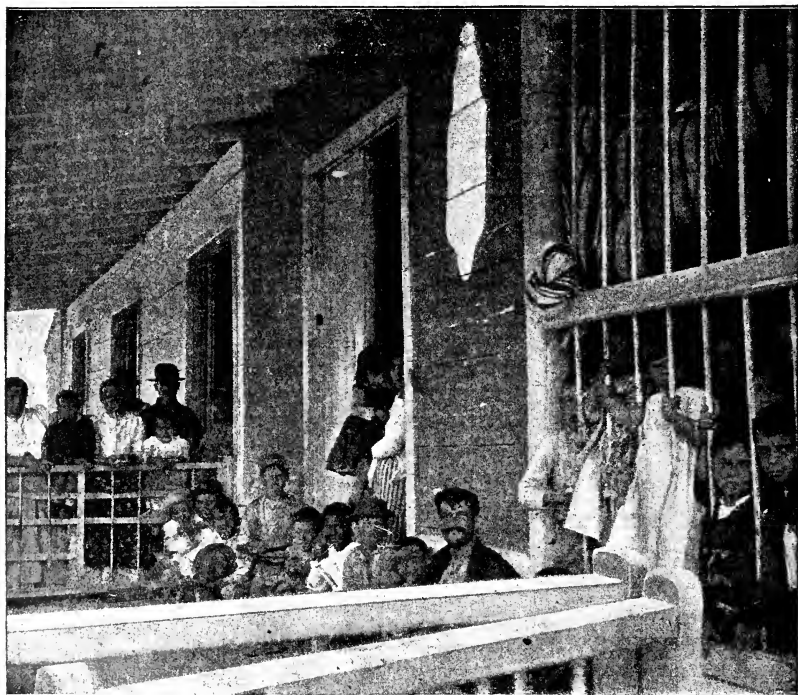
The stanchion punishment is employed for the most trivial offenses in the Spanish navy. The bluejacket who breaks his liberty by a few hours knows that he is in for the stanchion lash when he returns aboard. The Spanish sailors who deserted their ships by the score in New York at the time of the centenary celebration in 1889 were most of them liberty-breakers who, after having got a whiff of freedom, could not muster up the nerve to return to their ships to get the stanchion lash. The man who is twenty minutes late in returning from his leave of absence from a Spanish man-of-war gets as many cat-o'-nine-tail blows on his bare back, while his wrists are securely lashed to a stanchion, as the officer of the deck cares to have inflicted upon him. It all depends upon the state of the liver of the officer of the deck. Now, in all the old navies of the world, when the cat-o'-nine-tails was a recognized institution—and as for the American and British navies, that was more than thirty-five years ago—the man formally sentenced by a court-martial to be whipped had at least the consolation of knowing that he was to be whipped by a superior in rank. An old-time bo'sun's mate was ordinarily delegated to perform the whipping, and petty officers were not whipped at all. Not so in the Spanish navy. From the chief petty officers—who in our navy are men of dignity, experience, and character, as they must be to gain and hold the confidence and respect of the rest of the enlisted men—down to the newly-shanghaied landsmen, all hands forward are whipped, and sorely whipped. Nor is the task of whipping them delegated to superiors in rank. It is an actual fact that the apprentice boys in the Spanish navy are the recognized ship's whippers. The spectacle of an undersized lad laying the lash on the naked back of a chief petty officer, from whom the lad is supposed to derive his sea knowledge, is characteristically Spanish and Abyssinian.

The "rule o' thumb" is another common punishment in the Spanish navy—the suspending of offenders by the two thumbs, so that their feet barely touch the ground, from overhead gratings. The writer once attended a mass on board a Spanish cruiser in Chinese waters. The mass was celebrated on the berth deck forward. In full view of all hands who attended the mass was the ship's brig, on the berth deck, up in the eyes of her. Eight men were suspended by their thumbs from the grating covering the hatch leading from the to'gallant fo'c'sle, and their groans were mingled with the responses of the men to the words of the chaplain.

Another feature of the Spanish navy's punitive system is the "solitary and fish" infliction. This consists in locking up a minor offender in an unlighted and practically unventilated compartment, and in feeding him upon salt fish and no water whatsoever for a couple of days at a stretch. Men who suffer this ordeal have always to be lifted out of their place of confinement when it is over, with their swollen tongues hanging out of their mouths from thirst;

and men have been taken out of the "glory hole" dead after undergoing this barbarity. The wonder is truly not great that a slumbering devil of bitterness seems always to look from the eyes of the Spanish man forward.

Conditions create men and make heroes; and the difference in the manly and heroic qualities of the American and Spanish soldiers and sailors precisely represents the difference in the conditions under which they are reared and by which they are environed throughout life.

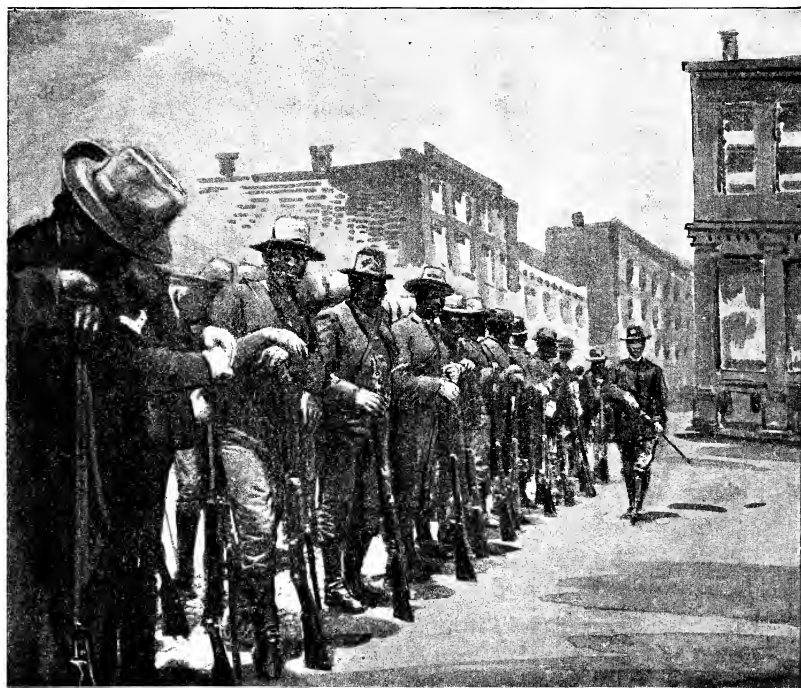


HOUSES OF THE COMMON PEOPLE OF HAVANA, REPRESENTING THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THEY ARE REARED. (From a Photograph)

What Makes Soldiers Brave in Battle.

The natural animal instinct of self-preservation will of course influence all soldiers in battle; but the history of nations and their struggles for supremacy prove beyond question that freemen fighting for liberty will always make better and braver soldiers than the best drilled armies fighting for a cause that does not appeal to the hearts and patriotism of the individuals composing such armies.

The question of the comparative proportion of really brave men in any army will probably never be determined. Great officers on the continent keep their knowledge on that subject rigorously as a professional secret, and assume as a certainty that all well-drilled soldiers are brave. They know very well, however, that they are not, and when confidential will admit, as Marshal von Moltke once did in public, that with a great number it takes discipline, and severe discipline, too, to induce them to face shells unshrinkingly.



A SQUAD OF OUR "BLACK GIANTS."

American officers have been known to acknowledge that of their men, who are as brave as any in the world, twenty per cent. would run away if they could; and in every army, even ours, which a man enters only of free will, there is a certain proportion who literally cannot overcome their fears. They are stricken with a sort of paralysis. The proportion is probably not high in any army, the majority, if in health, being able to do their duty, and having intense motives to do it; but neither is the proportion high of those who literally feel no fear.

There are such men, who do not quite understand what the emotion is, as there are also some who have in extreme danger a sense of pleasure, which sometimes not only quickens their blood, but distinctly increases their intellectual force. This is said to have been true of General Picton, who, though a hard, rough man, was an "angel when the bullets were about;" and it was undoubtedly true of the first Lord Gough, who had a trick, highly disagreeable to his staff, of seeking points of danger.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, who accompanied detachments of our regulars in several of the minor battles in Cuba, seems particularly impressed with their fine appearance and individual intelligence. He says:

"For fighting purposes, the United States private has nothing to keep clean excepting his rifle and bayonet. He carries no contrivance for polishing buttons, boots, or the dozens of bits of accouterment deemed essential to a good soldier in Europe. In Spain, for instance, the private, though he may have nothing in his haversack, will, nevertheless, carry a clumsy outfit of tools for making his uniform look imposing.

"The firing discipline during the three times we have been under fire has been excellent. The obedience of soldiers to their officers has been as prompt and intelligent as anything I have seen in Europe; and as to coolness under fire and accuracy of aim, what I have seen is most satisfactory. The men evidently regard their officers as soldiers of equal courage and superior technical knowledge. To the Yankee private, 'West Pointer' means what to the soldier of Prussia is conveyed by noble rank.

"In my intimate acquaintance with officers and men aboard this ship I cannot recall an instance of an officer addressing a private otherwise than is usual when a gentleman issues an order. I have never heard an officer or non-commissioned officer curse a man. During the engagement off Cabanas the orders were issued as quietly as at any other time, and the men went about their work as steadily as bluejackets on a man-of-war."

But the same writer is quite severe on the dress uniform of our regular army, the ugliness and inutility of which he attributes to the influence of politicians and contractors.

"There are numberless points of resemblance between Tommy Atkins and the Yankee private," he says, "and the Sandhurst man has no difficulty in understanding the West Pointer. But to do this we must go a little beneath the surface and see things, not on the parade ground, but in actual war.

"For dress occasions the American uniform is far and away the ugliest and most useless of all the uniforms I know. The helmets and cocked hats are of the pattern affected by theatrical managers, the decorations tawdry, the swords absurd, the whole appearance indicative of a taste unmilitary and inartistic.

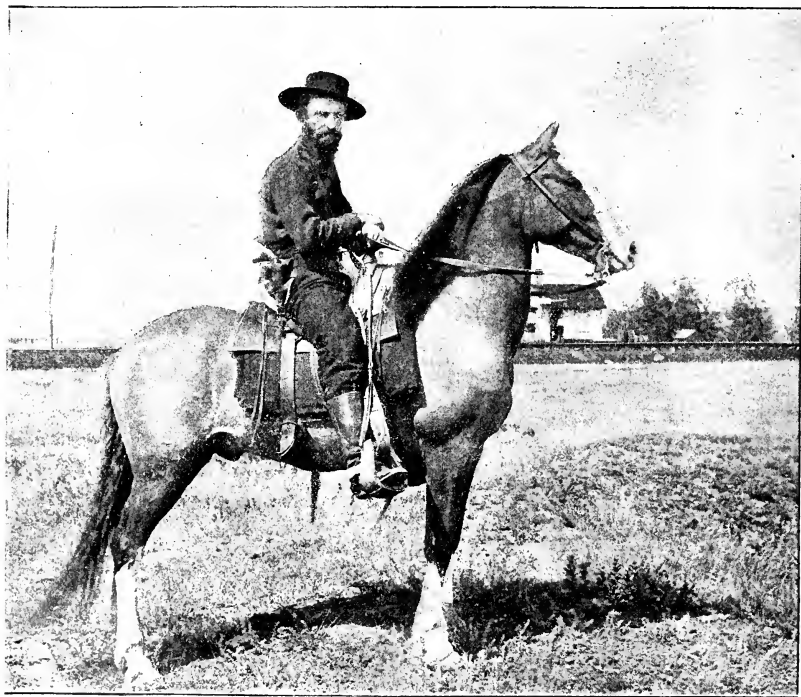
"The parade uniform has been designed by a lot of unsoldierly politicians and tailors about Washington. Their notion of military glory is confused with memories of St. Patrick's Day processions and Masonic installations. They have made the patient United States army a victim of their vulgar designs, and to-day at every European army maneuver one can pick out the American military attaché by merely pointing to the most unsoldierly uniform in the field. On the battlefield, however, there are no political tailors, and the Washington dress regulations are ruthlessly disregarded."

The sword is perhaps the most ridiculous absurdity retained in all modern armies. It is, apparently, the last lingering relic of the dark ages. Why our cavalry soldiers and officers of all lines should be hampered with this clanking, useless, and utterly silly weapon, is one of the mysteries that seems incapable of solution. About the most absurd and ludicrous sight that one can witness in our army is an infantry officer drilling his men with one of these huge crooked pieces of iron rattling on the ground and tripping his feet at every turn, or perhaps buckled high up under his shoulder in a vain effort to get it out of the way. It is time to throw the sword into the junk-shop, where it has belonged for at least a century past. A good stout hickory stick would be far more serviceable in actual combat.

But when our soldiers get down to business all these incongruities and laughable absurdities disappear. The "parade uniform" is replaced by one that does not hamper or impede the soldier's movements, and in which he looks a hundred per cent. better than when he is simply "making a show of himself." In the cavalry charge, the ludicrous old saber is gathered under and held firmly by the left leg, while the rapid-fire carbine and the deadly revolver are brought into service. In the present war the "rough-riding" regiments have dispensed entirely with the lank and cumbersome saber, and substituted in its stead the short, keen-edged machete, which can be used either as an effective weapon at close quarters or made serviceable as a knife to carve their food with at meal time. This is an advance in the right direction, and it probably indicates the early disappearance of the effete sword and the ridiculous saber.

While General Shafter was organizing his army of invasion at Tampa, he did not make a show as a Spanish general would, pretending that he was too busy to talk to anybody and keeping around him a regiment of officers running here and there with messages in their hands. A foreigner, used to the noise and bustle of the Latin races, had to ask who the General was to find him. And yet that man, with a simple and severe uniform, contrasting so much with the gorgeous dress of a Spanish general, was polite to all who approached him, and of a modest demeanor; and he studied inch by inch the map of Cuba, as Blanco has never done, and when the time came he was ready to strike a decisive blow against Spain with the mathematical precision of a chess player moving his men on the chess board.

That same severe simplicity also impresses the foreigner, who has traveled in Spain, when he first visits the War Department building at Washington. The absence of soldiers at the war headquarters of a nation engaged in war is a great contrast to the hundreds of sentinels that you find everywhere at the Ministerio de la Guerra, in Madrid. General Miles, dressed as a civilian, politely receiving you at his office, after you send him your card, makes a remarkable contrast to the Spanish Ministro, dressed in a gala uniform,



AN AMERICAN ROUGH RIDER.

who deigns to receive a foreigner after making him wait a couple of hours, surrounded by armed soldiers. Spain, with all this fuss, considers herself a great military nation, and yet she has lost all her wars, while this plain, matter-of-fact nation has never been defeated.

If the moral and intellectual differences between both armies are so great, if the Americans are so superior to the Spaniards in everything intellectual, their superiority is no less marked, physically considered. Observing the

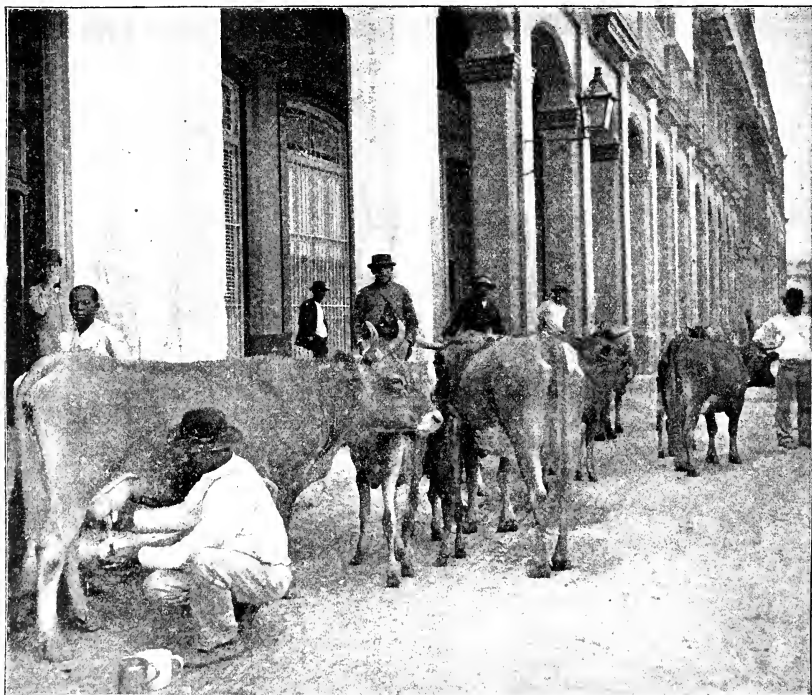
American army while it was encamped at Tampa, one could not discover a man who did not seem physically perfect. When they drilled they presented a living example of that ideal army of which Napoleon dreamed so long, and which is described by Colonel Wagner in these words: "An army of men having the same physical and moral qualities, the same animating impulses, and the same degree of discipline." They were simply machines, moved by a scientific impulse. Nothing more perfect can be imagined.

It was late in November of 1895, when the Spanish steamer *Montevideo* brought to Havana 1500 Spanish soldiers, a part of the 200,000 that have failed in Cuba to conquer the insurgents. They were said by the Spaniards to be the best troops coming from Spain to Cuba. Martinez Campos had declared his great confidence in them because they were all under eighteen years of age; and it is a well-known principle that boys fight better than men, because they have not reached the age of discretion. But what a poor sight these boy soldiers presented to the impartial observer! Sickly, anæmic, they marched in a disorderly way from the pier to the barracks. Two days later they were engaged in battle with Maceo at Mal Tiempo. Two hundred of them were cut to pieces by the machetes of the Cubans, and they all left their arms and ammunition in the hands of the insurgents. They did not lack courage, but they were absolutely undrilled. They did not know how to use their arms. The modern rifle, of small caliber, with smokeless powder, was of less use to them in the affray than sticks could be. As a rule, they are no better now. They have learned to fire, but they rarely hit the mark. The experience of the insurgent army is evidence enough for this statement.

A correspondent stationed at Havana, just before the commencement of the war, said that, compared to our soldiers, either of the regular army or of the National Guard, the gun-carrier of Spain now in Havana is a lugubrious and ludicrous object. His uniform, consisting of an ill-fitting blouse and trousers of blue-striped cotton drill, is best described as a suit of pajamas. Add to the blouse and trousers a coarse, wide-brimmed straw hat and flimsy canvas shoes with hempen soles, and you have the full dress of a Spanish soldier. Put a rusty, rickety Mauser in his hands, and you have the same soldier on duty. He is hollow-chested, undersized, sunken-cheeked, unshaven, bleary-eyed, and generally slouchy and unkempt. In Havana he is omnipresent—10,000 strong. He lolls in the cafés, drinking sugar and water. He hangs about doorways and iron-bound windows, talking to señoritas. He loafs on the street corners, glaring at passing Americans. He swaggers along Obispo street, the Broadway of Havana, and he struts up and down the plaza as though monarch of all he surveys. When an officer passes he becomes as humble as Uriah Heep. When an American passes he straightens up and transforms his bearing into that of a latter-day Cæsar.

In striking contrast with this lugubrious picture, read the following description of the American soldier, written about the same time by a trained British officer:

"Tommy Atkins is a fine fellow enough—deep-chested, bull-throated, and hard as nails. You will never find in a United States regiment the undersized weaklings so common in many armies. The reason is that the high rates of pay attract to the colors many more recruits than are actually



THE HAVANA MILKMAN IN OBISPO STREET. (From a Photograph.)

required, of whom, of course, only the best are enlisted. The men are, almost without exception, excellent shots. The reason for this is not far to seek. Stationed for the most part in a wild and unsettled country, rifle practice, confined with us, so far as the individual soldier is concerned, to a few weeks in each year, is with them unceasing. There are no costly ranges to maintain, nor is it necessary to erect butts. The target, a paper one, on a framework of iron, is set up outside the fort stockade, and the squads go down and blaze away their hundreds of rounds before breakfast. Besides this, there

is usually more or less game in the vicinity, and hunting parties are constantly being organized."

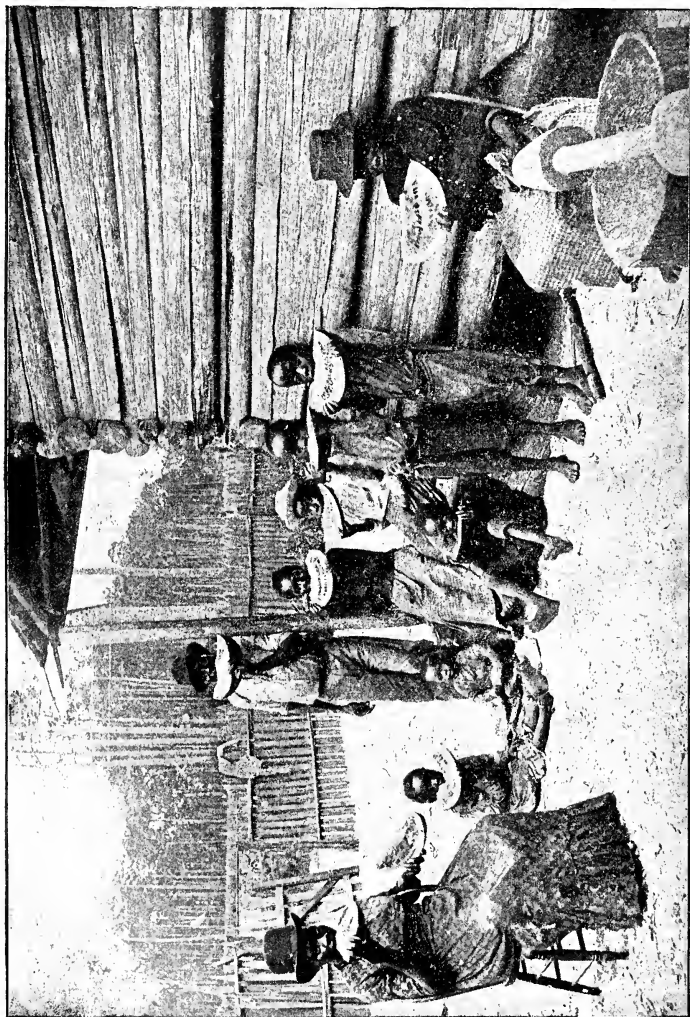
"No, they are not at all ornamental, these American soldiers," says another English writer; "neither officers nor men. But as an example of fine, frank, straight, honest, kindly, lovable gentlemen, strong, and brave, and upright, the American officer commands my enthusiastic respect; and as to the men—well, if you look the lower regions over for a collection of hard-muscled giants with the eternal bonfire glittering in their eyes, you could not better these."

Our race has as much to do with the making of good soldiers as the conditions that environ them; and again, it may be said that the conditions produce the race. We take the best and hardiest of all the European nations, and compound and blend them into that perfect specimen—an American citizen. The distinguished Sir Walter Besant, writing on this subject, says:

"A French paper asks how the people of the United States can call themselves Anglo-Saxons, considering the millions in the country of foreign descent—French, Germans, Italians, Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians. Yet they are Anglo-Saxons, and for the simple reason that the children go through a mill which converts them into Anglo-Saxons. They are sent to the common schools; they are taught what the American boys are taught; they grow up accustomed to American institutions, which are essentially Anglo-Saxon, and to hear and speak and think in the English language. These boys cannot choose but to become Anglo-Saxon. I remember meeting, in the city of Buffalo, a little shoeblack about nine years old. He was a young Polish Jew, and he had the sweetest face that one ever saw—a very David or a young Samuel, at least. He blacked my boots for me outside the hotel. He spoke English perfectly. I doubt if he knew any other language. He told me that he came out 'a shinin'' at six in the morning; at nine he went to school; at twelve he came 'a shinin'' again. He had already conceived ambitions; he would get on in the American style. Of Poland or Russia there was not a fragment left. He was an American and an Anglo-Saxon. Why, we see the same thing in this country. The city is full of German names, but they belong to English people; of French, Italian, Greek, Jewish names, but they belong to English people. We, like the Americans, are a blend; but with them, as with us, the Anglo-Saxon element devours and overrides and destroys all the rest. I remember meeting a young lady at Chicago, who told me that she represented seven nations. I forget what they were, but she stood before me an American from head to foot—an American, and also a very charming Anglo-Saxon."

These distinctive Anglo-Saxon or American characteristics are so marked that every foreigner notices them and comments upon them; and they are the unmistakable features of a new and stronger race, born of freedom, and destined to rule the world.

The native Cuban has experienced some of the advantages of race mixture which have made such a splendid specimen of the average Ameri-



COMING CITIZENS OF THE AFRO-AMERICAN RACE.

can, but not to so great an extent, nor in the same direct line of betterment. The Cuban is an advance of only one degree above the Spaniard; but lib-

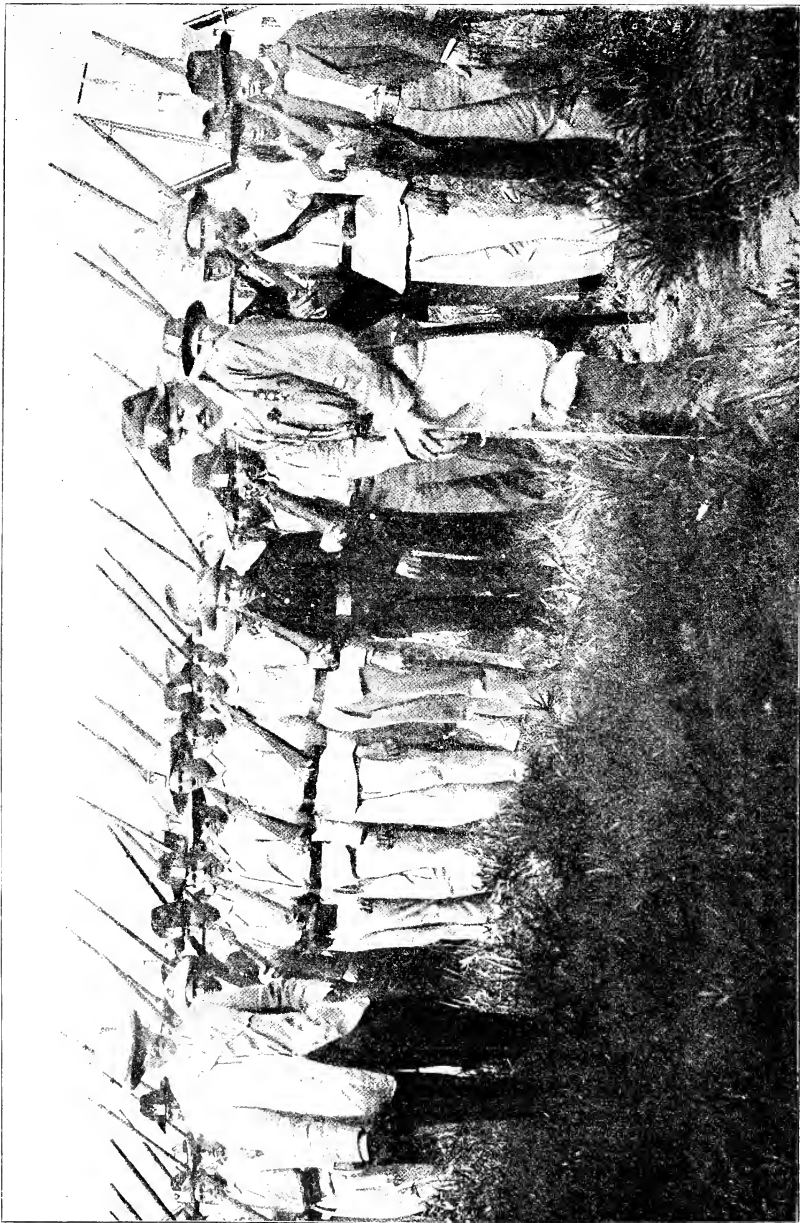
erty and the right and the opportunity to choose his own environments will, in time, make a man of him.

"Here at the hotel in the evening," writes an observing Englishman from Tampa, "when the band begins to play, and the broad-chested, frank-faced, jovial giants of American officers come—those who can be spared from their regimental duties—to lounge and smoke and swap reminiscences with old comrades long parted, there appear, also, a number of elegant little military men, in dandy brown canvas uniforms. They wear elegant, close-fitting boots, and the brims of their hats are turned up with such a dandy curl, and their thick, black mustaches are twisted up ever so cunningly, and on the swarthy faces, as they look around, there is a haughty, supercilious, almost contemptuous, expression. They are officers of the Cuban insurgents, and officers of the contingent of Cuban volunteers which the American government has fitted out to accompany the expedition."

These same "elegant little dandies" entertain a hearty respect and love for our "frank-faced, jovial giants," as they have shown in numerous instances on the march and in the heat of battle. Their sufferings in the long struggle for liberty have been beyond conception; and it is said that in the field it was no unusual thing to see them shed tears when food, arms and ammunition were given to them by our soldiers. As guides, scouts and fighters they were of inestimable value to General Shafter in the Santiago campaign. They led the way and set an example of reckless disregard of danger that was absolutely sublime. In camp their eyes never tired of feasting on the fine forms and splendid bearing of our officers and men, whom they seemed to regard almost as gods sent down from heaven to rescue them and their country from the horrors of Spanish tyranny. Whenever one of our officers looked toward them they manifested their gratitude by lifting their battered old hats and bowing and smiling. They were on terms of jolly companionship with our colored soldiers, many of whom had picked up some Spanish words in their southwestern campaigns; and on the battlefield, in the camp, or wherever they came together, our black soldiers and the Cubans exchanged compliments and joked and encouraged one another. The colored regiments are composed of picked men, who are uniformly large, and they seemed like black giants in the jungle by the side of their wirey and daring little Cuban guides.

A Canadian Lady's Estimate of Our Soldier Boys.

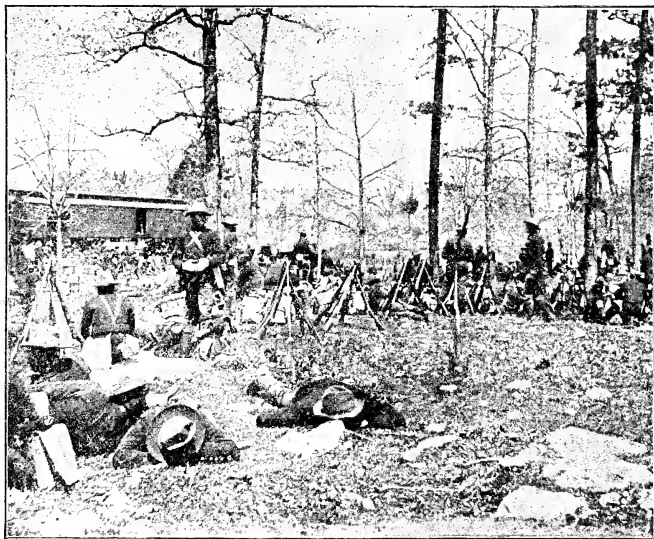
Our country is so vast that the differing characteristics of the inhabitants of various sections are almost as marked as those of distinct nations, and yet the common spirit of independence and love of liberty which animates every citizen blends us into one homogeneous race. We do not ourselves much observe these local divergencies, because we are accustomed



CUBAN VOLUNTEERS.

to them, but they strike foreigners with peculiar force. A very intelligent Canadian lady, who visited the camp of General Shafter's army at Tampa, wrote her impressions home, as follows:

"There are regiments from Ohio, Michigan, Georgia, and Florida, the North and the South, lying in brotherly fashion side by side. There is a great difference in the physical aspects of the men. The Michigan boys are for the most part stout, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced fellows, looking as fit and healthy as men can look, while the southerner, with his dark, lean face and lithe form, and air of languor—which means little when it comes to

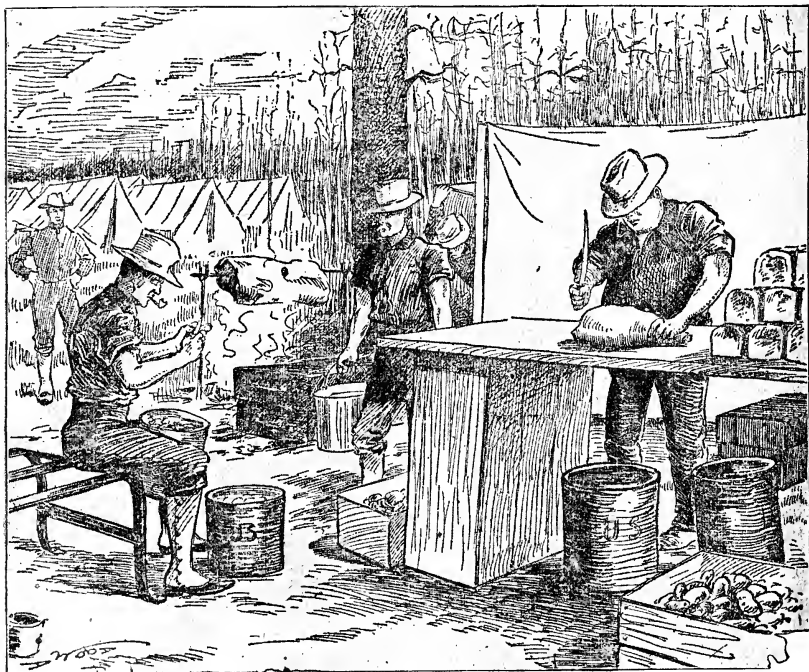


COLORED SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

work—offers a marked contrast to the ruder physique of his northern comrade. To look at them you would put your money on the north men, and in the long run one would back them for staying power—the power that wins the race—yet I hear that robust men from the north and west gave out to the verge of fainting when on the march from the railroad station to the camping grounds, while the slender, sallow-faced southern lads swung along without turning a hair. The failing of the sturdy northerners, however, was merely the effect of the sudden and violent heat on constitutions overbraced by the winter frosts and snows. As soon as the men become acclimatized there will be little danger of physical failure.

"The Georgia camp was the first visited. It was in a sorry state. The ground is thickly covered with palmetto roots, which the men had partly cleared away to make room for their tents. The stunted black roots still occupy the spaces between the lines, but the boys are busy grubbing them up. All the camps lie along the edge of the bay, and get what breeze there is, but the place is dirty, sandy, and—impossible. Down in Tampa you will hear people speak of it as a 'beautiful' spot. I found it depressing.

"The Georgians, too, were out of sorts. They had not at this time



PEELING POTATOES AND ROASTING MEAT.

received their uniforms, and were badly off for shoes, blankets, and somewhat better rations than chunks of fat bacon and beans. They grumbled roundly at the state of things, but pinned much faith to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who seems to be well-nigh adored by the southern boys. They also grumbled a bit over the uniforms that will be provided. A specimen 'suit' was pointed out, and it was anything but becoming. It is of material like Khaki, but it is not the Khaki of our troops in India. The latter is lighter, firmer,

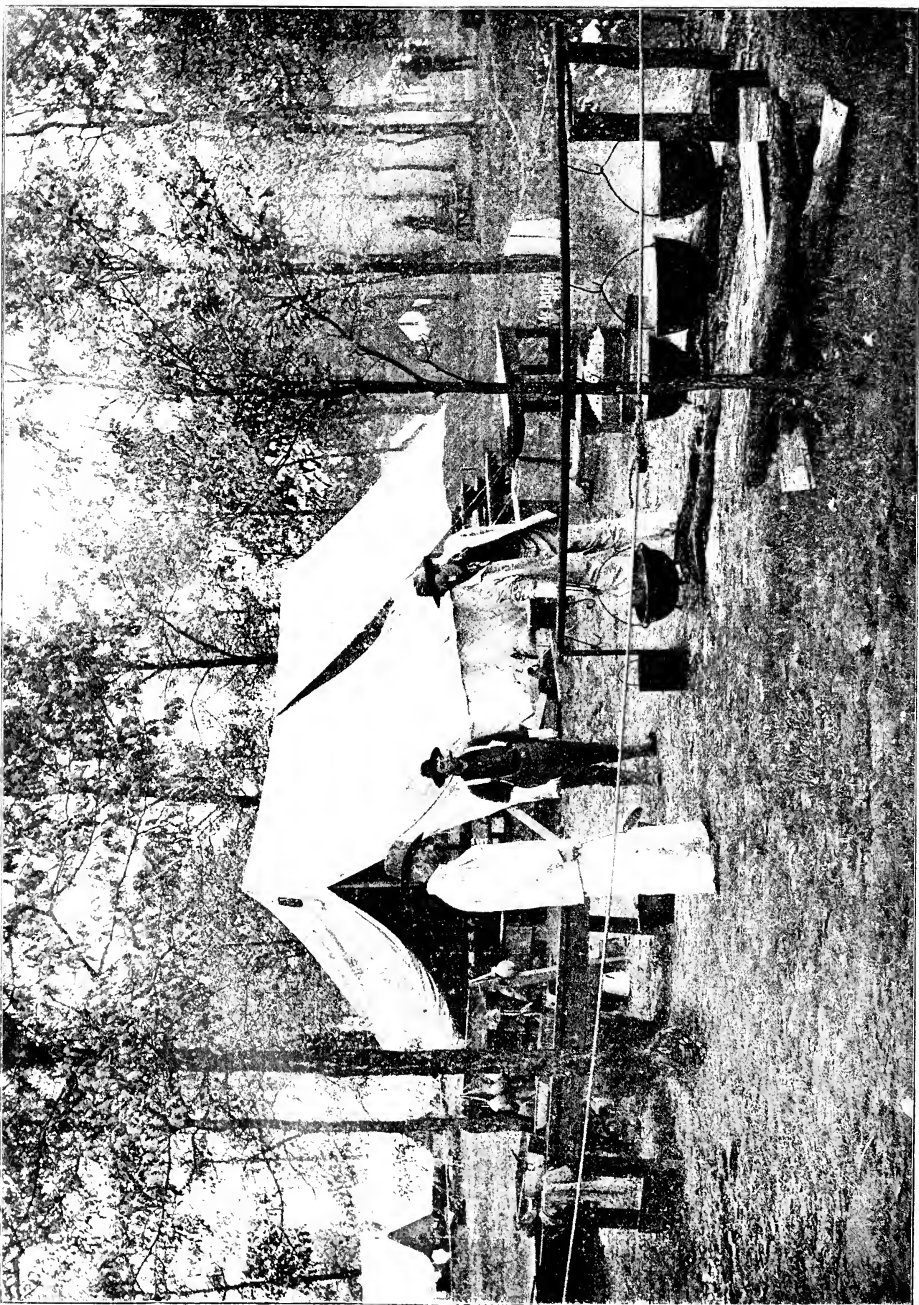
more water-proof in texture, and prettier in hue than this uniform of terra cotta canvas. 'Only fit for coal sacks,' as one of the men said, clumsy in make, and certainly ill-fitting to the figure of the man who wore it. 'We won't make no mashes in them suits,' laughed one of the boys, in his careless, ungrammatical way; 'it's a good job for us we've left our sweethearts behind us.'

"Further along we came upon the 'kitchen.' Imagine a rickety little old stove set crookedly on its four legs out on a bit of barren, blackened ground, with palmetto roots tripping you up all round as you walked toward it. A negro was stuffing the grate with smoking wood, while a large pot and kettle sat stolidly atop, as far from boiling point as though they were set upon a cheerful iceberg in Nansenland. Near by stood the 'commissariat,' a long tent, with a wooden table, on which there was nothing more eatable than some uninviting sacks of flour. 'We get regular military rations,' said the young officer who accompanied me through the place; 'flour instead of bread. We have a sort of a cook, though, who turns it into biscuits.' The men were lying and sitting about, eating supper. Down in every position among the melancholy palmetto roots they were squatting, each man with his chunk of fat meat and platter of beans; each man looking hot, grimy, uncomfortable.

"'It ain't no picnic,' said the boy officer, in a plaintive voice. 'I thought it was when I came, but I'm getfin' that drove right out of me now. If it wasn't for the baskets our folks send along, I don't know what us boys'd do.' 'Do you really get baskets?' 'I guess we do!' the young fellow's face cheered up wonderfully. 'There's hardly a day but some of the fellows get stuff from their mothers or girls. At first I couldn't eat rations at all, but I'm getting over that, and think fat bacon and hard-tack are not so bad after all. Of course, the good things from home help us out.'

"'Children,' I said to myself, as I bid good evening to the young fellow and turned away toward the Florida lines—'just children; in spite of all their guns and valor and eagerness. God bless my soul, what a big part women have to play in the world, after all! We have to mother them, the poor boys—of the world—from the cradle to the grave.'

"The sun was reddening the pine tops in which the rising wind began to moan as I stepped forward into the Florida camp. The ground was a mere continuation of that on which Georgia had pitched her tents, but more clearing of palmetto roots had been effected here; and the place looked a trifle more cheerful. A slender, dark-faced young soldier was told off to take me through the lines. He was a peculiar personality, one which, if I may, I will follow with some curiosity throughout the adventure of war. He was the most cheerful youth I have yet met, and yet his whole personnel was made up of melancholy, romance, loyalty, and courage. All things were



"THE KITCHEN."

well with him. The men, no better off apparently than their Georgian brothers, were, according to him, splendidly arranged for and equipped. They had very good rations. Fat meat was not at all bad to eat, and then they exchanged their flour for good bread.

"'Our flag,' went on the lad, his eyes growing brilliant at the word, 'is the one we took oath under long, long ago; and with our hands lifted up to God, swore we would defend and die for, if need be, and it was presented to our company by the ladies of our town when we set out on the march.' 'And how do you like sleeping on the ground and roughing it?' 'Oh, sleeping on the ground is all right. We have blankets, most of us, and there's not so much roughing as you'd think. Besides, we don't mind when it is for our own country. Mother felt it badly when I came away, but she's all right now; and in her last letter she said now that I was a soldier, to act like a soldier. Our company has not had one boy in the guard-house as yet. There was one chap that came near to going to the State penitentiary for two years. He fell asleep when he was doing sentry. He was only a country lad, and had never handled a gun or staid up late until that night. He was a sort of pal of mine, because the other boys guyed him for being a country boy, and he used to come to me for protection. The Colonel let him off this time; but if we had been in Cuba, he would have been taken out and shot.'

"The whole story, and the simple way it was told, made it infinitely pathetic. Not once did the young soldier speak of his comrades or himself as men. It was always 'boys.' I looked at a squad of them turning out to evening drill. It would have been laughable if something deeper, greater, was not stirring your heart, to see the way they held the guns; to see their rounded backs and country faces; to note the narrow chest of the clerk, who for so long had stooped over the desk, and the clumsy shuffle of the country lad, and the nervous, timid movement of the spindle-shanks of some undeveloped youth. The officer marched briskly beside them, calling out the steps. The boys trundled along, making brave efforts.

"'They are not nearly ready,' I said, sadly enough. 'They soon will be,' said the hopeful, cheery soldier lad. 'The only thing I would be afraid of, if they were on the field, is that they'd shoot one another in the excitement. They'd get that rattled when orders were shouted at them and everybody was firing, that those behind would shoot straight ahead and kill their own men.'

"The heat, the flies, the sand, the dews, the insects, the early-to-bed and early-to-rise, all are disconcerting to a crowd of young men who left good homes and good positions to fight under their country's flag. I think many of the boys were dazzled by the glory of war, and forgot the hard work. Not that one of them would retreat now if he had the option; but they were so high of heart about it, and so hopeful of attaining to glory,

and then coming home—of course, each individual boy knew that he would come home safe, no matter what befell his comrades—covered with honors, to mother and sweetheart, that the actuality of it all, and the labor of the camp, and, above all, the waiting for the word to go forward to Cuba—youth has not learned the wisdom of waiting—has somewhat dashed their first enthusiasm; which is all the better for them. As they get inured to camp life and steady drill and discipline, the young fellows will develop into soldiers that the United States will be proud of.

“The spirit of patriotism burns brightly throughout this great land—the finest of all spirits that go to the making of a grand country. Every State takes a glorious pride in the sons she is sending forth to the front. Each vies with the other as to the worth of the bales of human goods that she packs on the trains that go, shortly, southward through the belt of pine woods. A spirit of gentle rivalry is abroad, and each camp good-naturedly tries to go it one better at drill and cleaning up than his neighbor. Here the lads in Confederate gray work side by side with the boys in blue; and the great North and South are being welded together in bonds of unity and love in the common cause of the nation.

“Retreat was bugling as I said good-bye to the nice young lad who all along had accompanied me, and walked slowly away to where the car was waiting. The sentry saluted as I went by—that is, he did queer things with his gun, which I took to mean salutation. He was a round-shouldered country boy, in a home suit, and with an honest face. He looked so wise and valiant as I passed, and made such a display of soldiery, that I could not pass him without a friendly good-night in return; for which he laid his gun down among the palmetto roots, pulled off his hat, put it on again, and, standing very erect, raised his hand to his forehead in military salute. After which he picked up his warlike instrument again and marched upon his way—a colonel, at least, in the glorious imagination of his youth.”

The Blue and the Gray.

We have gained enough as a nation in the reuniting of our own people, and the obliteration of sectional prejudices, to pay for all that the war has, can, or will cost. The foreign danger has made us one nation and one people again, now and for all time to come; irresistible in our strength and terrible in our determination to make the world free. No power on earth can withstand us, and it is with a glow of patriotic pride that we see opening out in the near future, as the result of our own achievement, a vista of universal freedom and a world governed by one harmonious family of republics, with our united country as the model, the friend, and the protector of them all.

This thought was strikingly exemplified in the organization of the “Blue and Gray Legion,” in Chicago. The plan originated with Major Cooper, a



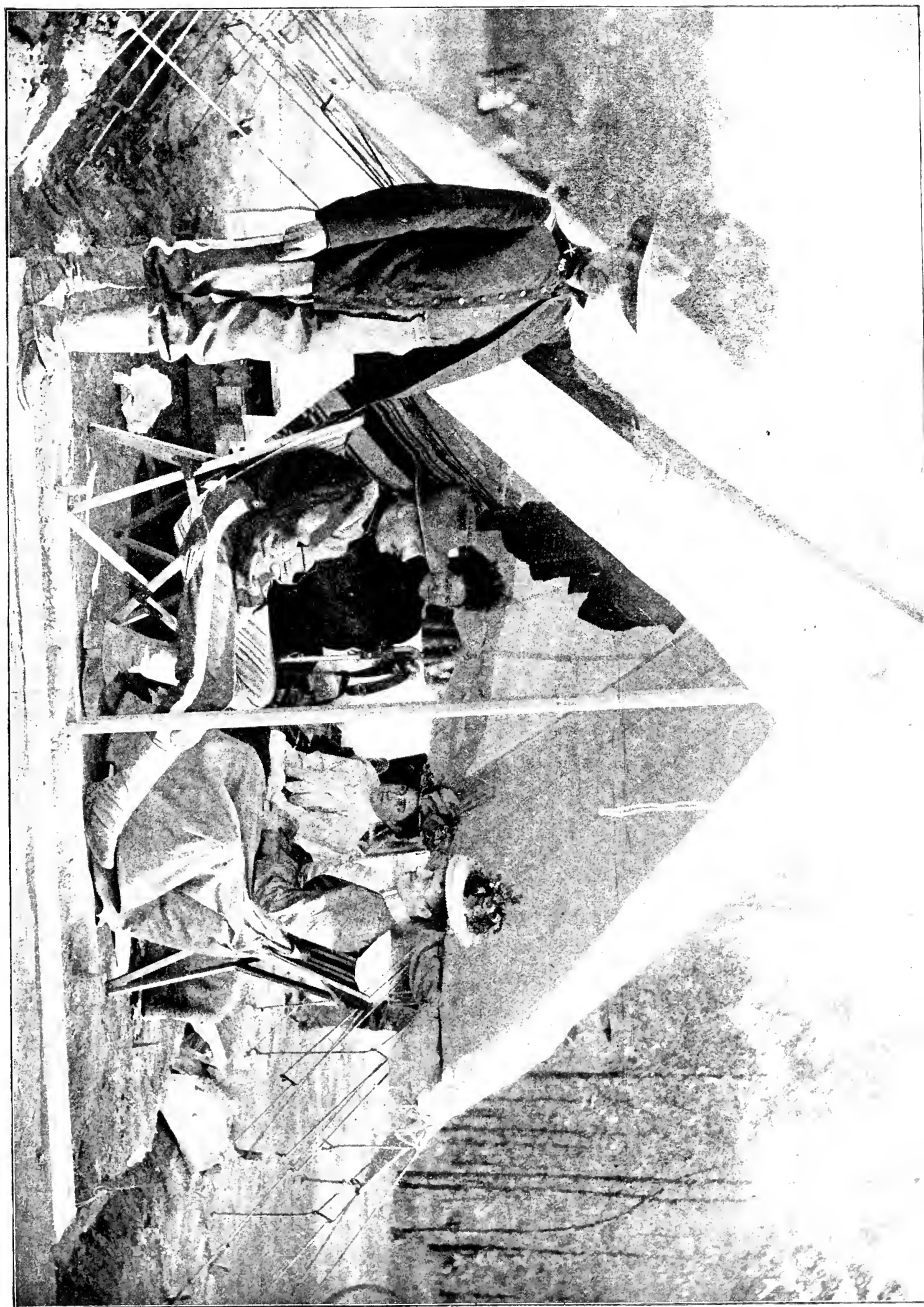
former leader of Confederate guerrillas operating in Texas, Indian Territory, and the Southwest. It was his purpose to enlist a force composed principally of the "free riders" of the old war combinations, on both sides, move his men to Cuba on their own resources, and fight the Spaniards independently of any connection with the government. The romance of the undertaking, and the opportunity for dare-deviltry which it held out, attracted hundreds of adventurous characters to Major Cooper's standard. Early in April, Captain Willard Glazier, a Union veteran of the war, called on Major Cooper and talked over the situation and prospects of the "Blue and Gray Legion." The result was that Captain Glazier, already famous as an explorer, abandoned a prospective expedition to Alaska, and threw himself, heart and soul, into the organization of the free-lance battalion.

He dispelled the somewhat visionary ideas which had previously existed regarding plunder and the spoils of war, and favored a strictly military organization on the independent line.

When the election for officers came up, Captain Glazier was chosen major; and, having now a position of influence with the men, he set his face against the guerrilla idea and all schemes of public plunder. He declared that the "Blue and Gray Legion" should be composed mainly of men, or the sons of men, who had fought on either side in the civil war, and that, when it went to the front, it must go as United States volunteers. That these wise counsels prevailed was seen when the election of a colonel took place. Major Glazier was unanimously elected to the head of the command. Major Cooper, who had been elected lieutenant-colonel, was dissatisfied, and, in order that harmony might prevail, Colonel Glazier resigned; but, another election being held, he was again unanimously chosen, and Major Cooper retired. The latter then secured between twenty and thirty men to whom the bushwhacking idea seemed attractive, and, taking his entire family with him, started with his "nucleus" for Florida; but they were stranded somewhere in the land of flowers, with small prospect of reaching Cuba in time to take a hand in the war.

Meanwhile, the organization of the "Blue and Gray Legion" was completed, and the men were mustered into the service of the government.

Colonel Glazier is fifty-seven years of age, and in the full vigor of mature manhood. He was reared in St. Lawrence county, New York, whence he enlisted at the beginning of the war between the States as a private in Company E, Second New York Cavalry, known as Harris Light Cavalry. He served during the war, and was promoted to a captaincy for gallantry and good conduct. Since the war he has devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits and exploring tours. His chief fame as an explorer rests upon his discovery, in 1881, of the source of the Mississippi River, and the lake in which the Father of Waters takes its rise has been named Glazier Lake in his honor.



FAIR VISITORS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Davis, second in command of the "Blue and Gray Legion," is a southerner, born and bred, and represents a dyed-in-the-wool Confederate family. He was born at Bryantown, Maryland, in 1866, and is a son of Captain James T. Davis, who fought many a bloody battle with Pickett's division. The son was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, and afterward studied law at the University of Virginia, where he was graduated in 1887. He served for a time as Cuban correspondent for an eastern newspaper; but, when the Græco-Turkish war broke out, he went to Greece and enlisted in the Greek army, serving as a private for three months. On his return to America, Lieutenant-Colonel Davis settled in Chicago, where he engaged in the practice of law until the organization of the famous legion.

Four companies of British-Americans, consisting largely of Scotchmen and Canadians of English, Scotch, or Scotch-Irish descent, came into the legion in a body, under command of Aeneas Gordon Murray, who was accordingly elected major of the Second Battalion. Aeneas Gordon Murray is a native of the highlands of Scotland, was born about forty-four years ago, and came to this country at an early age, afterward removing to Toronto, Canada, where he became quite prominent in Scottish circles. About 1880 he came to Chicago, and, in addition to his duties as buyer or manager for leading dry goods houses, has found time to organize several flourishing Scottish societies, being still president of some of them.

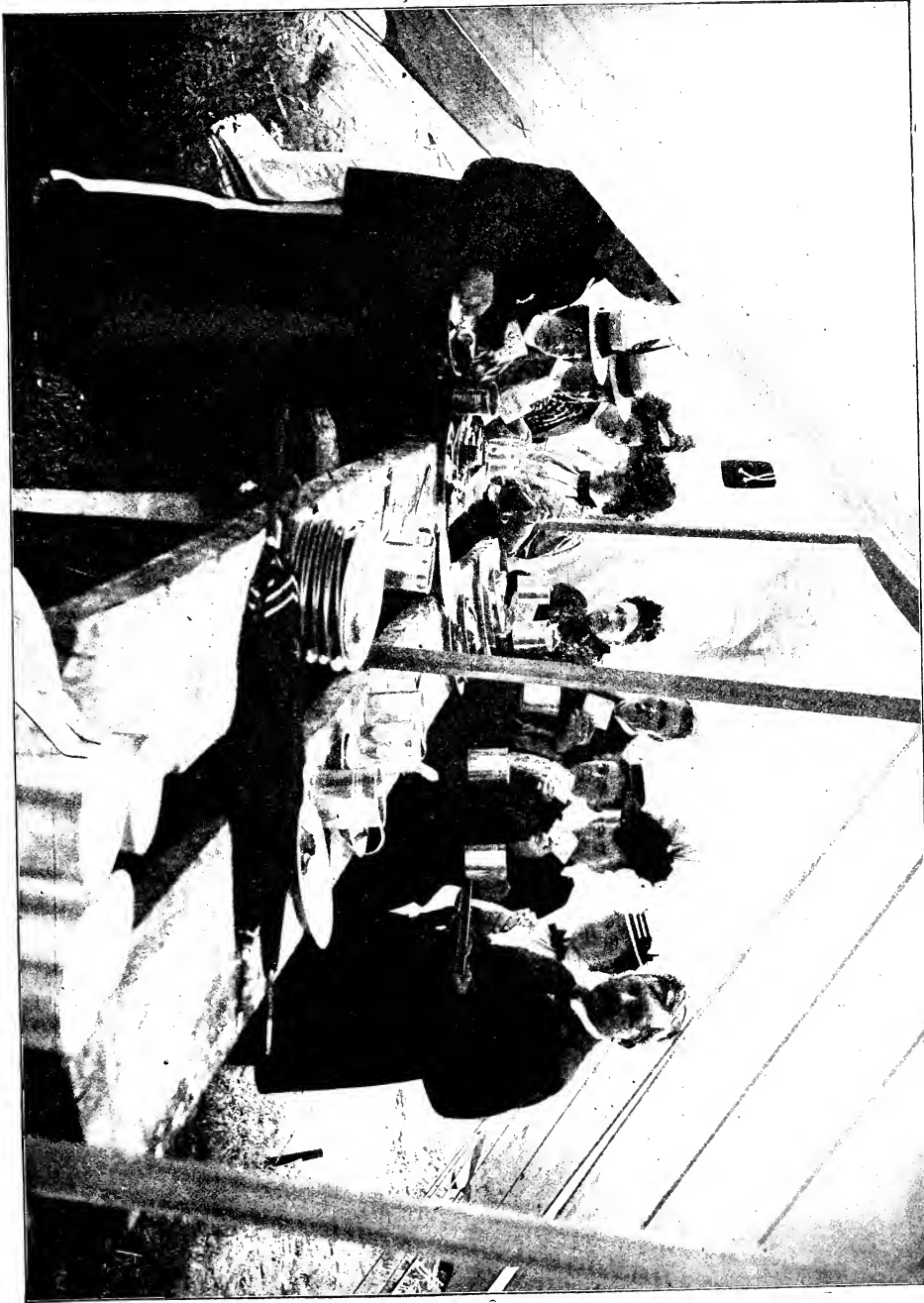
The Union of the Blue and the Gray.

This idea of the union of the Blue and the Gray seems to have taken a strong hold on the affections of the people, North and South. There is a blending of romance and patriotism in the conception of the heroes of the old struggle and their descendants marching side by side in America's war for humanity, and mingling their blood together on the same battlefields. General Wheeler, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, led the attack on Santiago, and was at the front in every position of danger. He is described as "a little man with gray beard, who looks like a country doctor, without a trace of self-conceit." He soon became immensely popular with the soldiers, and with none more so than those of the New England regiments and the colored battalions, who were under his immediate command in the invasion of Cuba.

General James R. Lincoln, another prominent Confederate officer, was appointed to a leading position in command of the Iowa troops. In this connection, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a Republican paper of the most ultra type, said:

"When an ex-Confederate is chosen to be Iowa's brigadier-general, it must be admitted that the country is thoroughly reunited and reconstructed. General James R. Lincoln, who will probably command the Iowa troops,

PRETTY SOUTHERN BELLES IN CAMP.



served in the Confederate army, and after the war became military instructor at the Iowa Agricultural College. He has been prominent in the National Guard, and his appointment as brigadier will be received with general approval. The Blue and the Gray may be considered a unit in the Hawkeye State."

General M. C. Butler, a member of an old and aristocratic family of South Carolina, and who served with distinction in the Confederate army, was appointed major-general and assigned to duty at Camp Alger, near Washington City. On the day of his appointment, General Butler called at the War Department and was cordially greeted by Secretary Alger, who recalled the fact that General Butler rode a white horse during the Virginia campaign, which made him a mark for many of the Michigan riflemen. His horse was shot under him, but he escaped unharmed. General Butler remarked that he would go into the present war on a less conspicuous horse.

Another famous Confederate leader who has received a commission in the present war is General Thomas L. Rosser. At the beginning of the war he was asked if he would seek a command in the army. He replied: "I shall not. It requires young men to win battles. There are plenty of Confederates asking to be made generals. Few of them could mount a horse without a step-ladder, or drill a squadron without a prompter."

But, at the special solicitation of President McKinley, he was, early in June, appointed a brigadier-general and assigned to active duty. General Rosser is one of the finest-looking men in the service, being over six feet tall, well proportioned, straight as an arrow, with black hair and black mustache, and ruddy complexion. He is about fifty-five.

He went to Duluth some years ago and made a fortune, most of which he has since lost. Up to a few years ago he was noted for his fiery speeches and writings in reply to attacks upon Confederates by northern people. The honor of his present advancement came to Rosser wholly unsought.

Of course, every one is familiar with the honors that have come to General Fitzhugh Lee, and all sincerely believe that he will wear them worthily, and give them a luster in battle that the whole country will be proud of. It is also peculiarly significant that two grandsons of General Grant are prominent members of his staff. The spectacle of the Lees and Grants fighting side by side, in the common cause of humanity and a reunited country, is truly inspiring; and where could such a scene have been witnessed except in the great American Republic?

Many touching incidents in evidence of the reunion of sentiment among our people occurred during the removal of northern regiments to southern locations. Some of these are historic. As the First Ohio Regiment passed southward, at a little village a few miles north of Somerset, Kentucky, the entire population was out to see the train pass. Every man in the crowd was

cheering, and two old fellows, each waving a flag at the door of his cottage, fairly outdid the others in the matter of noise. One of the pair had but one arm. He waved the Stars and Stripes. The other waved a faded and tattered Confederate flag, which no doubt he had followed in the fight for the "Lost Cause."

At Somerset there was a tremendous crowd on the station platform, and more than half were women and girls in their Sunday best. They made the welcome of the soldiers as warm as the few minutes of their stay permitted. They stood underneath the car windows and exchanged merry badinage with the men on the train; and they didn't care a cent whoever they flirted with, privates or colonels.

An immediate and tremendous demand for soldier buttons was created, and had the stop been a half hour longer there would have been a distinct probability of the arrival of the First at Chickamauga without a button to its name. One young woman with auburn hair and a blue shirt-waist triumphantly produced ten packages of cigarettes and began trading on the basis of one package for each button. She carried away a dozen trophies where her companions were lucky to get one.

At Winfield, Tennessee, a small place fifty miles beyond Somerset, a pretty little mountain maiden, clad in gingham, blushing handed a bunch of wild flowers to Sergeant Crandall, of Company H, and then retired in haste to gaze modestly through the window of the ladies' waiting-room at the regimental train. With the bouquet was the following penciled missive: "Brave, brave soldiers, I am glad you are going to fight for our country." (Signed Nancy Jones, Winfield, Tennessee.)

If pretty Miss Nancy does not marry a colonel or a general by the end of the war, we shall conclude that the boys are braver in front of the cannon's mouth than in the presence of lovely and confiding southern womanhood.

"Say, now," said a man from Iowa the other day, "I tell you this war is bringing about a good many queer situations right here at home. I don't profess to say—though I think I know—what it will do to the Spaniards. But it is doing some funny things to us Americans, anyway.

"When I was on my way down here, I met a man on the train; met him in the smoking-room, where he was sitting, reading a New Orleans paper. Of course, we began to talk war, and I asked him what New Orleans people had to say.

"Oh, they're ready for a fight," he said; 'just as ready to fight under the Stars and Stripes to-day as they were to fight against it thirty-five years ago. I've seen some pretty strange things since this war broke out; but when I was down in New Orleans a week ago, I saw something that beat all the rest for being queer.

" 'There was a regiment of southern volunteers expected to pass through the city, and it seemed as if the whole population, men, women, and children, had turned out to see 'em go through. In a way, it was a pretty sad experience to the old-timers who remembered the war; sad, because it brought back the memory of the privations and terror and heartaches of those days. When the first company appeared in their United States army uniforms, it might have been the signal for a wave of bitterness. But it wasn't. The crowd cheered the officers, cheered the flag, and cheered the ranks.

" 'That wasn't the strange part of it, though. Most of the men, as I say, wore the regular army uniform. A few of them were not fully equipped, having been ordered out in a hurry, but the general effect was all right. Suddenly, however, a company came along, and, upon my soul! I rubbed my eyes, and looked twice to see if I wasn't dreaming. Every man of them wore an old Confederate uniform! The crowd was as if every man in it had been struck dumb. Then, in a second, it broke into a yell that made the buildings rock.'

The man stopped a minute and puffed at his cigar before he went on.

" 'It seems that the company hadn't been able to get regular army uniforms before they started, so they had begged and borrowed a lot of old Confederate ones, and had come right along. They didn't mean to be going back to old prejudices in doing that. I don't know that I can explain it, but instead of going back they were bringing the past forward. They meant to make it plain that the old rebel uniform had become as loyal as the blue. And I think it was a fine thing to see them there, boys in blue and boys in gray; not simply fraternizing in reunions and making long speeches to say that the past is past, but tramping side by side to fight shoulder to shoulder under the same flag and for the same country.'

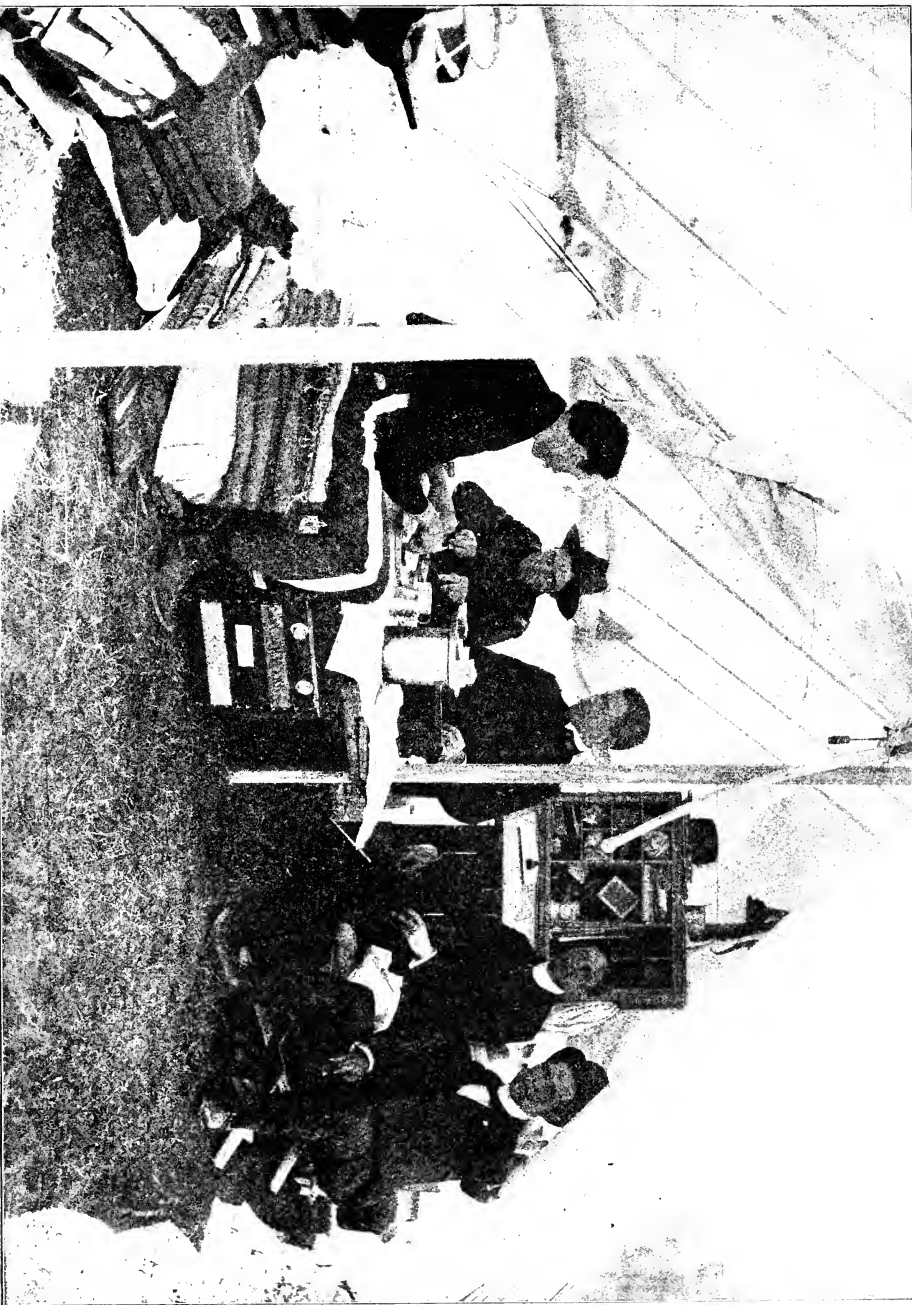
" 'Well, when he got through,' said the man from Iowa, " 'I said, 'You saw something of the war, did you?'

" 'I served four years in a Mississippi regiment,' he said."

This little incident started the other members of the group, one by one.

" 'I don't think I ever realized that the war was over as I did the day the Seventy-First left Camp Black,' said a newspaper man. " 'I stood on the ridge waiting for the troops to come by; and when the band passed, what do you suppose it was playing? 'Dixie,' as sure as you're born. Well, sir, it made a thrill run through you. To have a northern regiment starting off to a real war to the tune which used to be the war-cry of their enemies—well, say! you know you couldn't talk much about prejudice in the face of a thing like that!'

" 'I was down South not long ago,' said another man, " 'and saw the local troops leave for camp. They had a rattling good band, and when it came to marching they played a whole lot of things one after another without



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY BREAK BREAD TOGETHER.

a break. It was kind of funny to hear 'Dixie' on top of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' on top of that. And the crowd cheered 'em all, even 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"You can hear that almost any night at the theaters," said the newspaper man. "The Northerners are not behind the Southerners in their impartiality. In fact, the other night, I think 'Dixie' got the liveliest applause given to any of the patriotic airs. But," he added, "the whole audience stood while the orchestra played 'Hail Columbia' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and again during the playing of 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'"

A correspondent at Chickamauga tells this "good one" on Colonel John Jacob Astor, of the famous Astor Battery:

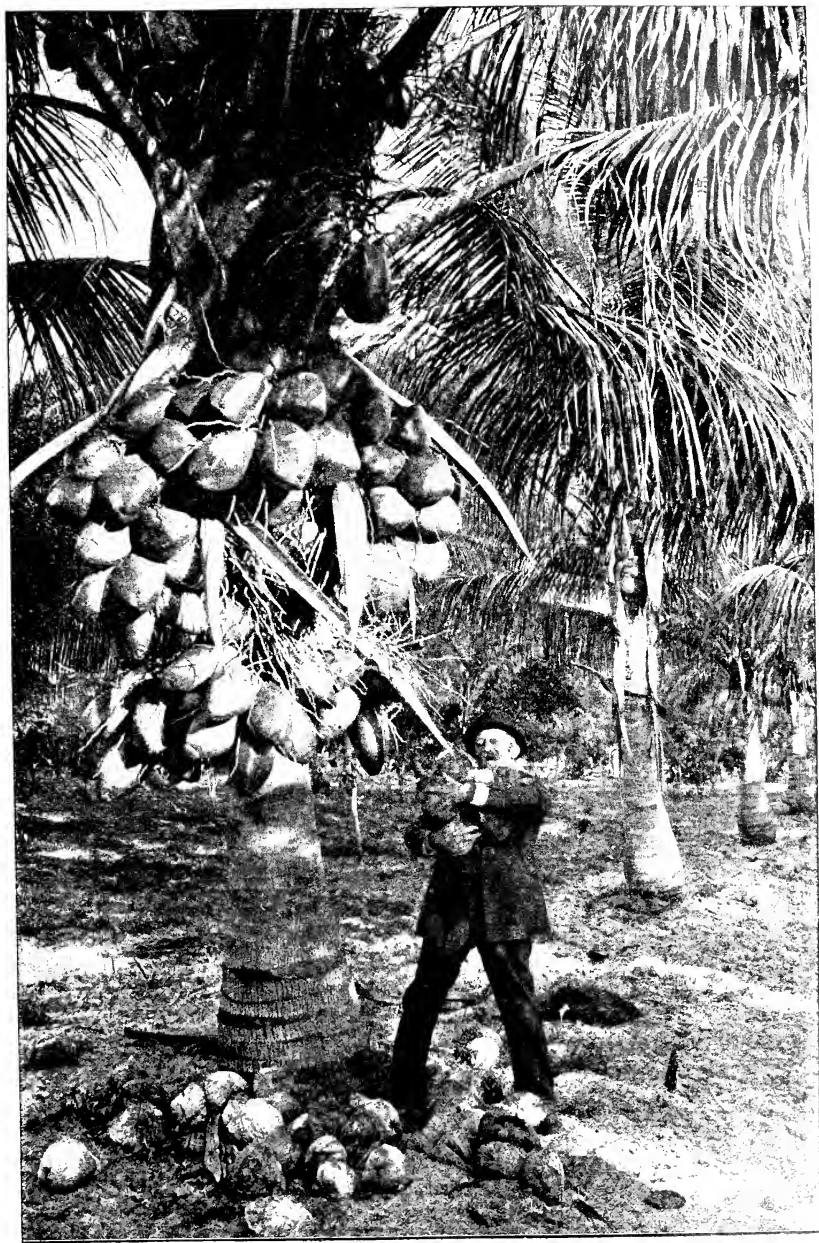
War and its preparation recognize neither rank nor station in many of the queer phases incident to soldiering. A comical illustration was afforded on the evening train bringing from the camp officers, privates, camp followers and others, who return from Chickamauga to spend the night in the city. A lively scramble to get aboard occurs when the train pulls into Battlefield Station, and in this pell-mell rush for seats no time is taken for selection of any particular coach, and it often happens that the well-worn smoker, dusty and travel-stained, will carry one raised on a private car diet, and a first-class coach will carry the quintessence of depraved colored humanity.

General H. V. Boynton and Engineer Betts to-night struck the smoker, and were fortunate in obtaining two seats facing each other. In a moment the overflow from the other coaches surged into the car. In a seat opposite were two officers, and in the seat ahead were two newsboys of the yellowest stripe, and facing them was a captain of infantry, accompanied by a handsome and stylishly-gowned lady. To the rear of the General and Colonel six gum-chewing negresses filed into one seat.

Separated from them by the back of a seat only was Colonel John Jacob Astor, accompanied by a fellow officer. Colonel Astor, whose unassuming and thoroughly democratic manner since his arrival here has sent the stock of New York's "four hundred" away above par, was not the least disconcerted by the strange company in which he found himself.

As he "sized up" the contingent ahead of him a smile overspread his features, and he remarked audibly: "Rather warm riding for the girls." His remark, intended for his companion, was taken as personal consideration by one of the party, who turned her head and opened conversation with the multi-millionaire. And he stood his ground like a soldier, exchanging a few words affably before resuming reading a newspaper which he had in his hands.

And while we are in the line of anecdotes illustrative of the sentiment of good-feeling between the sections, we might as well relate this one, told by



AN OLD VETERAN IN A COCOANUT ORCHARD.

another correspondent, about Colonel Roosevelt. It occurred while the now ever-famous Rough Riders were organizing at San Antonio, Texas:

A very thick-set, compactly-built man, who wore glasses and had a sort of ruminant smile on his broad, healthy-looking countenance, was swinging along a street in the northwest section a few afternoons ago, apparently taking his time and observing things as he went along. On the good-sized lawn of one of the residences he was passing there was a flock of half a dozen young boys in knickerbockers, playing Wild West. They were screeching and hooting fit to wake the dead, for they were evenly divided, three of them being Indians, with an especial mission for yelling. They were having plenty of fun with a couple of lariats, without being able to exhibit any skill whatsoever in the manipulation of the same. One of the scouts would throw the lariat ineffectually at an Indian five or six times, with no more result than that of scraping the Indian's nose with the rope. Then the scout would walk up bravely to the Indian, place the loop of the lariat around the latter's neck, and drag him a few feet in howling triumph.

The thick-set smiling man stopped, leaned up against a tree-netting, and watched this sport amusedly. It could be seen from the expression on his face that he liked boys. He studied their play for a few minutes, and then started to walk on. He hadn't taken more than two steps before the singing of a thrown rope around his ears informed him that one of the lads was endeavoring to lasso him. Of course, the lad didn't succeed in doing this, but the thick-set, smiling man turned around good-humoredly:

"Bad throw, my boy," he said. "Now, if I were a fleet Maverick, I'd be a good hundred yards away by this time. You boys haven't just got the hang of roping yet. Let me show you."

The boys, highly pleased at getting a grown, good-looking and good-natured man involved in their play, studied the thick-set man with interest. He stepped onto the lawn, took one of the lariats out of the hands of a willing lad, and said:

"This isn't such a good lasso as it might be, for it's not heavy enough, but maybe it'll do."

Then he gathered the lariat up into a coil carefully, swung it about his head a few times in a realistic manner that made the boys stare, and in the twinkling of an eye a little chap who stood about twenty feet away, near the steps of the house, had his arms pinned to his side by the loop of the lariat.

"Cracky!" exclaimed the boys in a chorus. "I'll bet he's with Buffalo Bill's show, all right. Aren't you, mister?"

"No, I'm not with any show just now," said the thick-set man, pleasantly. "I expect to be with a very big show, indeed, though, a little latter on. But I've often seen men throw the lariat. It's all a knack. Any one of you boys can learn how to do it if you practice it carefully."

Then the good-natured man stepped from the lawn onto the sidewalk. As he was resuming his stroll, a young man passed him, and, touching his high hat, said:

"Good afternoon to you, Colonel Roosevelt."

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt courteously acknowledged the salutation and passed on, still wearing that ruminant smile of his.

INVASION OF CUBA.

Santiago de Cuba and Its People.—Organization of General Shafter's Expedition.—The Voyage from Port Tampa to Santiago.—Successful Landing of the Troops.—Description of the Insurgent Forces.—Meeting of the Commanders.—Fierce Battles and Glorious Victories.—Heroism of the Rough Riders.—Our "Black Giants" in Battle.—A Chapter of Thrilling Interest.

Santiago de Cuba and Its People.



ADMIRAL CERVERA Y TORPEDO.

The comparatively insignificant town of Santiago de Cuba, sweltering under a tropical sun at the southeastern extremity of the island, has several claims to distinction—some of them good, and others exceedingly bad and characteristically Spanish. It was at this point, as claimed by some writers, that Columbus first landed in 1492. The town was founded by Diego Velasquez in 1514, and, with the exception of Baracoa, it is the oldest town in Cuba. It was also, for some time, the capital of the island. These items make up most of its good repute. Its chief bad reputation rests on the fact that it was here, in 1873, that Captain Fry, of the *Virginia*, and fifty-three of

his men were murdered by the Spanish authorities in a manner so cruel and cowardly, and so utterly without a shadow of justification, as to arouse the bitterest resentment in the hearts of all American citizens; and nothing prevented a war between Spain and the United States at that time except the reluctance of our government to attack the infant republic which had just been established by the people of that country.

The bay of Santiago is one of the finest in the island, but the entrance is very difficult and dangerous on account of its extreme narrowness and the windings of the channel. Admiral Cervera could hardly have chosen a more undesirable place to get himself and his fleet "bottled up," as the result

proved; for only one ship can emerge at a time, and with a hostile fleet on the alert outside, each vessel could be assigned to a competent antagonist as it emerged from the neck of the bottle, and duly disposed of.

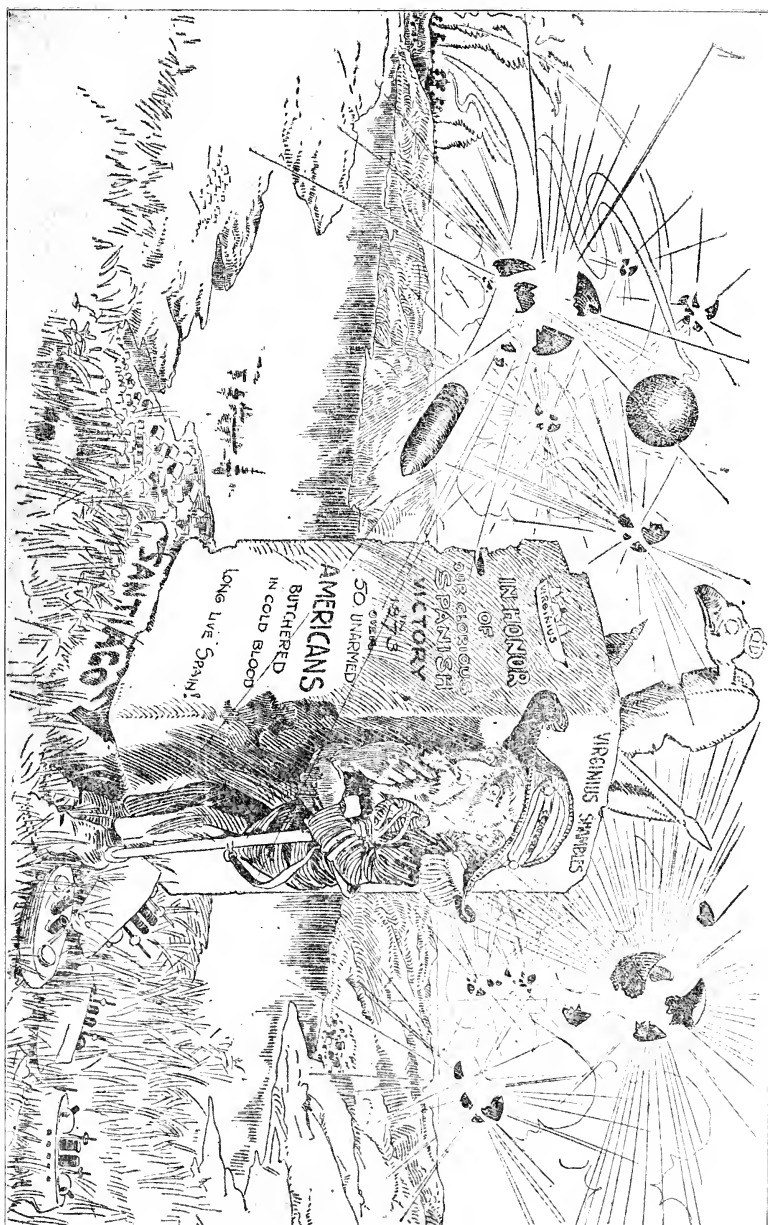
For Americans there will ever, henceforth, remain an abiding interest in Santiago and its surroundings, in connection with the great events that have taken place there within the past few weeks. Some hundreds of our brave soldiers have yielded up their lives as a vicarious sacrifice in the cause of freedom and humanity; and the national cemetery that will result from these sacrifices will always claim the pathetic interest of our people. But this mournful sentiment will be tempered and softened by the recollection of the unparalleled heroism of the brave men who fought so gallantly there, and the glorious victory just outside the harbor, unsurpassed in the history of naval warfare, with the single exception of Dewey's equally glorious achievement at Manila. Hence it is that forevermore the memory of Santiago de Cuba will lie close to the hearts of the American people.

A lady who visited the place just before the beginning of the war, writes her impressions of what she saw in the following entertaining style:

"One splendid morning we woke to find the ship had stopped. We were lying off Santiago. While dressing, I heard the most extraordinary noise around the ship; it sounded more like the sparrows chattering in the Granary burying-ground than anything I know of, and when I got on deck I found it was my first sight and sound of Spanish 'nigs' coming out in small boats to sell us all manner of things. They had on no more clothing than the law allowed. Most of the men wore a pair of short, white drawers, and a straw hat; and as for the little 'nigs' under ten, they go stark naked, and are ready to dive into the water at any moment for a penny.

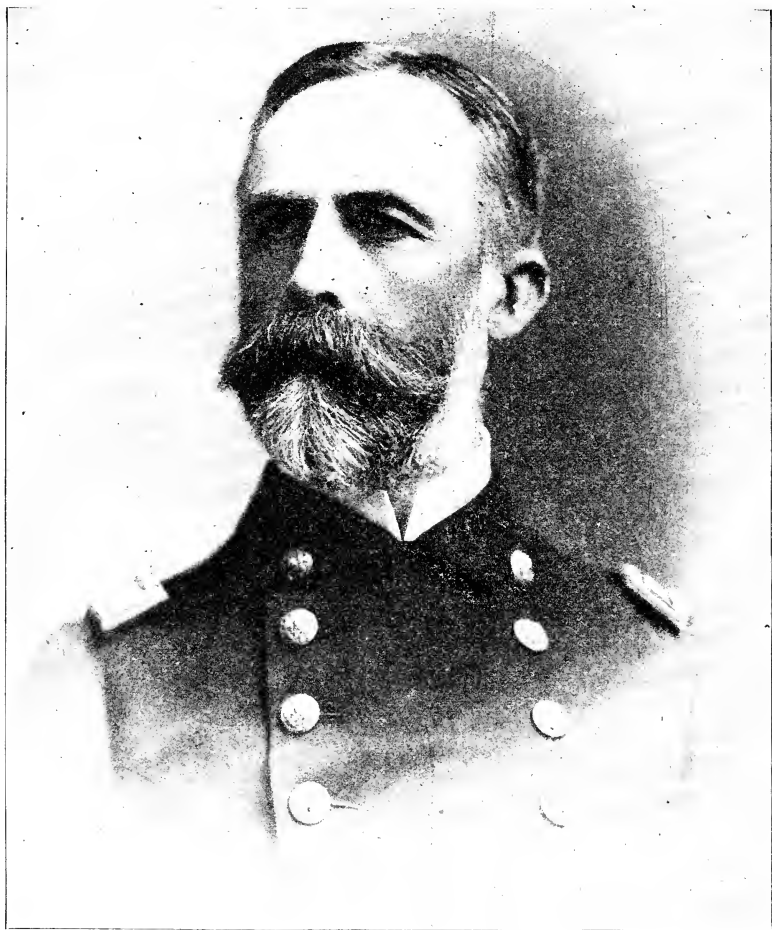
"Now, the steamer was to lie here three days, and every one who wished to could go ashore. As the purser was a friend, and a Cuban at that, we had his escort, and saw all kinds of things, and he also interpreted for us. Right here let me say he had been everywhere, and he told me the harbor round about Santiago was naturally the finest in the world, which I, being a woman, do not know much about. But I do know that as we lay off from shore and looked around us, it was a splendid sight.

"We could see the hill, which goes up from where you land, crowned with palm, cocoanut, and other trees, while birds of all colors were flying in and out. All around us were vessels from everywhere, lading and unlading from lighters. No vessels can go very near the shore, as it is too shallow. All vessels are loaded from lighters; and when it is mahogany for cargo, you see the oxen, with rings through their noses, kneeling all day for the big logs to be drawn over their heads from the drays, and pulled by long chains into the water and towed out to the ships. These oxen are used for all heavy loads, and are called Indian bullocks, I believe.



CERVERA: - GREAT SCOTT! I'VE HIDDEN BEHIND THE TARGET.

"Now the pilot boat comes, and we start off to take breakfast at the only cafe in Santiago, 'The Venus.' There are no hotels. It's a God-forsaken place in this respect. The only handsome building I saw was the club house,



REAR ADMIRAL WM. T. SAMPSON. (AN AMERICAN.)

or 'casino.' There are no streets—only lanes, narrow and dirty; no side-walks; some are cobbled, but the stones are sunken and so uneven that it's hard to walk and harder to ride. There are no churches but the Roman

Catholic Cathedral; no schools, no books or papers; nothing of what we call civilized living—but of novelty there is no end.

“When we reached the shore, the first thing I saw was a ‘volante,’ which looked as if it came out of the ark; but I was tickled to death with it



REAR ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY. (ANOTHER AMERICAN.)

and its driver, who was black as ebony and who sat on the leading horse. A volante has two long shafts attached at one end to two immense wheels; at the other end is one or two horses, hitched one ahead of the other; they have braided tails, which are brought forward and tied to the saddle; an open chaise-body rests on the shafts one-third of the way from the axle to the

horse, and perched on the first horse sits the little driver, in big boots, a red jacket and a pair of monstrous spurs. Well, into this old volante we got and rattled away up the hill past the pink and blue houses, which look like stables, with their long, grated windows, and doors like a stable, where, if you drive up when these are open, you go into what we would call the front hall—horse, carriage and all; and the horse stands there till your visit is over—where he can survey you during your call, as there are no partitions, only a low iron fence divides the house. We went past funny shops, where they bring the goods out to you to choose from; past the club house and plaza—deserted at this time of day except by beggars. Now we come to the 'Venus,' which has a story above that juts out and hangs over the narrow street; it is perched so high on the hill that you can look down upon the tile roofs, which are like inverted flower pots—one inside the other. You go in—and find yourself the only lady in the big room, as no Spanish ladies are out at that time; and likely you find yourself being admired by all on the street—as all can look in, all houses being flush with the street and opening right into it, and a foreign lady with a bonnet on her head is a sight to them.

"The restaurant had very high walls, with open rafters painted blue, a marble floor and very long, grated windows, and little tables set for two and four, and bamboo chairs. The bar is in plain sight, with long mirrors running the whole length back of it. Their breakfast is very different from ours: the waiter brings claret and bread, then an omelet and rice, with black beans, fried plantains, and live fish on a stick, so you can pick out the particular fish you want cooked.

"Now all these things take up my mind, but I am more distracted when the proprietor's wife comes in and speaks to Mr. R., my escort, whom she asks to introduce me, which he does; but as I can speak no Spanish, and she no English, we only bow and smile, and she goes off and sits at her own table, when, after a few minutes, in comes a black woman all of six feet in height, with a single garment on cut like our chemise, a bright yellow, which comes only to her knees. She has on a big turban of all colors, red slippers, and no stockings. She stands behind her mistress, and waits on her and her children, while behind her are four little naked 'nigs' of her own, who have come in to look at me. These have their wool tied up with red and yellow cigar ribbons, and a string of beads around their necks. Well, I laughed till I cried, when all four sang out to me: '*Buenos dias, senora,*' or 'Good morning,' and then held out their hands for a penny, which I gave, and they laid their hands on the pit of their little naked stomachs, instead of their hearts, and bent most to the ground, and flew out, I suppose to spend it. Men came in to sell us lottery and bull-fight tickets. Steamer days are their bargain days.

"After a while we go out into the hot sun, and walk around to the cathedral, which is very large and cool. There are no seats; the floor is marble, and many of the ladies bring little prayer rugs, which they (or their servants) spread to kneel on. There are few men, but many ladies at mass, with their heads covered with the lace veil worn so differently from other women, who never can arrange one just like a Spaniard. The church has an immense wooden cross with a figure of our Savior, which is just at the door as you step in; the altar is very high, and sacristy and vestry behind, and a small altar, by which is the lamp which never goes out. There are all kinds of vestments — some elegant, some tawdry. All service is very early in the morning. The Cuban ladies will not be seen on the street again until evening, when they visit and ride and shop. They seldom walk, and a young girl is never out alone for a moment.

"Now, for instance, in visiting, if we had Mr. R. with us, and there were young ladies in the family, if we married ladies left the room for any reason, the young lady would have to come, too, as she could not be left alone with a gentleman. There is no place where the girls are so well guarded, not even in France. The soldiers come to church in a body, to military mass, and look very gay. They wear seersucker uniforms, with the different colors of the regiments in trimmings on sleeves; a straw hat with red and yellow cockade. The Royal Guards wear white uniforms; they walk with quick steps, and are very easy in their gait, swinging arms after the French fashion. We see at the theater soldiers on duty, and at bull-fights, the same as policemen with us. Many of the soldiers are short and dapper. We see them early in the morning at drill; they are well drilled and disciplined. You can go nowhere in Cuba without seeing soldiers on duty. There is a sunrise and sunset gun fired at the forts every day, and you hear trumpet



CAPTAIN-GENERAL WEYLER. (A SPANIARD.)

notes and calls all day long. We see in the streets and at bars Spanish 'men-of-war,' with wide duck trousers, blue jackets, and straw hats, with the name of their ship on the front of the hat. These men may be seen rolling along with English, French or other sailors who are lying in port, for vessels of all nations come here.

"On the top of the hill is the prison; and it is a terrible thing to get into prison here, for you may get clapped into the 'chain gang.' The watchman at night stands on the corners with a pike and lantern; he blows a whistle

and cries the hour and state of weather, thus: '*Es la una. Hace bien tiempo,*' or, 'It's one o'clock, and fine weather.' The clocks strike the quarter hours from all the convents and castles, making a silvery chime. We meet priests and 'sisters' hurrying to sick beds, regardless of the music on the plaza or the people on the street; and every once in a while we see a soldier drop to his knees to receive a blessing, his sword dangling and clattering behind him. Santiago knows no Sunday. The men go right from mass into a bull or cock-fight.

"In the morning, about five o'clock, may be seen the countrymen coming to market, with donkeys, on which will be panniers hanging to the ground with fruit; and I was



CAPTAIN GENERAL BLANCO. (ANOTHER SPANIARD.)

astonished one morning by what looked like a haycock moving toward me, and when it got very near I saw the nose and tail of a diminutive little horse sticking out; this tiny horse was carrying its own fodder. On top of all the hay sat a man with a black velvet jacket, with little bells all around it, and a big sombrero hat; he had a pistol in his belt, and a dirk. I was told he had come down from the mountains; he looked like a bandit. The cows are driven to the doors to be milked, and so your milk can't get all the water in town in it. The cows wear a bell which rings and tells they are coming.

"All houses are built round the courtyards, which are full of trees and flowers. Cuban beds have no mattresses; they are of iron, with a sacking on which you lie, and have a sheet, a pillow, and a mosquito net tucked under the legs of the bed to keep out tarantulas. Many bed rooms lead out of the courtyard. Cuban houses have no cooking stoves; some have a kind of oven in the yard. Cuban ladies do no housework; blacks or coolies do it all. Ladies go right home from mass, but many of the men drop down on the corners of streets and play dominos or cards—they are awful gamblers in Cuba.

"We ride in the old volante through the now deserted streets, past the convent and prison, and down to the landing, where we take the boat and go to the steamer to stay till evening, when we return to find all the people out—some riding, some walking round the plaza, where the band plays every night; and all shops are now brightly lighted, and we see the shopmen bringing out goods to the ladies to look at. These ladies themselves look so fascinating in their white dresses and lace mantillas thrown over their hair, with a rose just over the ear, as we see in pictures; and most of them carry large fans, sparkling with jewels.

"As we walk along, we can see into all the houses, for they look exactly as if the whole front of the house was rolled up, after they open the immense windows; and in every house you always see two rows of chairs arranged opposite each other, and ladies always sit opposite the gentlemen, never beside them, which would be considered bad form. We can see the beds, with their linen covers of lovely drawn-work. Every one goes to bed in the middle of the day, and all business is suspended for a nap after noon. Everything is done very early in the morning and in the evening, and in fact I felt, after being there a week, like prowling all night with the cats! I felt too languid to move after noon, and soon found out I



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

could not do as I would at home. This is what will bother our troops; as they cannot stand the hot sun, they will have to fight in the night.

"Santiago has no drainage and is filthy. The better class go away in the summer, just as we do, but the 'nigs' and coolies do not mind it.

"As we sat on Mr. L.'s piazza that evening, on the crest of the hill, and looked over the lovely harbor, and down through an avenue of palms and banana trees waving in the clear moonlight, I thought, 'What a lovely land this is!' but after walking down this avenue to the landing across the little railroad track which goes to his plantation, and getting into the little boat to go out to the steamer, I saw big sharks, with their mouths wide open to eat me, and it did not seem quite so romantic; but I live to write this, although there was one particular shark that stuck by, hoping I would drop into his capacious mouth, and I left him gaping after us as we steamed away from Santiago for Cienfuegos."

General Wheeler, in a letter written to a friend soon after the landing of the American army, gives this incidental, but highly interesting, description of the country:

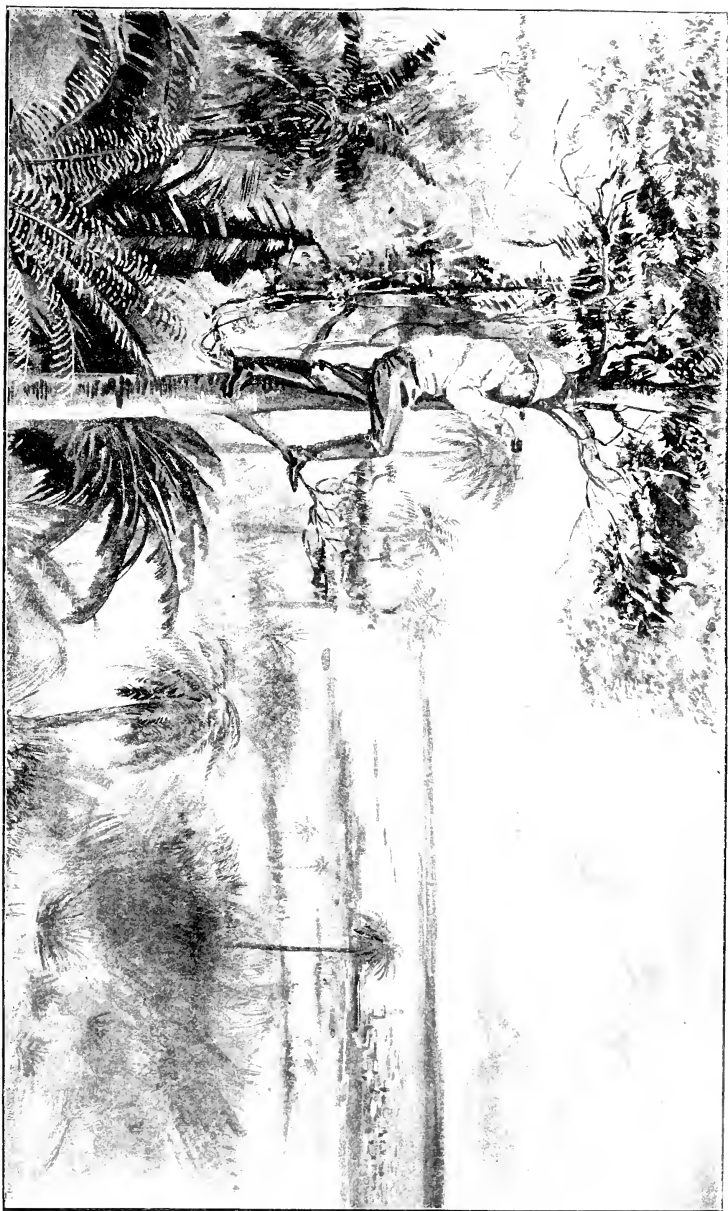
"We commenced going ashore yesterday. I rode about eight miles, penetrating inland about four miles. The road to Santiago is a very good military road. Bananas and cocoanuts abound. Vegetation of all kinds is so dense and luxuriant that to leave the road at all is quite difficult, except in certain elevated places, which are quite open and only covered by a scrubby growth. The Spaniards have block-houses at various points along the road. The nearest one now held by them is some three or four miles beyond the point occupied by our advanced troops. I think they will abandon these as we approach. I doubt if there are over 18,000 or 20,000 Spanish troops in the province, and probably less than 10,000 in the city of Santiago.

"Cuba is not so entirely different from other countries as we might have been led to believe. It is easy to imagine that we are still on our native soil. Our horses are so weakened by the trip that we cannot get them off the ships and make a general forward movement to Santiago for about two days. I suppose you know that our cavalry is dismounted, having been obliged to leave their horses, as we could only bring with us enough animals for transportation purposes. General Miles will send the horses as soon as possible. If we had them we could sweep through the island.

"As you know, the shores are lined with coral rocks, of which I inclose a little fragment. Soon after landing I sent the flag of the First Volunteer Cavalry and had it waved on a high eminence. All the ships answered by blowing their whistles."

In all the brilliant operations and movements around Santiago, General Wheeler displayed the same intrepidity and restless energy that made him

GENERAL WHEELER RECONNOITERING THE ENEMY'S WORKS.



famous during the war between the States, more than thirty years ago. At the age of sixty-two he seems to be no less vigorous and virile than he was in his young manhood. In this connection, the following incident is mentioned by a correspondent who witnessed it:

"General Wheeler made an extraordinary reconnoissance this morning. He went out toward Santiago half a mile beyond his own skirmish lines. Eastern Cuba at this time of year is like a gigantic hot-house with the roof off. As General Wheeler could not make out the Spanish outposts clearly through the tropical foliage, he dismounted and shinned up a tree with the agility of a farmer's boy, and up in the crotch of the big ceiba the old Confederate cavalry leader sat a-straddle, with his field glasses to his eyes, for half an hour."

Humorous Description of the Successful Voyage of the Great American Armada.

The distinguished author and correspondent, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who accompanied the Santiago expedition from Port Tampa, thus describes the successful progress of the fleet, and various incidents of a highly interesting character:

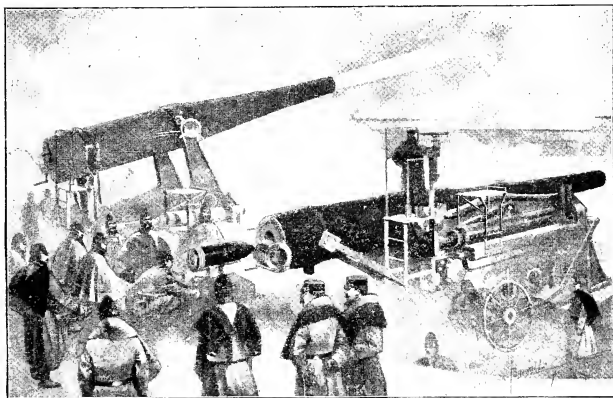
On Board the *Seguranca*, off Cape Maysi, June 19.—The largest number of United States troops that ever went down to the sea in ships to invade a foreign country were those that formed the Fifth Army Corps when it sailed for Santiago. The thought of 16,000 men on thirty-one troop-ships and their escort of fourteen warships suggests the Spanish armada.

It brings up the picture of a great flotilla, grim, sinister and menacing, fighting its way through the waves on its errand of vengeance and conquest. But, as a matter of fact, the expedition bore a most distinct air of the commonplace. It moved through a succession of sparkling, sunlit days, over a sea as smooth as a lake, undisturbed by Spanish cruisers or by shells from Spanish forts. As far as the eye could see it had the ocean entirely to itself.

Scattered over a distance of seven miles the black passenger steamers and the mouse-colored warships steamed in three uneven columns. They suggested a cluster of excursion steamers, yachts and tugs as one sees them coming back from Sandy Hook after an international yacht race. What the landing may be like we cannot foresee, but the voyage was uneventful, and the departure from Tampa Bay, when it came, after many weary postponements and delays, was neither picturesque nor moving. The band did not play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," nor did crowds of weeping women cling to the bulkheads and wave their damp handkerchiefs; the men who were going to die for their country did not swarm in the rigging and cheer the last sight of land. They had done that on the morning of June 8th, and had been ingloriously towed back to the dock; they had done it again on the morning of June 10th, and had immediately dropped anchor a few hundred yards off

shore. So they were suspicious and wary, and when the headquarters ship, the *Seguranca*, from which this is written, left the dock, three colored women and a pathetic group of perspiring stevedores and three soldiers represented the popular interest in her departure.

The troop ships were the best passenger steamers the government could buy. They were fitted up with pine cots and a small proportion of stalls for the horses, and the first-class cabins were turned over to the officers. On some of them the men swarmed over every part of the ship, on others the officers held the bridge to themselves, on the majority the quarter deck was also reserved for them. There were other differences; the food on some of the ships was very bad; on most of them it was the regular army rations, served to the men cold, with hot coffee. On a few of the ships the food served to the officers was provided, with patriotic feeling, free by the owners



DISAPPEARING COAST DEFENSE GUNS IN ACTION.

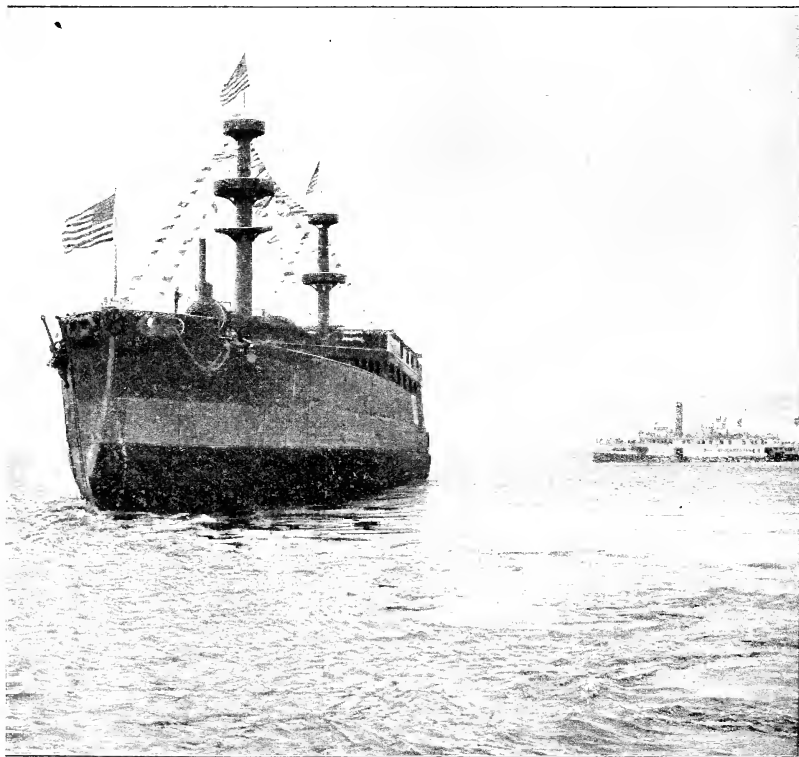
of the line to which the transports belonged; on our ship it was charged for at a moderate rate per day, but it was exceedingly bad.

It was for every one a most tedious experience. For those who were not able to withstand the slight motion of the sea it was a week of sickness, without the comforts or seclusion that a sick man generally obtains. The heat below deck varied from 102° to 110° . Most of the men slept on the decks at the imminent risk of rolling overboard; those who were quartered below tossed and groaned during the night and made up for lost time by sleeping all day.

Probably half of the men forming the expedition had never been at sea before. They probably will desire never to go again, but will say from the depths of their experience that the dangers of the deep are vastly exagger-

ated. They will not wish to go again, because their first experience was more full of discomfort than any other trip will be that they are likely to take; on the other hand, they may sail the seas many times before they find it as smooth, or the rain as infrequent, the sun as beautiful, or the heavens as magnificent.

We traveled at the rate of seven miles an hour, with long pauses for



NEW AMERICAN WARSHIP "KEARSAGE," JUST AFTER LAUNCHING.

thought and consultation. Sometimes we moved at the rate of four miles an hour, and frequently we did not move at all. Our delays were chiefly due to the fact that two of the steamers were each towing a great scow or lighter, on which the troops were to be conveyed to shore, and because another one was towing a schooner filled with water. The speed of the squadron was, of course, the speed of the slowest ship in it, so the water boat set the pace.

The warships treated us with the most punctilious courtesy and concealed contempt. And we certainly deserved it. We could not keep in line, and we lost ourselves and each other, and the gunboats and torpedo boats were kept busy rounding us up, and giving us sharp, precise orders in passing, through a megaphone, to which either nobody made any reply or every one did. The gunboats were like swift, keen-eyed, intelligent collies rounding up a herd of bungling sheep. They looked so workmanlike and clean, and the men were so smart in their white duck that the soldiers cheered them all along the line as they dashed up and down it, waving their wigwags frantically.

The life on board the headquarters ship was uneventful for those who were not in command. For these their tables and desks were spread in the "social hall," and all day long they worked busily and mysteriously on maps and lists and orders, and six typewriters banged on their machines until late at night. The ship was greatly overcrowded; it held all of General Shafter's staff, all of General Breckinridge's staff, the Cuban generals, the officers and five hundred men of the First Regiment, all the foreign *attachés*, and an army of stenographers, secretaries, clerks, servants, couriers, valets, and colored waiters.

All of these were jumbled together. There were three cane chairs with seats and two cane chairs without seats. If you were so unlucky as not to capture one of these, you clung sidewise to the bench around the ship's rail or sat on the deck. At no one moment were you alone.

Your most intimate conversation was overheard by every one, whether he wished to or not; the *attachés* could not compare notes on our deficiencies without being betrayed, nor could the staff discuss its plan of campaign without giving it to the whole ship. Seven different languages were in course of constant circulation, and the grievances of the servants and the bandinage of the colored cooks mingled with the latest remarks on the war. At night you picked your way over prostrate forms of soldiers and of overworked stewards, who toiled eighteen hours a day in a temperature of 102°. Four of the correspondents, who were congratulating themselves on having obtained outside cabins, found out too late that they were situated over the boiler, which would have been most desirable on an Arctic expedition, but which, as our cruise was in summer seas, drove us to sleep on the deck, where Frederic Remington kicked me on the head all night, and two soldiers used my legs for pillows, and Stephen Bonsal, of *McClure's Magazine*, and Caspar Whitney, of the *Century Magazine*, walked on my chest.

The water on board the ship was so bad that it could not be used to shave with; it smelled like a frog pond or a stable yard, and it tasted that way. Before we started from Tampa Bay the first time it was examined by the doctors, who declared that in spite of the bad smell and taste it was not unhealthy; but Colonel J. J. Astor offered to pay for fresh water, for which

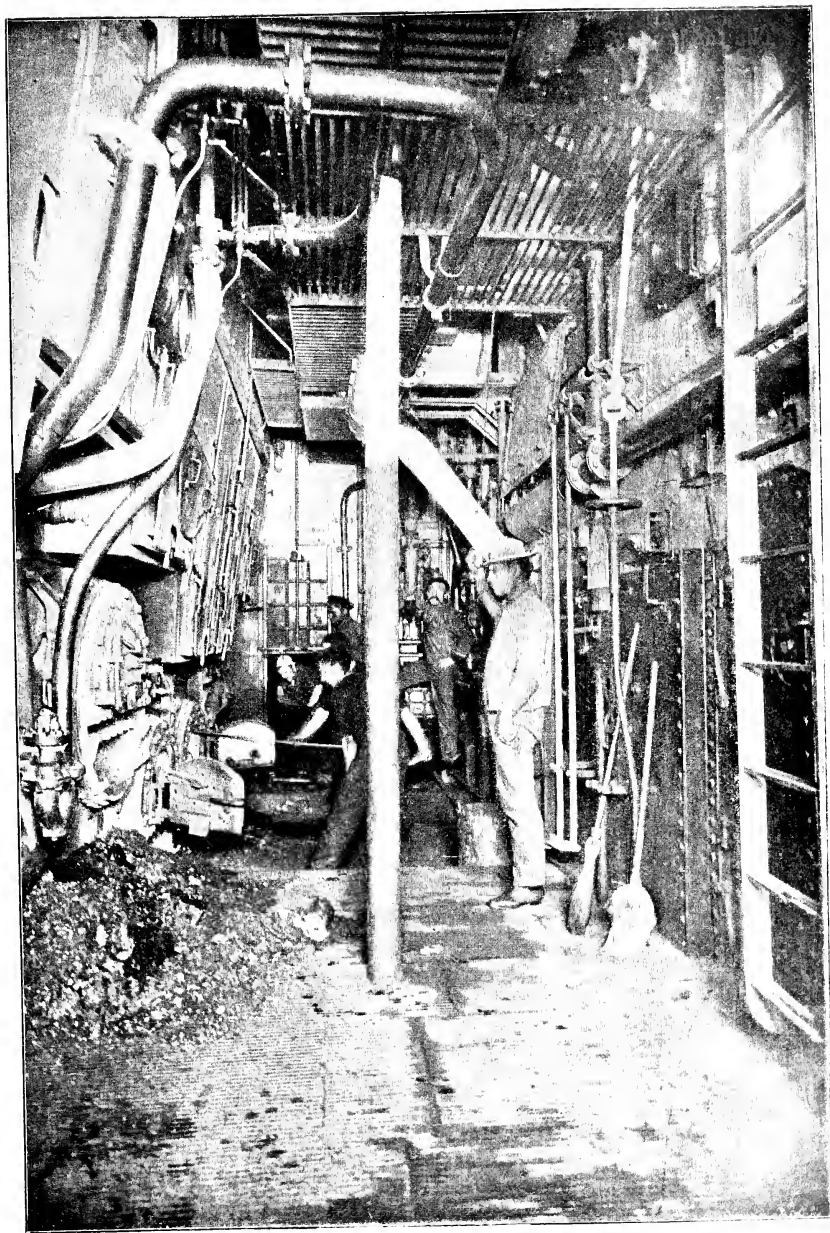
Mr. Plant charges two cents a gallon, if they would empty all of the bad-smelling water overboard. General Shafter said it was good enough for him, and Colonel Astor's very considerate offer was not accepted. So we all drank apollinaris water and tea. The soldiers, however, had to drink the water furnished them, except those who were able to pay five cents a glass to the ship's porter, who had a private supply of good water, which he made into lemonade. The ship's crew and engineers used this water.

The bad-smelling water came from New York, and was put on board by the Ward Line, to which the *Seguranca* belongs.

Before handing the ship over to the government, the company removed all of her wine stock and table linen, took out two of her dining tables, and generally stripped her, and then sent her south undermanned. Her steward hired and borrowed and bought linen and servants and table waters at Tampa, but there was so little linen that it was seldom changed; and had it not been that the servants of the officers were willing to help wait at table there would have been four stewards to look after the wants of fifty or sixty passengers. The food supplied by this line, as I have previously stated, was villainous, and enlisted men forward were much better served by the government with good beans, corned beef, and coffee. Apparently no contract or agreement as to quality or quantity of food for the officers had been made by the government with the Ward Line.

The squadron at night, with the lights showing from every part of the horizon, made one think he was entering a harbor or leaving one. But by day we seemed adrift on a sea as untraveled as it was when Columbus first crossed it. On the third day out we saw Romano Key. It was the first sight of land, and after that, from time to time, we made out a line of blue mountains on the starboard side. But up to the present we have not been near enough to the shore for the men to clearly distinguish the land they have waited so long to see. The squadron, though, has apparently been sighted from the shore, for the light-houses along the coast are dark at night, which would seem to show that the lesson of the armada has not been lost on the Spaniard.

Some one has said that "God takes care of drunken men, sailors, and the United States." This expedition apparently relied on the probability that that axiom would prove true. "The luck of the British army," of which Mr. Kipling boasts, is the luck of Job in comparison to the good fortune that has pursued this expedition so far. There has really been nothing to prevent a Spanish torpedo boat from running out and sinking four or five ships while they were drifting along, spread out over the sea at such distance that the vessels in the rear were lost to sight for fourteen hours at a time, and no one knew whether they had sunk or had been blown up or had grown disgusted and gone back home. As one of the generals on board said: "This is God Almighty's war, and we are only His agents."



FIRE-ROOM OF A WARSHIP.

The foreign *attachés* regarded the fair weather that accompanied us, the brutal good health of the men, the small loss of horses and mules, and the entire freedom from interference on the part of the enemy, with the same grudging envy that one watches a successful beginner winning continuously at roulette. At night the fleet was as conspicuous as Brooklyn or New York, with the lights of the bridge included, but the Spanish took no advantage of that fact. No torpedo destroyers slipped out from Cardenas or Nuevitas, or waited for us in the old Bahama Channel, where for twelve miles the ships were crowded into a channel only seven miles across. Of course, our own escort would have finished them if they had, but not before they could have thrown torpedoes right and left into the helpless hulks of the transports, and given us a loss to remember even greater than that of the *Maine*.

But as it was, nothing happened. We rolled along at our own pace, with the lights that the navy had told us to extinguish blazing defiantly to the stars, with bands banging out ragtime music, and with the foremost vessels separated sometimes for half a day at a time from the laggards in the rear.

It has been a most happy-go-lucky expedition, run with real American optimism and readiness to take big chances. With the spirit of a people who recklessly trust that it will come out all right in the end, and that the barely possible may not happen; that the "joker" may not turn up to spoil the hand; who risk grade crossings and all that they imply; who race transatlantic steamers through a fog for the sake of a record, and who on this occasion certainly "euclred God's almighty storm and bluffed the eternal sea!"

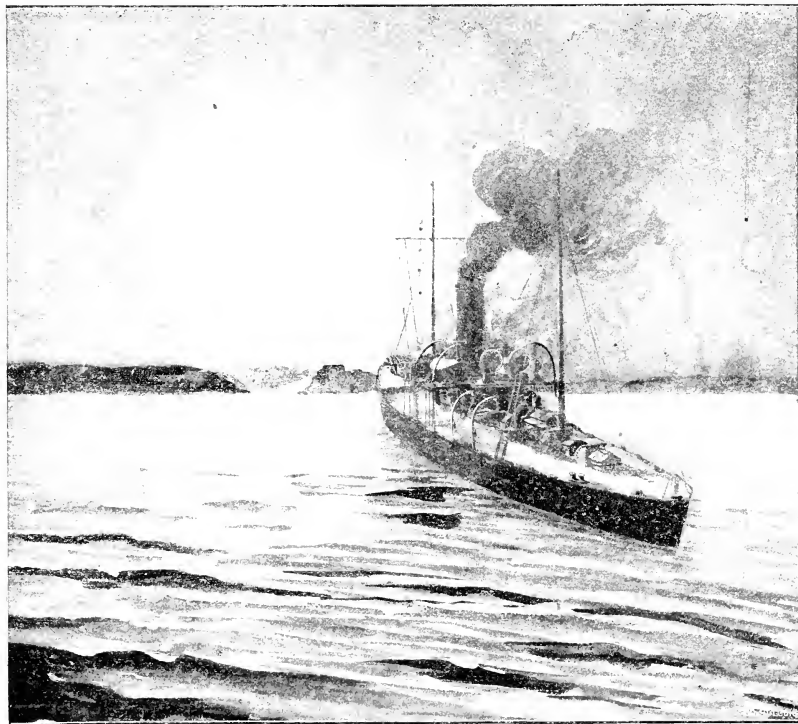
No one has complained and no one grumbled. The soldiers turned over to sleep on the bare decks with final injunctions not to be awakened for anything under a Spanish battleship; and whenever the ships drew up alongside, the men bombarded each other with jokes on the cheerful fact that they were hungry and thirsty and sore for sleep. To-morrow they will be at last on the soil of Cuba, and what may befall them there one does not care to consider. But so far, at least, our army's greatest invasion of a foreign land has been completely successful, but chiefly so, one cannot help thinking, because the Lord looks after his own.

Landing of the Troops.

The preparations for landing were conducted with much strategical skill, and for once, at least, the Spanish commanders were completely outwitted.

In this historic landing the now famous dynamite ship, *Vesuvius*, played an important part. The *Vesuvius* is an uncanny craft. She is built very broad and deep, so as to make her steady in a seaway and give room for her pneumatic guns, of which she carries three. These weapons are built per-

manently into the ship. Their breeches are far down in the ship's hull, while the three black muzzles gape forward in a slanting position over the forward deck. All three guns point in the same direction, and as the vessel is really the gun carriage the ship herself is, in gunnery terms, "laid" on the target. The elevation and the time of flight of the projectile are the same for all ranges up to two miles. Alterations in range are obtained by increasing or decreasing the pressure of compressed air used to propel the shell.



THE "VESUVIUS" IN ACTION.

These shells are capable of containing a maximum of five hundred pounds of dynamite, but the usual charge is about two hundred pounds. The guns are practically noiseless, sending forth only a harsh cough, but when the shells fall they produce an earthquake of explosive sound and rending destruction.

In accordance with the plans devised by Generals Shafter and "Joe" Wheeler, the transports were kept out of sight until the morning of the 22d, when ten decoy transports, as they may be described, ran close inshore, a

few miles west of Santiago. They were accompanied by a number of war-ships, which promptly began shelling the bluffs and woods; at the same time, by previous arrangement, the Cubans began a vigorous attack on the western defenses of Santiago, while the *Texas* commenced shelling the forts at the harbor mouth; and later on, when night had fallen, the *Vesuvius* ran in and threw several dynamite shells into the harbor and fortifications. The transports lowered boats, and made all preparations as if they were about to send their troops ashore. The plan succeeded admirably. Every available



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ.

Spanish soldier was hurried westward at the double-quick, and a powerful force was mustered by mid-day to oppose the landing of the Americans. Alas for the simplicity of the poor Spaniards! When noon came the transports disappeared, and there was nothing to oppose; but thirty miles to the eastward, on the other side of Santiago, the sea was crowded with ships, pouring men ashore in hundreds, while there was not a single Spaniard on shore to fire a shot in opposition. The point selected for the landing was the big ship pier of the Spanish-American Iron Company, at a small place called Baiquiri, foreordained to fame through all future ages as the first landing-place of the army of humanity, destined to set Cuba free.

Here there is deep water up to the very rocks, and there is, besides, a small wooden jetty, or wharf, where the troops could be landed out of the small boats. There is no place where ships could come in, the huge pier at which the mineral is shipped being absolutely impracticable for landing troops. The only difficulty in getting the men ashore was the heavy surf, which beats all along the coast; but on this eventful day the weather was fairly moderate, yet the big rollers were breaking in mountains over the rocks, and the jetty, sheltered as it is by the pillars of the great ship pier, was sometimes

completely submerged, while a moment later it would be standing up ten or fifteen feet out of the water. Operations for the disembarkation began about half-past five o'clock in the morning. At that time there were sixty big steamers and war vessels collected within a couple of miles of the coast, and the wide surface of the Caribbean Sea appeared as if crowded beyond the limits of safety when looked at from the shore. Perhaps the sight of this terrible armada shook the courage of the small Spanish garrison in the block-house on the hill, and caused them to offer so poor a defense. Shortly before six o'clock the *New Orleans* and the other warships began throwing shells on shore and along the green hills behind the landing-place.

On the eastern side a steep, isolated and heavily wooded bluff rises to a height of two hundred feet. Right on the apex of this stood a little block-house, over which flew the Spanish flag. At the foot were the houses where the employés of the Spanish-American Iron Company lived, and close by were the locomotive sheds and machine shops of the company. Beyond this point the land falls rapidly, and a flat, sandy plain, varied by patches of manjua scrub, and pools of mud and stagnant water, stretches out to the foot of the hills, four or five miles away. When the ships began firing, troops were seen around the block-house, and a few small bodies of cavalry moved about the plain and along the hills in the background. After a few minutes' shelling the Spanish troops retired, first discharging two or three harmless volleys of musketry and setting on fire the locomotive sheds and machine shops, and a couple of houses lower down the slope. Immediately the Spaniards had been driven out, the work of debarkation was begun. Boats were got over the side, and soon puffing steam launches were snorting shoreward, hauling long lines of boats laden to the water's edge with soldiers.

Each man carried his full kit; two days' cooked rations, an uncooked ration of bacon and biscuit, and two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. When the boats arrived at the jetty each had to wait until the crest of a wave would lift them on a level with the timbers, then the men on the side next the jetty would jump for it. As a rule, they landed successfully, and marched across the broken, shaky timbers to dry land; but now and then some one would miss his spring, and he had to be fished out, dripping, by his companions. The first comers had to throw their rifles from the boats onto the pier and clamber up after them. The earliest arrivals, as soon as they landed, formed into a skirmish line, and pushed out across the flat expanse toward the hills, but they found no Spaniards. The latter had been effectually scared and had put the mountains between themselves and the terrible Americans.

After a little while a force of about one thousand Cubans under General de Castillo arrived from Sigua and greeted the troops with mad enthusiasm. These Cubans were a picturesque crowd, representing all shades of color from the fair Castilian to the jet black African, and clothed with a bewildering

diversity of garments, from a pair of drawers and a straw hat to the natty brown uniform of their army, that would have driven a martinet to the verge of insanity. They presented an extraordinary contrast to the big, well-fed, well-clothed Anglo-Saxons, who came pouring up in a never-ceasing stream from the seashore.

Everywhere one turned there were cheerful groups of soldiers. Some had climbed cocoanut trees, which grew in hundreds on the flat sand swamps, and were feasting on the ripe fruit or drinking the agreeable cooling liquid



GENERALS SHAFER AND WHEELER AND THEIR STAFFS.

from the green nuts. Others sat steaming over little camp-fires, endeavoring to make tea or cook rashers of bacon. An appetizing smell arose from these *al fresco* kitchens, and were it not for the piled arms one might almost have imagined that a big picnic was in progress. The Cubans mingled freely with the troops and kept up a never-ceasing chatter of conversation, though neither side could understand the other, while the wives of the native employes of the mining company, followed by hordes of small, naked, brown-skinned children, ran about in a state of intense excitement. Altogether, the scene was a

remarkable one, and its setting of rich tropical vegetation added a novelty and picturesqueness to it that no written description could convey.

The condition of these Cuban patriots with regard to the need of food was such as to appeal at once to the heart of the American commander, and orders were issued to furnish them with an immediate supply. Incidents of this kind were constantly occurring from the time that the Americans first landed on the island. Many of the Cubans had been without substantial food so long that they fairly gorged themselves. So desperate was their condition that four of Garcia's men, including an aide on General Castillo's staff, died from the effects of overeating. General Castillo's aide asked for food, and received some side of bacon, which he devoured raw, being too hungry to wait until the meat could be cooked. He was found dead the next morning, sitting under a tree. Contentment was written in his countenance, and the remains of his feast were clasped tightly to his heart. Three other Cubans, after being supplied with food by the steward of one of the American transports, gorged themselves and swam ashore. They died before morning, and their bodies were swollen to enormous proportions. Many other Cuban patriots, unable to withstand the pleasures of a "square meal," were taken to the army hospital. All were in the last stages of starvation when given food from the American supply. Their condition was so deplorable as to bring the tear of pity to the eye of many a rough American soldier.

On another occasion, when 2000 insurgents from General Garcia's command were landed through the heavy surf from the transports, they lined up, emaciated, half-naked, and in some instances entirely nude. Weak as they were, they stood up proudly and shouted, "Cuba Libre!" They were viewed with astonishment by the military representatives of Russia, Germany, Japan, and Sweden, who were utterly at a loss to understand the enthusiasm of men in their miserable condition.

The famished men, nearly all of whom had been *macheteras* under Maceo and Garcia during the three years' war, and some of whom were veterans of the ten years' war, were overjoyed to meet the American troops, and at the sight of food they fell to like starving men. With swollen feet and every evidence of long suffering, they cheerfully got themselves in readiness to march in advance of the regulars toward Santiago.

As the troops gathered on the shore General Lawton, as a precaution, threw out a strong detachment six miles to the westward on the road to Santiago. Another strong body was sent to the top of the hills north of the little town.

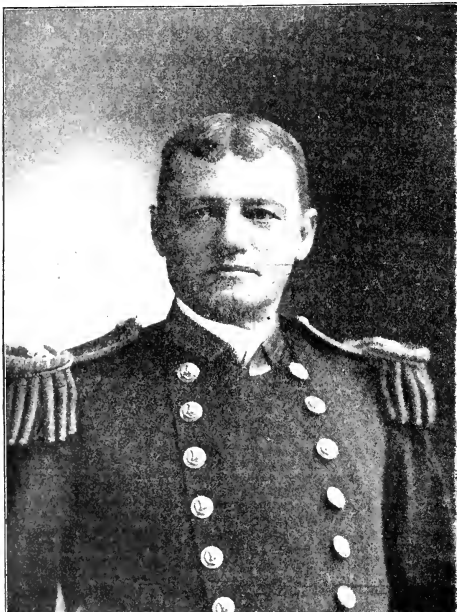
As these covered the only possible approaches, the rest of the troops were quartered in the little village. The buildings of the iron company accommodated a good many. Others found lodgings in deserted huts, and a good many set up their tents in the fields and bivouacked there.

Pretty soon some women and children appeared on the outskirts of the camp. They had run away from the town when the Spanish garrison abandoned it, and were in a state of pitiful terror at the proximity of the Americans. A big Ninth cavalryman made a dash and captured one of the children, and sent him back to the others with his two little fists full of sugar that he begged from the company cook. Some of the officers gave the youngster some silver and copper coins; and within an hour the babies and their mothers were everywhere about the village that they were permitted

to go. They explained that the Spanish soldiers had told them that it was the American custom to kill and scalp everybody they could, regardless of age or sex.

When the women found that they were free to return to their homes and safe to remain there, they were as delighted as they were astonished. Every house was searched by the soldiers, but nothing was taken. Scouting parties beat the thicket all around the camp, to make sure that there would be no Spanish bushwhacking, such as the marines met at Caimanera, but nothing hostile was found.

While our men were landing, the Cubans up on the hill, under General Castillo, were attacking the Spaniards and the block-house forts. The



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, OF THE "IOWA."

big warships were thundering away, and playing havoc along the shore.

The men still on the transports were cheering, and every band, on troop ships and men-of-war, was playing "Yankee Doodle" as hard as they could; and way back on the hills above them the barred red and yellow of the Spanish flag fluttered against the sky.

The bombardment by the ships, besides serving to thoroughly cover the landing of the troops, inflicted a lot of damage on the Spaniards. The American ships shelled everybody on the coast between Santiago and Baiquiri, to prevent the shipment of troops from the big city on the railroad which runs to the iron mines.

At Juragua a Spanish regiment was seen marching down to the railroad, where trains were waiting for them. The *Bancroft*, *Wilmington*, and *Vixen* opened on the regiment and the town, and scattered the soldiers, who ran away up and over the hills.

This was a prelude to the bombardment of the batteries of Juragua. For twenty minutes Sampson's ships battered away at the forts, crumbling the stone work, dismounting guns, and filling the air with thunder. It was a much more violent bombardment than the place merited, and purposely so. It was only intended to mislead the Spaniards as to what was going on further up the coast.

It was a fine piece of strategy that enabled our men to land without an accident. By engaging the batteries on the coast, from Bacanao to Cabanas Bay, except Moro and Socapa, Admiral Sampson so bewildered the Spaniards that they were at a loss to definitely see the actual point of debarkation. From the ships Spanish soldiers could be seen hurrying from all directions toward the points being fired upon. Counterfeit transports (colliers) were sent to the westward, as if to land troops at Cabanas or Acerraderos. These were followed by the Spaniards, who thus were led away from the real point of landing, which was to the eastward, and thirty miles from Acerraderos, and twenty-two miles from Cabanas.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the *Dolphin* discovered a train load of Spanish soldiers making for Moro Castle. Before the war this little craft was the President's dispatch boat. She was regarded more as a pleasure craft, on which heads of departments could go for junkets, than as a ship of war. Hostilities declared, she was armed with heavy guns, in addition to her quick-firing battery, among the pieces being a five-inch breechloading rifle.

What happened to the train load of Spanish soldiers is described by Clark H. Bradshaw, chief gunner's mate of the *Surwance*, who saw the incident.

"We were assigned to Commodore Schley's squadron, on the extreme left of the semicircle of ships," writes Bradshaw. "Five miles to the eastward, at Aguadores, the *Dolphin* was stationed to guard a railroad trestle connecting with Santiago. The trestle was over a creek and was at least one hundred feet high. While all of the other ships were busy shelling the batteries a train of seven coaches, loaded with Spanish soldiers, left Santiago on this track. The *Dolphin* sighted the train coming. It was making good time, which was necessary in such a bold dash. The big five-inch on the *Dolphin* was sighted, and as the train came upon the trestle the piece was discharged.

"The first shot struck the last coach, wrecking it and sending wreckage, dead bodies, and wounded soldiers into the stream, one hundred feet below.

"A second shot tore off another coach, a third shot brought another, and this was kept up until every vestige of the train was gone from the track.

"The commander of the *Dolphin*, Captain Lyons, evidently thought the trestle might be of some use to our troops and did not destroy it. But he did destroy a tunnel and blockaded the track effectually."

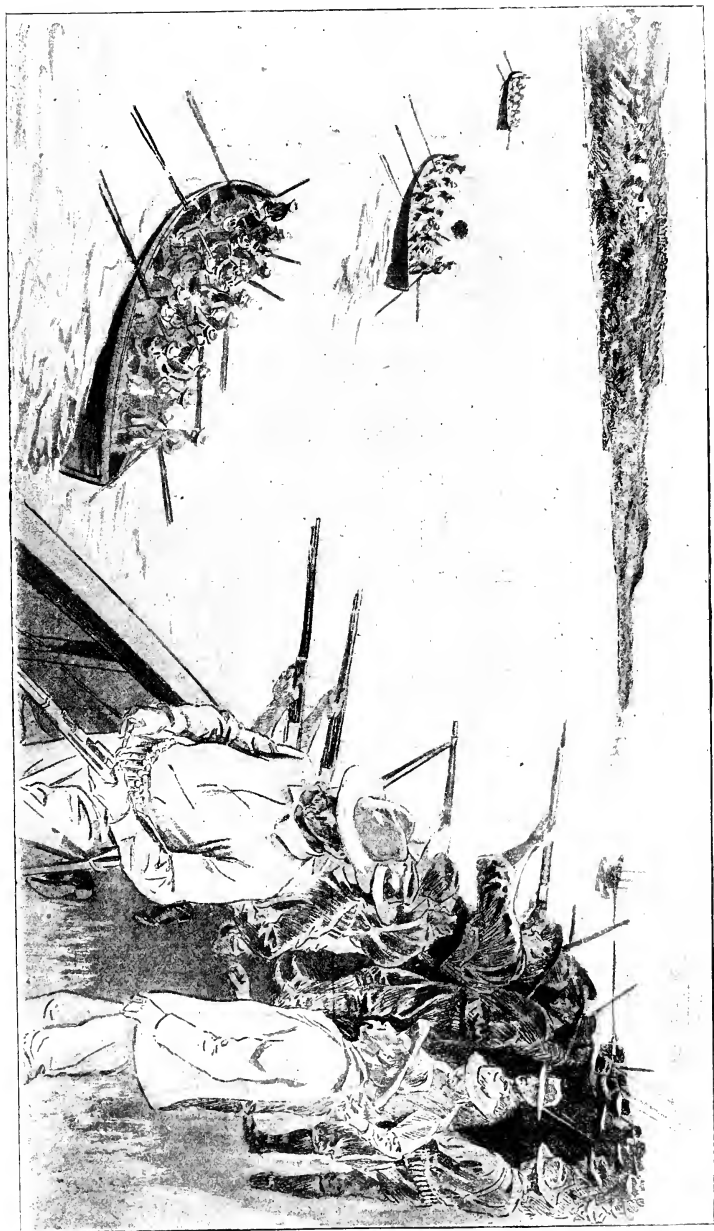
Other Incidents of the Landing.

Fortunately for the troops there was an abundant supply of excellent water available, though it was almost hot enough to cook eggs as it flowed from the taps. The pipes conveying it ran through the burning machine shops and locomotive works, in which several fine Baldwin locomotives were destroyed, and the result was that it was almost boiling when drawn. Still, it was wholesome and pure.

Considerable defensive works had been erected round and about the little village. Earthworks were thrown up on the hill behind the jetty, and a whole series of rifle-pits extended from them down to the plain.

The approaches to the locomotive works were strongly fortified by double barricades of heavy planking, the space between filled with earth, skillfully arranged loopholes being left for infantry fire. The machine shops were only a heap of smoking ruins, but all round them the ground was strewn with exploded Mauser rifle cartridges, the brass cases being blackened and torn open, showing that immense quantities of them had been stored in the burned building and, of course, destroyed when the fire reached them. All day the long strings of boats passed between the ships and the shore, and the number of troops ashore steadily increased. By 4:30 o'clock nearly 6000 infantry had been landed without a mishap. At this time a great wave of enthusiasm passed through the entire force. Two or three intrepid soldiers had climbed the bluff on the eastern side of the landing-place, carrying with them an American flag. This was the flag mentioned by General Wheeler in the letter previously copied. When the men reached the top, where they could be seen by every man afloat and ashore, they suddenly flung "Old Glory" to the breeze, and instantly a regular tornado of sound burst forth. Every steamer in the harbor sounded her whistle in salute, while 20,000 men cheered and waved their hats as if mad. The Cubans yelled with excitement and fired off their new American rifles with great joyousness and indiscrimination. It was quite ten minutes before the salute to the flag ceased. The scene was most inspiring and gave one an idea of the intense patriotism and enthusiasm that animated every man on the American side.

A big pontoon, towed, or rather pushed, between two tugs, was used to land the guns. The horses were taken close inshore on the transports and then thrown overboard and made to swim to land. Roosevelt's Rough Riders were the first troopers landed, and the cowboys enjoyed the work



LANDING THE TROOPS.

hugely. Most of them, heedless of the sharks, stripped and swam alongside their horses to the beach. Only one person was injured during this memorable landing.

A Cuban soldier while reconnoitering on a hill was struck by a piece of shell from one of the American ships and his right arm badly shattered. Aside from this casualty and the loss of one or two mules by drowning, the landing was quickly accomplished without accident or inconvenience.

Immense credit is due to Admiral Sampson, not only for the excellence of his strategy and plans for landing the army, but also for the perfection with which they were put into execution by his subordinates. The Admiral himself prepared the whole scheme, and even his own officers were only informed of it at the last moment. It is no small achievement to land an army on a difficult and hostile coast, but when a commander by virtue of clever strategy and carefully prepared schemes succeeds in doing it without losing a man, or, practically speaking, having to fire a shot, it reflects infinite honor upon him.

A correspondent who saw Admiral Sampson on this occasion, thus writes of him: "I saw Sampson on his flagship in front of Moro Castle. He is a quiet, conservative man, with thin features, and almost snow-white beard and melancholy eyes. As he sat under the sail-cloth awning on the quarter deck and talked in a soft voice, it was hard to imagine that we were lying in front of a great stronghold of the enemy. The ships stretched out on both sides of the harbor in perfect order. Everywhere were signs of intelligent method."

The celerity and remarkable success of the landing astonished the military experts and critics of Europe. They could not understand the American way of doing things. In Germany, the *Militär Wochenblatt*, the highest authority on military affairs in the empire, took occasion to seriously warn us against impending disaster when the subject of invading Cuba first came up. This journal stated that in June, 1897, the Russian naval maneuvers were devoted to the landing of an expedition of 16,000 men—just the size of General Shafter's force. Preparations for the work began months before. It was carried on by a staff trained to its tasks. Not twenty years ago Russia was in a great war. Its standing army is about forty times the size of ours. Its fleet is about twice as large as ours. It is the only military power of which German experts speak with a respect born of just apprehension. The landing made by the Russians in the Black Sea was pronounced by the editor of the *Wochenblatt* to be "theoretically the most successful attempt ever made by a fleet to land large bodies of men in the presence of the enemy." And it proceeded to caution the rash Americans in the following style:

"But of course you readily understand that the difficulties of such an operation here, encountered in a sham fight and in time of peace, is naturally

immeasurably increased by the unforeseen in the case of real warfare. Yet, compared with what the Americans propose, this Russian landing attempt is a small matter. Just look here. There were two naval squadrons, each consisting of about nine large ironclads, any number of cruisers, gunboats and torpedo boats, and each squadron only succeeded in landing 8000 troops, and took three days to do it."

At Santiago Admiral Sampson and General Shafter between them landed 16,000 men in less than two days, in the face of an alert and vindictive enemy, thoroughly familiar with the country, and more than equal in numbers to the invading army. And since the accomplishment of that remarkable feat our army and navy have done other marvelous things greatly to the astonishment of Europe, as related in subsequent pages of this book. When the fighting began the Spaniards were very much surprised because our troops did not fall back and seek shelter as soon as they were fired upon. They could not understand why men should be so foolishly reckless as to steadily advance against a withering fire, and even drive superior numbers of trained veterans from behind breastworks and barbed-wire trochas. When the Rough Riders charged up San Juan Hill, at Santiago, and drove five times their own numbers from the fortifications planted there, the Spaniards exclaimed: "The pigs charged up the hill like fools. They're madmen—imbeciles. They don't know what danger is."

The difference between our "mad men" and the soldiers of Europe is due entirely to the difference in the conditions under which they are reared. In America the people are free, individually and collectively; in Europe the individual is not considered, except as an integral part of the great mass. In America we rear men—splendid, superb men; in Europe they produce human machines, operated and controlled by the will of the few who are born to rule.

Meeting of the Commanders.

Before the coming together of the Cuban and American forces, it was feared that there might be unpleasant friction between the commanders, but this danger was quickly averted. Soon after the arrival of our fleet, and before the landing of the troops commenced, General Shafter and Admiral Sampson went ashore and met General Garcia by appointment. When Garcia met Shafter, the gallant old Cuban patriot turned out his half-naked regiment to salute him, and, with tears streaming down his bronzed face, took the American commander by the hand, saying: "I thank you and your soldiers for coming down here to help us fight the enemies of our country. We will serve with you and take your orders without question."

Following this interview, General Miles telegraphed General Garcia from Washington as follows:

"We are enthusiastic over your conduct. Warmest congratulations. Please answer officially your acceptance of plans and promise of co-operation."

Garcia's reply was peculiarly noble and generous. He said:

"The Cuban army under me can always be depended upon to co-operate under your direction. My force is growing rapidly. As soon as recruits can be armed they are sent to the field, most of them going toward Guantanamo to aid in holding back General Pareja's troops, or in attacking their positions if the order is given. My headquarters will to-morrow be removed from Siboney to San Juan, three miles from Santiago. I have issued orders that any Cuban who charges an American for any service performed, or who accepts money from an American, will be shot. I want to show the Americans in every possible way our appreciation of their noble fight in our behalf."



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

The Cubans proved to be admirable scouts and pickets. These ragged, half-starved men, in harassing the enemy in the undergrowth and almost impassable defiles, left not a single footpath or knoll unguarded by at least three sentries. They would sit with one knee crouched and guns half-cocked for long hours,

watching most patiently every waver of grass or tree that might indicate the approach of the enemy.

This meeting of the commanders was an historical event of great interest. It took place on the shores of the enemy's country, within twelve miles of as many thousand Spanish soldiers, without a musket or revolver to protect them. It was another instance of the characteristic American disregard of danger. The ragged escort of Cuban soldiers which met them on landing, would have been brushed away like so many flies by overpowering numbers, if an attack in force had been made by the large Spanish army only twelve

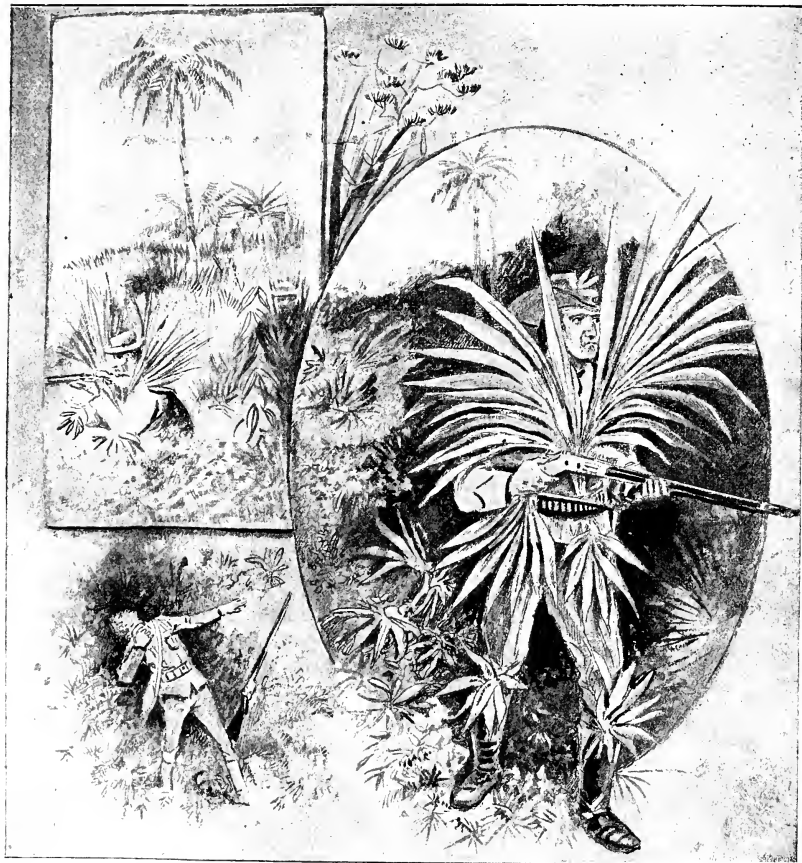
miles distant. The three commanders were grouped, under a sun so hot that it burns the eyes, on a high cliff overlooking a magnificent valley of royal palms, which meets, motionless, a blue sea broken only by lines of white breakers on the shore, and which, further out, was then broken again by the slow-moving hulls of thirty transports and thirty ships of war. Their only covering was a wretched palm-leaf hut, outside of which were five negro sentries, naked to the waist, while on the open space about the hut were hundreds of officers and privates of the patriot army, and numerous laughing and chattering boys, all armed with an infinite variety of peculiar weapons, or the ever-present *machete*. Back of the distinguished group stood Colonel John Jacob Astor, close crowded by a black giant with only a guard-belt to cover his naked shoulders. There were, also, Colonel Getzen, the German *attaché*, in spotless white, and a Cuban officer, in a linen blouse and with bare feet, talking in signs, and with them was Captain Lee, the British *attaché*, booted and spurred, with field glasses, helmet, and immaculate *kharki*. A group of ensigns from the warships served as a background to the principal actors, and still further back of them were the Cuban soldiers, squatting on the ground, curious and interested, and showing their teeth in broad smiles of welcome, and touching their straw hats when any one of the American officers looked their way.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who so gracefully described this historical gathering, says that General Garcia, with his snow-white beard and mustache of the Third Empire, looked like a Marshal of France.

For the purpose of creating dissension in the Cuban ranks, and preventing their efficient aid of our troops, the Spaniards industriously circulated many false stories regarding the cruelty and injustice of our men. This system of misrepresentation was commenced immediately after the declaration of war, and it was persisted in during the entire contest. "The American pigs," they said, "will make your soldiers carry loads, build roads, and take the front places, where they will be sure to be killed." That these stories had some effect was plainly to be seen in the operations around Santiago, where the Cubans persistently refused to do their part in helping to construct breast-works and dig trenches. "We are soldiers," they said, in reply to remonstrances from the Americans; "and are ready to fight, but we will not work."

During one of the first assaults on the Spanish works at Santiago, four Spanish negro soldiers were captured by General Wheeler's men. On being questioned, they declared that the Spaniards were badly scared by the rapid approach of the Americans, and that a reign of terror prevailed among them, as it was reported that forty thousand desperadoes were marching against the town. All sorts of wild tales were circulated about the fierce and bloodthirsty acts of the Americans. One of these was to the effect that as they marched they picked up the Cubans and forced them to carry guns and fight in the

front. The women of the city were absolutely terror-stricken because of the tales that were told regarding the cruelties and outrages perpetrated by the hated "Yankees." The Spaniards told the Cubans that all who left the city would be killed by the Americans; and added that the Cubans who had



SPANISH GUERRILLAS FIGHTING IN THE BRUSH.

deserted and joined the American army were all shot as soon as they got in range of the "Yankees'" guns. They also declared that the Americans were killing *pacíficos*, men, women, and children.

Of course, the officers and better class of citizens knew that these stories were utterly false, but they had their effect on the rank and file of the Span-

ish army and the ignorant masses of the people. Most of the Spanish soldiers expected to be killed as soon as they were captured, and this was, no doubt, the principal cause of their desperate resistance.

Many instances occurred in verification of the innate cruelty of the Spanish character, whether native born or transplanted to Cuba. In a battle that occurred early in June, between a force of four thousand Spaniards and eight hundred Cubans, the Spaniards captured two insurgent officers, a first and second lieutenant. One of them was bound and placed in front of a cannon and blown to atoms. The Spanish commander then called for a volunteer to "*degollagodo*" the remaining officer. This consists in thrusting a bayonet through the neck of the prisoner, from one side to the other, penetrating the windpipe. A Spanish volunteer stepped forward, and the Cuban officer was thus subjected to the torture of a slow death.

The Spaniards were defeated in this battle and forced to retire, and while on the road they met two Cuban boys, not over fourteen years of age. They were non-combatants, and engaged in the peaceful pursuit of driving the domestic cattle home; but the Spaniards shot them, mutilated their bodies, and left them lying in the road.

A Cuban's Idea of Economy.

At the battle of Siboney a number of Spanish soldiers were captured, and some of them were turned over to the Cubans to be guarded. Many of these were slaughtered without mercy. A soldier of the Seventy-first New York Regiment, who was in this battle, and who was subsequently wounded at El Caney, on being asked if the reports of the murder of prisoners by the Cubans were true, replied:

"It's true. One of our prisoners was turned over to a Cuban, who took him into the brush and beheaded him with a *machete*. When some of our men took him to task about it, he did not seem to think he had done wrong. He said that he could not take care of a Spaniard; that there was not enough food around for themselves, let alone feeding prisoners, so he thought he might as well kill his prisoner at once. There were plenty of other cases reported, and at El Caney I myself saw a Cuban behead a wounded Spaniard who had surrendered."

One morning Roosevelt's Rough Riders captured a Spanish spy whom they found up a tree taking notes of what was going on in the American camp. He was turned over to the Cubans, who shot him. The spy had been a *pacifico*. This fellow deserved death under the rules of war, but his summary taking-off was greatly relished by his Cuban executioners.

It is said that after the fall of El Caney the Spanish soldiers who escaped along the foot-hills marched directly into General Garcia's men, posted to the north of Santiago. They fought desperately, but were shown no mercy

by the Cubans, and were *macheted* to the last man. General Delrine, who was in command, was brutally mutilated. The knowledge of this massacre found its way into Santiago, and prompted the Spanish resolution to die rather than surrender. After the fall of El Caney the Cubans sacked the town. They had learned their lesson in the school of bitter experience, and the Spanish blood in their veins made them apt pupils. These outrages being promptly reported to General Shafter, he issued orders that any Cuban found rifling the bodies of dead or wounded Spaniards would be summarily



THE USUAL SPANISH DISPOSITION OF PRISONERS.

dealt with. These orders had the effect of curbing their ferocity, but they could not be restrained from retaliating on their hated enemies whenever a safe opportunity occurred; and perhaps they are not much to be blamed, when we consider the inhuman cruelties that were so long inflicted upon them by the Spaniards.

Acting in the capacity of correspondent for the *New York Journal*, during the

fight around Santiago, was a former insurgent named Laine. He relates the following incident, in which he took a prominent part:

"In the block-house where I was yesterday," he said, "we found this morning a few Spaniards. They were popping away, doing some damage and giving much trouble.

"I found a Spanish prisoner, and told him to go to the block-house and tell those inside that the Americans were about to fire a dynamite gun at them, and they had best surrender. Four of them came out, and the Americans kindly turned them over to me for the Cubans."

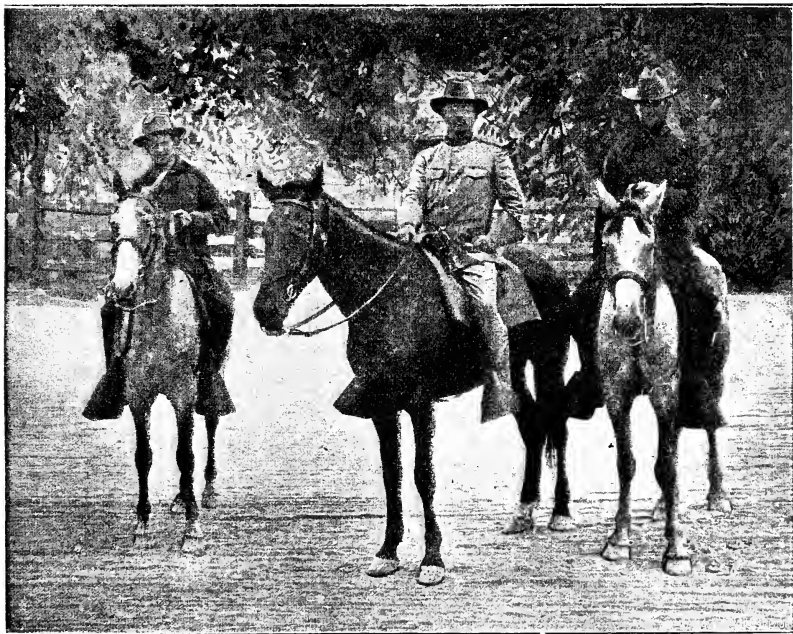
"And what did you do with them?" he was asked.

Sniffing contemptuously, he replied: "We cut their heads off, of course."

And yet, behind this amour of vengeance, bred in the bone by a century of suffering, the Cuban is tender and gentle. One seldom finds a man of more generous and gracious impulses than this same Laine. His hour had come, and he was lost in the almost savage enjoyment of it.

Battle of La Quasina.—Heroism of the Rough Riders.

As soon as the landing was effected, the army pushed forward to meet and whip the Spaniards, the famous Rough Riders taking the lead. The



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND TWO ORDERLIES.

story of their first battle, which will go down in history side by side with the most brilliant and heroic events in the annals of warfare, will be told principally in the language of Colonel Roosevelt himself, statements of other participants being used only to supply omissions, regarding that gallant leader's personal conduct, which his native modesty prevented him from recording.

June 24th will henceforth remain a bright particular day in the records of American heroism, for on that day was fought and won the first battle by

Americans on Cuban soil for the freedom of the Cuban people. The victory was gained by a handful of untrained men, comparatively few of whom had ever been under fire before, against nearly four times their number of the veteran soldiers of Spain, protected by breastworks and block-houses, and concealed in the thick tropical undergrowth of that region. The Spaniards had still another advantage in the smokeless powder of their ammunition, which did not obstruct their view or betray their positions, while the crack of every American rifle left a cloud of white smoke to blind the troops and serve as a target for the vigilant sharpshooters of the vindictive enemy. When all the facts and circumstances of this celebrated fight are considered, its results appear little short of the miraculous.

The troops who participated in this battle were the Rough Riders, who, by special request, had been placed in the advance, and portions of the First and Tenth regular cavalry, composed of the picked "black giants" of our colored regiments.

Our men were marching rapidly along the road toward Santiago, and had covered nearly one-half the distance, when they suddenly encountered an overwhelming force of Spaniards hidden in the grass and bushes near the village of La Quasina. The attack was at first described as an ambush, but subsequent information showed that it was not so intended. The Spaniards were retreating, and when pressed too hard by the headlong rush of our men, they concealed themselves and commenced firing from the brush and tall grass. The way the American fighters came on in the face of the fire was something new for the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to the fire-and-fall-back tactics which the Cubans had so often been forced to pursue. An advance guard hurried daringly ahead, accompanied by a number of Cubans who were familiar with the country.

The first warning of the enemy's presence came in the form of a volley, which sent several of the advance guard to the ground. That they were not all killed was due to the density of the foliage, which, in a measure, protected them as well as the enemy. The Spaniards fought on the Indian plan, keeping their persons well concealed, but they found themselves opposed to men who were adepts in this mode of warfare, for in the advance guard of Rough Riders there were a number of men who had fought Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico, and they understood their business. They sprang behind trees and held their ground until the main body came up, meanwhile leaving many a hideous record of the accuracy of their marksmanship lying in rigid silence in the rank grass. For an hour and a half they held their ground under a storm of bullets raining upon them from the front and both flanks, and then Colonel Wood to the right and Roosevelt to the left led a charge which turned the tide of battle, and sent the enemy flying over the hills toward Santiago.

The main body of the Spaniards was posted on a hill, on the heavily

wooded slopes of which had been erected two block-houses, flanked by irregular intrenchments of stone and fallen trees. At the bottom of these slopes ran two roads, along which Roosevelt's men and eight troops of the First and Tenth cavalry, with a battery of four howitzers, advanced.

These roads were but little more than gullies, rough and narrow, and at places almost impassable. Here the heaviest fighting occurred. Nearly half a mile separated Roosevelt's men from the regulars, and between them and



THE ROUGH RIDERS' BATTERY OF FIELD GUNS.

on both sides of the road in the thick underbrush, was concealed a force of Spaniards that must have been large, judging from the terrific and constant fire that poured in on the Americans.

A force of Spaniards was known to be in the vicinity of La Quasina, and early in the morning the Rough Riders started off up the precipitous bluff back of Siboney to attack the Spaniards on their right flank, General Young at the same time taking the road at the foot of the hill, at the head of the colored regulars.

About two and a half miles out from Siboney, some Cubans, breathless and excited, rushed into camp with the announcement that the Spaniards were but a little way in front and were strongly intrenched.

Quickly the Hotchkiss guns out in front were brought to the rear, while a strong scouting line was thrown out. Then, cautiously and in silence, the troops moved forward until a bend in the road disclosed a hill, where the Spaniards were located.

The guns were again brought to the front and placed in position, while the men crouched down in the road, waiting impatiently, to give Roosevelt's men, who were toiling over the little trail along the crest of the ridge, time to get up.

General Young, at 7:30 A. M., gave the command to the men at the Hotchkiss guns to open fire. That command was the signal for a fight that for stubbornness has seldom been equaled. The instant the Hotchkiss guns were fired, from the hillside commanding the road came volley after volley from the Mausers of the Spaniards.

"Don't shoot until you see something to shoot at!" yelled General Young; and the men, with set jaws and straining eyes, obeyed the order. Crawling along the edge of the road, and protecting themselves as much as possible from the fearful fire of the Spaniards, the troopers, some of them stripped to the waist, watched the base of the hill, and when any part of a Spaniard became visible they fired. Never, for an instant, did they falter.

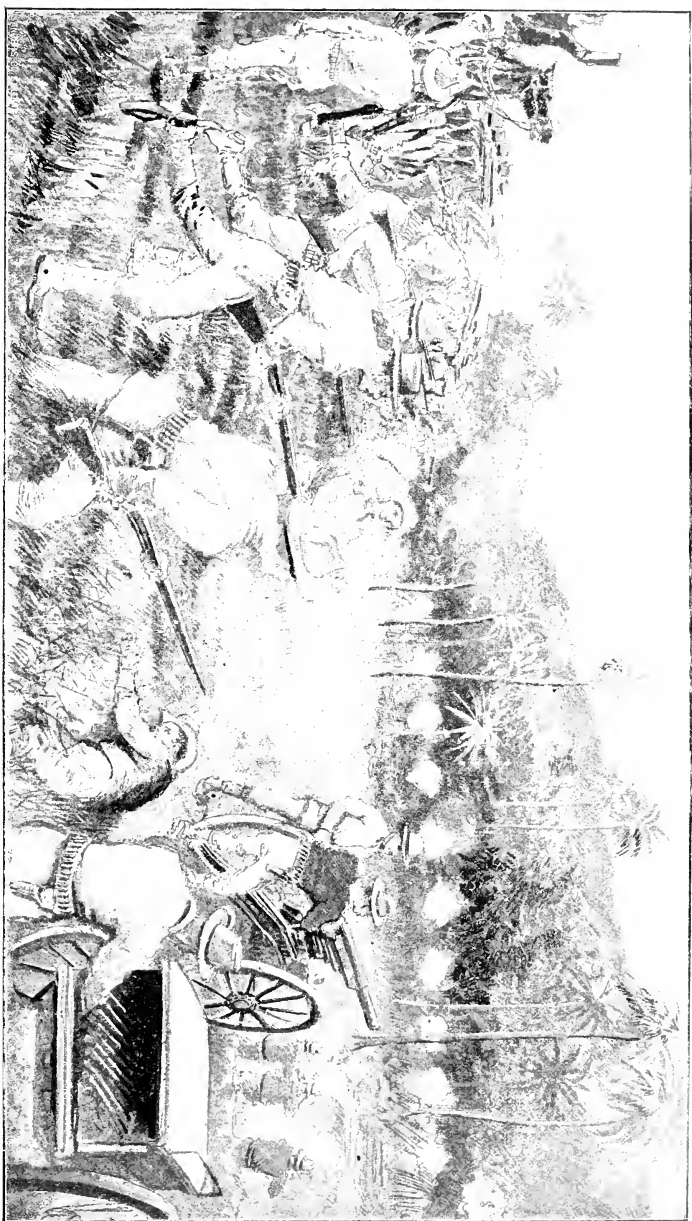
One dusky warrior of the Tenth Cavalry, with a ragged wound in his thigh, coolly knelt behind a rock, loading and firing, and when told by one of his comrades that he was wounded, laughed and said: "Oh, that's all right. That's been there for some time."

In the meantime, away off to the left could be heard the crack of the rifles of Colonel Wood's men, and the regular, deeper-toned volley firing of the Spaniards.

Over there the American losses were the greatest. Colonel Wood's men, with an advance guard well out in front and two Cuban guides before them, but apparently with no flankers, went squarely into the trap set for them by the Spaniards, and only the unfaltering courage of the men in the face of a fire that would make even a veteran quail prevented what might easily have been a disaster.

As it was, Troop L, the advance guard, under the unfortunate Captain Capron, was almost surrounded, and but for the reinforcement hurriedly sent forward, every man would probably have been killed or wounded.

"There must have been nearly 1500 Spaniards in front and to the sides of us," said Colonel Roosevelt. "They held the ridges with rifle-pits and machine guns, and hid a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our advance guard struck



CHARGE OF THE ROTCH RIDERS.

the men in ambush and drove them out. But they lost Captain Capron, Lieutenant Thomas, and about fifteen men killed or wounded.

"The Spanish firing was accurate—so accurate, indeed, that it surprised me; and their firing was fearfully heavy."

"But I want to say a word for our men," continued Colonel Roosevelt: "Every officer and man did his duty up to the hilt. Not a man flinched."

At this point another officer takes up the thread of the story and fills in an important omission left by Colonel Roosevelt.

When the firing began, Colonel Roosevelt took the right wing, with Troops G and K of the Rough Riders, under Captains Llewelyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard.

At the same time Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced one hundred yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left.

In the meantime the fire of the Spaniards had increased in volume; but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward.

Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier and, cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance.

For a moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down.

On the right wing Captain McClintock had his leg broken by a bullet from a machine gun, while four of his men went down. At the same time Captain Luna, of Troop F, lost nine of his men. Then the reserves, Troops K and E, were ordered up.

There was no more hesitation. Colonel Wood, with the right wing, charged straight at a block-house eight hundred yards away, and Colonel Roosevelt, on the left, charged at the same time. Up the men went, yelling, and never stopping to return the fire of the Spaniards, but keeping on with a grim determination to capture that block-house.

That charge was the end. When within five hundred yards of the coveted point the Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure, which the Spaniards had been experiencing all through the engagement, of shooting with the enemy in sight.

In the two hours' fighting during which the volunteers battled against their concealed enemy enough deeds of heroism were done to fill a volume.

One of the men of Troop E, desperately wounded, was lying squarely between the lines of fire. Surgeon Church hurried to his side and, with bullets pelting all around him, calmly dressed the man's wound, bandaged it, and walked unconcernedly back, soon returning with two men and a litter. The wounded man was placed on the litter and brought into our lines.

Another soldier, of Troop L, concealing himself as best he could behind a tree, gave up his place to a wounded companion, and a moment or two later was himself wounded.

Sergeant Bell stood by the side of Captain Capron when the latter was mortally hit. Capron had seen that he was fighting against terrible odds, but he never flinched. "Give me your gun a minute," he said to the Sergeant, and, kneeling down, he deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each a Spaniard was seen to fall. Bell in the meantime had seized a dead comrade's gun and knelt beside his captain and fired steadily.

When Capron fell he gave the Sergeant parting messages to his wife and father, and bade him good-bye in a cheerful voice, and was then borne away dying.

Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, was the first man killed by the Spanish fire. He was near the head of the column as it turned from the wood road into range of the Spanish ambush. He shot one Spaniard who was firing from the cover of a dense patch of underbrush. Then a bullet struck his breast. He sank at the foot of a tree, with his back against it. Captain Capron stood over him, shooting, and others rallied around him, covering the wounded hero. The ground was thick with empty shells where Fish lay. He lived twenty minutes, being well aware that his wound was mortal, but he never flinched or lost his self-possession. He left messages for friends at home, and calmly taking from his belt a lady's small hunting-case watch, no doubt a memento of some boyish love affair, he gave it to a messmate as a last souvenir, and then, closing his eyes, died like an American hero. A braver man never yielded up his life on the field of battle. He was only twenty-four years of age, and every opportunity that a brilliant young American could wish for, aided by wealth and influence, was open before him. His physique was that of a giant, standing six feet three inches in height, an athlete in strength and quickness of movement, and exceedingly handsome and manly in his deportment. He was born for something better than to die by a miserable Spaniard's bullet, and his noble young life is another sad sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

It seems that he had a presentiment of his fate, and spoke about it to several of his associates. "I have not amounted to much in life," he remarked, sadly; "and I suppose it is well that I should fall in battle. My family and friends will have the consolation that, at least, I died honorably." And an honorable death it was—a glorious death—that many a man would gladly die for the fame it would bring him.

The following characteristic incident is related of this young hero while his regiment was stationed at San Antonio, Texas: While drilling one day, the regiment was dashing across a field near the hut of a Mexican family, when a four-year-old child was discovered in the way of the advancing

column. The riders trembled at the sight of the little one, for whom death seemed certain. Fish, however, retained his presence of mind, and plunging forward ahead of his companions, picked up the child while his horse was galloping at full speed. It was a trick of horsemanship he had learned in Texas.



SERGEANT FISH BREAKING A WILD BRONCHO.

Colonel Roosevelt complimented him for his gallantry. That night a poor Mexican woman appeared at the camp of the Rough Riders and gave Fish a pewter image of St. Joseph, which the child had carried about her since she was baptized. It was supposed to possess the power of warding off

danger. The woman enjoined upon Fish to wear the image about his neck. If he lost it, she said, he would be in greater danger than if he had never seen it. That is the story, at least, that comes from San Antonio. It is a pretty little incident to weave about the last chapter of the young hero's life.

He took the image. Some accounts say he lost it, others that, in his happy-go-lucky, indifferent manner, he threw it away. At any rate, it was not on his person when he was killed. Report says that Fish, upon discovering the loss of the image, expressed the belief that he would be killed in the first battle, and so it came to pass.

Another noble young life went out that day. Captain Allyn K. Capron died like a hero. After being struck, and as two troopers lifted him from the ground, he asked:

"How are the boys fighting?"

"Like hell, sir," answered Trooper Beale.

"I'm glad of that," cried Capron, resting on one arm; "don't carry me away, I'm going to see this out." He lay on the grass, refusing to be moved, and died in twenty minutes, in the thick of the fight.

It was his birthday. On that fateful June 24th he attained his twenty-sixth year, and won the laurel that belongs to all who die in liberty's holy cause. The next morning, in his distant home, thousands of miles away, an anxious mother waited for news from the seat of war. The papers had forecast an engagement near Santiago, and Mrs. Capron expected that her son would be in the battle.

She stood at the head of the stairs in her home in Washington the morning after the fight, waiting for the carrier to deliver the papers. She awoke earlier than usual that morning. She had slept but little the night before. Her heart throbbed violently as she waited restlessly for the news. Her woman's instinct—or, perhaps, it was only a mother's anxiety about a son—told her that her darling was in the fore of the fight.

The paper carrier knew his customers. He knew Mrs. Capron very well. He knew that her son was with the Rough Riders near Santiago. He knew that a battle had occurred. He saw in the paper, fresh from the press, the name of Allyn K. Capron among the list of killed.

He was impressed with the importance of the news, and rang the bell at the Capron residence instead of leaving the paper quietly on the doorsteps, as was his custom. Mrs. Capron rushed to the door, and in a moment her fears were confirmed. Then she swooned and fell to the floor unconscious.

Allyn opposed the wishes of his family in going to war. He was a plucky boy and energetic. He joined the Fourth Cavalry as a private, and by hard work forced his way up to a sergeantry. He was appointed second lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry, and later promoted to the same rank in the Seventh Cavalry.

Two years before the war he married. He was assigned to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, but did not like the life there, and after persistent efforts he was appointed captain in the Rough Riders. It was this step that his mother feared would lead him too soon to active, perhaps, reckless, warfare.

His girl-wife learned of the death of her hero in her home at Fort Sill, through the published reports.

The young officer came of a family of fighters. His father, Captain Allyn Capron, commanded Light Battery E, First Artillery, in the battles around Santiago. His grandfather, also an Allyn, was captain of the same battery in the Mexican war, and was fatally wounded at Churubusco. Two cousins, named Capron, were among the volunteers with General Shafter's army.

With the exception of Captain Capron, all the Rough Riders killed in the fight were buried on the field of action. Their bodies were laid in one long trench, each wrapped in a blanket. Palm leaves lined the trench, and were heaped in profusion over the dead heroes.

Chaplain Brown read the beautiful Episcopal burial service for the dead, and as he knelt in prayer every trooper, with bared head, knelt around the trench. When the Chaplain announced the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the deep bass voices of the men gave a most impressive rendering of the music.

The regiment closed ranks about the grave as the muffled figures were lowered gently into it, the Chaplain calling out the name of each mule-packer, salesman, cowboy, and, last of all, that of Hamilton Fish, Jr., the young sergeant who was the first to die and whose watch crests bore the motto of Alexander Hamilton and Nicholas Fish: "God will give." God gave him a noble death; a quick and painless death in the first rank of battle. His comrades gave him a noble burial by the side of his men in the soil they had won from the enemy, and which they had died to set free.

The dead Rough Riders rest on the summit of the hill where they fell. The site is most beautiful. A growth of rich, luxuriant grass and flowers covers the slopes, and from the top a far-reaching view is had over the tropical forest. A small iron cross was raised to mark the spot until a monument can be erected on the battlefield.

Chaplain Brown marked each grave and preserved complete records for the benefit of friends of the dead soldiers.

A few days later the body of Sergeant Fish was removed, and conveyed to the home of his parents in New York, whence it was transferred to the family lot in the cemetery with the honors of a grateful nation.

The true story of Captain Capron's heroic conduct in that furious fight on the sun-burned Cuban hill has not been told. He died as he had lived—a fearless, noble American soldier. Even when a Spanish bullet had pierced

his body and the death pallor was creeping over his features, he smiled at his comrades about him, telling them calmly to leave him where he lay and go on with the fighting.

None but those who passed through it will ever know the hardship, the pain, and the final fury and triumph of that morning's march before the fight. All was new to the Americans. But a few hours before they had left the quiet of the great transport ships. Hurriedly they had been crowded into the small boats and landed through the foaming surf. One night's sleep on the heated beach, and then with daybreak came the order to march into the mountains and drive back the Spanish outpost which the Cubans had reported to be in the thickets a few miles back from the coast.

There was no delay, no question, no faltering. Every man was ready. On they marched up the mountain. It was perilous and slow. They had only a trail to follow, and that at times led over rocks that bruised their feet and legs, and through thickets which left blood stains and swollen places upon their faces and hands. The sun poured down upon them. Canteens were soon drained and blankets and outer clothing were cast off by the side of the trail. Lips parched with thirst asked cheerfully for just one swallow from a comrade's canteen. With each step forward the heat grew more intense. All along the trail there were cool, shadowy spots where the great palms grew thickest, but the men did not stop there.

On they went through the burning heat. Now and again a sturdy fellow staggered for a moment and sank down under the terrible exposure. Hurriedly he was carried to a shaded place and left to recover, while the column again moved briskly onward.

Then, like a sudden dash of rain from a tropical sky, came the storm of Spanish bullets. Flashes in the green thicket, like the glow of fireflies at night, was all our men could see. To the right, to the left, and in front of them the Mauser rifles cracked, and the thicket was aglow with death flashes. It was then that Captain Capron, with his brave little band from Troop L, dashed forward into the very hiding places of the Spaniards. It was an awful hour. Burning with thirst and sun heat, pressing on through a swarm of hissing bullets, bruised by rocks and torn by cactus thorns, they fought on like madmen.

Only once during the battle was there the slightest sign of wavering, or even hesitation, and that was the moment when Captain Capron sank to the ground mortally wounded. With a revolver in his right hand, firing and loading, he had been pressing on in advance of his men, talking to them constantly and urging them to move rapidly. There had been a brief lull in the firing from the thicket, and Captain Capron was calling to his men to push forward. He was standing erect, and was in the act of leveling his revolver to fire when a fierce volley crashed down from the thicket, and the pistol

dropped from his hand. He sank down upon the ground with his left hand pressed to his side, but with his right hand still pointing to the spot where the Spanish rifles were flashing. Several comrades knelt over him, but he motioned them away.

"Don't mind me, boys," he said; "go on into the thicket."

Stricken with death, the brave man heard his little band rushing on through the fight, and with eyes from which the light of life was fast fading he saw the enemy retreating down the hillside to Santiago.

A few days later a little package was made up and forwarded to the soldier-widow's home on the plains of Oklahoma. It contained a soldier's campaign hat, a pair of captain's epaulets, and a pocket-book. These were all that were left to her of her dead hero. But the grave on the Cuban hillside is not sacred to her alone. It is hallowed ground to all who love the word "American."

Incidents of the Battle of La Quasina.

"My men behaved superbly, and their baptism of fire last night was christened with Cuban rain to-day," said Colonel Roosevelt. He smiled grimly when told that he had been reported killed, and exclaimed: "Not this time, thank God!"

"It was hell," said Lorimer Worden of the Rough Riders.

"I saw poor Ham Fish fall," said Elliott Cowdin. "It was all over in a minute."

"I was getting over the measles," said Joseph Lee, "and it knocked the last of it out of me." There were several bullet holes in Lee's clothing, but he was not hurt.

"It was a regular lead syndicate," remarked Reginald Renalds.

The heat and the scarcity of good water were seriously felt by many of the men not accustomed to such hardships. The Rough Riders suffered fearfully from thirst during the day of their baptism of fire. Their canteens gave out, and in the fight their tongues were swollen and their lips cracked. In the eight-mile march over the ridges of the plateau, many men threw away everything but their guns and canteens; and later on, during the fighting in the trenches, some of the colored soldiers dispensed with so much of their clothing that they closely resembled the condition of their African ancestors. Nothing remained but their shoes, cartridge belts, and rifles. At first the officers tried to stop this, but the heat was so intolerable during the day that the men threw their clothing away in sheer desperation. At night the sea breeze came in and made it so intensely cold that there was much keen suffering among these naked soldiers.

After the battle of La Quasina it was currently reported that the Spaniards were using explosive bullets, and some specimens of their bullets and cartridges were collected and sent to Washington for examination. When

the cartridges were examined by experts, they expressed indignation and astonishment at the character of the projectiles. While the samples did not confirm the opinion that they were explosive, it is undoubtedly true that the bullets have a tendency to expand, thus causing the jagged wound of exit which gave Admiral Sampson and others the impression that the marines killed at Guantanamo had been mutilated.

But the thing that most excited indignation of the ordnance experts was the discovery that the Spanish projectiles were inclosed in a brass casing, which is almost sure to cause blood poisoning to the person wounded. Officers say that the use of the brass casings is not countenanced in warfare by civilized nations; and until this examination was made, it was not believed the Spanish had resorted to the practice, which is considered nothing short of barbarous, as it frequently results in the death, through poisoning, of those only slightly wounded.

Three days after the battle of La Quasina, Colonel Leonard Wood, commanding the Rough Riders, wrote this graphic account of the engagement to General Alger, Secretary of War:

Camp First United States Volunteer Cavalry, Six Miles Out of Santiago, June 27, 1898.—Dear General: Thinking that a line about our fight and general condition would interest you, I take this opportunity to drop you a line. We are all getting along very comfortably thus far, and find the climate much better than we expected; also the country, which, aside from being awfully rough and full of undergrowth, is rather picturesque and attractive.

We commenced our advance from our first landing-place on the 23d, and that night General Young and I, as second in command of the Second Cavalry Brigade, had a long war talk about taking the very strong Spanish position about five miles up the road to Santiago. He decided that he would make a feint on their front and hold on hard, while I was to make a detour by trail under a couple of Cuban guides and take them in flank and try to get them out of their very strong position, which was in the wildest and roughest part of the trail toward the town.

Our little plan worked. I located the Spanish outpost and deployed silently, and when in position fired upon them. Shortly after I opened I could hear Young on the right, down in the valley. The fight lasted over two hours, and was very hot and at close range. The Spanish used the volley a great deal, while my men fired as individuals. We soon found that instead of 1500 men we had struck a very heavy outpost of several thousand. However, to cut a long story short, we drove them steadily but slowly, and finally threw them into flight.

Their losses must have been heavy, for all reports coming out of Santiago report a great many dead and wounded, and that they—the Spanish—had 4000 men and two machine guns (these we saw), and were under two general

officers, and that the Spanish dead and wounded were being brought in for six hours; also, that the garrison was expecting an assault that night; that the defeated troops reported that they had fought the entire American army for four hours, but, compelled by greatly superior numbers, had retreated, and that the army was coming, etc.

My men conducted themselves splendidly, and behaved like veterans, going up against the heavy Spanish line as though they had the greatest contempt for them.

Yours sincerely,

To General R. A. Alger, Secretary of War.

LEONARD WOOD.

The following incidents, leading up to and embracing the battle, were supplied by L. V. Foley, a private in Company K, Seventy-first New York Infantry:

"We landed early yesterday morning, in small boats towed by steam launches from the various war vessels in this vicinity. It was necessary to remove shoes, socks, trousers, etc., jumping in the surf with haversack, canteen, pack, gun, and one hundred and five cartridges. It was no easy thing, indeed. We got aboard at Tampa the 8th of June, left the 14th, and got here after a fairly comfortable voyage three days ago, and in the afternoon witnessed a bombardment by some of the smaller gunboats. It was directed against this village, where we are now stationed. Two fires were started by the shelling. From where I am sitting can be seen two large cave-like holes in the bluffs made by the shells. Yesterday morning, just before day-break, I sauntered among some Cuban huts. Noticed some chickens roosting in a tree and threw a stone; was scared off by a rough voice from within, exclaiming 'Huli, huli.' It would have gone very badly with me had I been caught taking the chicks, so I beat a retreat. Further on was a locomotive which the Spaniards had dismantled, burying the parts, which were dug up by the Second Massachusetts. The engine is now in running order. We were soon marching, arriving near the shop of the narrow-gauge railroad, in which some of us are now. Just before we marched, however, I wandered to the office and store room, in which were cocoanuts and various stores; colored soldiers were there having great fun with these things.

"After sitting in the shop a few minutes we received orders to fall in with belt plates turned to the rear, and with our extra ammunition. Canteens of water were also carried. Our march was up a mountain side, which is very steep. It was a heart-breaker for some, though I managed very well. It was slow, difficult work; moving sometimes a few steps at a time, finally going single-file when nearer the top. Long before reaching the top the wounded fellows from Roosevelt's regiment came down the mountain side. The first was a sergeant, shot through the right arm below and near the elbow. Next came a fellow shot in six places, he having fired the first shot in the engagement on the American side. He was

walking, assisted by a comrade, though one could see that he was suffering intense agony. An Indian and negro on a mule next came, followed by men wounded in various places. Each man is tagged, on which is written his name, regiment, company, nature of wound, and treatment, otherwise he would be shot as a deserter should his wounds not be visible at some distance.

"After reaching the top the march was somewhat easier. On the way up we passed some regulars who had thrown away everything but guns and ammunition. On the top of the mountain one could have collected enough stuff to make him rich selling the things as relics. Shoes, blankets, coats, trousers, haversacks, picks, shovels, towels, underwear, and various small things. I secured a fountain pen from a haversack on the road, also a brown canvas coat and a new army blouse. The blouse I gave to a Cuban this morning, as I could not keep it. We advanced on a run, expecting to meet the Spaniards, but were soon halted. We rested a while, when the order came to return. It was a fearful job getting down, it being necessary to hold back to keep from falling on your face. We were a red-hot, tired and wet lot when we got back to our shop camp.

"Hamilton Fish, Jr., was shot through the heart yesterday. There was the body of an officer lying bound up and covered near the hospital this morning.¹ He is to be buried this afternoon. According to accounts it seems as if the Rough Riders were led into an ambush by a Cuban traitor. When the first shot was fired he could not be found. The Spaniards were on three sides. It seems the Rough Riders cross-fired—*i. e.*, were in such a position that they fired at each other. The Rough Riders were marched up to within fifteen or twenty yards of the Spaniards. Two regiments of United States regulars were also in it. There is a rumor afloat that our guide misled us, taking us away from the fight. It was intended that we should get into it, and I am sorry that we did not. One Rough Rider was found with fifteen Spaniards, killed, in a ravine. The bullet used by the Spaniards is brass, and, some say, explosive, both conditions being against the 'law of nations.' Very few prisoners will be taken; it will be a case of a bayonet or a bullet.

"The Cubans hereabouts are a measly, ill-fed looking lot. The men have various white garments, sometimes no shoes—and, if any, a sandal made with canvas and some kind of grass for a sole. Our crackers and raw bacon seem luxuries to them. Each one has some kind of an arm. A *machete* is usually carried on the left side. It is made in Hartford, Connecticut, resembles a corn knife, and is used with deadly effect, the blow usually landing on the left shoulder near the neck. It generally puts a man out of the game entirely.

"Have seen many cocoanut trees and enjoyed the milk. The heat is terrific. We carried a lot of provisions this morning from a point on the

¹ Captain Capron.

beach to some cars, which we pushed to our camp. It was terrible to walk in the sand with a load. The beach presented an animated scene, with every one busy. The *St. Louis* is due with some of the transports. Every one does his own cooking now. It is fun to see the various ways of cooking. I had a dinner of crackers soaked in water and fried with a few bits of bacon. Coffee was made from Ariosa coffee 'lifted' on the beach and ground in a cup by an iron bolt.



STYLE OF BLOCK-HOUSE FORMING PART OF TROCHA.

It is a great sight to see this place. I forgot to say that the Spaniards have built square block-houses through this country, each one being numbered. They form parts of the trocha."

The following highly interesting items about the battle of La Quasina were supplied by Harry Van Treese, in a letter to his father, Rev. F. M. Van Treese, of Alton, Illinois. Young Van Treese was with the Rough Riders:

"Well, I have been under fire, and came out with bullet holes in my clothes, but no wounds. First to organize, first to embark, first

to land, and now in the first battle of this campaign. We landed without any difficulty, and took up our march to Santiago, the Rough Riders about four miles in advance of the army. We engaged the Spaniards in battle; about four thousand of them to eight hundred of us, but we stood like rocks and fired volley after volley into them. They had fortifications built of stones, but we charged them and drove them like sheep. They had some artillery with them

and rapid-fire guns. We opened the battle, and after an hour's hard fighting we had four troops of dismounted cavalry re-enforcements and one squadron of colored cavalry from the Seventh Regulars. But Colonel Wood's regiment made four charges after fighting two hours and a half, and the Spaniards fled, carrying the wounded and part of their dead. We killed as many as two hundred of the Spanish and wounded as many more. Our regiment suffered nine dead, and thirty or forty wounded. Our captain was shot down about ten feet from me, and many more wounded. The bullets sang and spit around me like a swarm of bees, and God only knows how I got out alive. But do you know I like the sound, just to get a whack at the Spaniards. We have become the pride of the army; and if I should fall at Santiago, remember that your son fought in one of the most difficult and historical battles ever fought, and camped right on the spot where we sent them below, and not above. I have seen nine of our bravest men fall, and have seen Colonel Wood ride to the front of the firing line, dismount under the heaviest fire, and lead his horse up and down the line in front of the enemy, his horse cropping grass as he walked giving orders. Don't you think if such men as that can face the enemy, I can afford to fall? My opinion is we shall have a hard time taking Santiago. What the papers said in regard to misery here is all true, and the Spaniards are as cruel as said to be. We gave no quarter to any of them."

The most remarkable feature about this battle is the fact that less than nine hundred Americans attacked and whipped 4000 concealed and fortified Spaniards, and inflicted a loss in killed and wounded several times greater than their own. Whether the Spaniards used explosive bullets or not, our soldiers believed they did, and were consequently indisposed to give them quarter, as related by young Van Treese and others. Some very curious and ugly wounds were made by the Spanish bullets. One man's skull appeared to have been burst open from within; but at certain ranges the Mauser bullet waggles, tearing the wide, rough wound, which suggested an explosive bullet or mutilation. Two strange wounds were treated. In one the bullet ricocheted along a man's arm, entering and coming out again in four places. Another entered the top of a negro's shoulder, came out, entered again by the collar-bone, came out once more, entered his neck and passed through the larynx. It was extracted on the other side.

Edward Marshall, the gallant correspondent of the *New York Journal*, who was badly wounded in this fight, had a hole as wide as a pencil placed sidewise cut through his back. He was up with the foremost of the men in the ranks when the murderous bullet struck him, and the pain of the jagged wound was so terrible that it threw him into frightful convulsions, but he continued in his intervals of consciousness to write his account of the fight, and gave it to a wounded soldier to forward. This devotion to duty by a

man who believed he was dying is as fine as any of the many courageous and inspiring deeds that occurred during the two hours' breathless and desperate fighting, and it reflects credit upon the enterprising journal he represented equally with himself.

The conduct of all the men in the fight cannot be overpraised. It must be remembered that not for one minute during the two hours did the strain slacken or the officers call a halt. The movement was as fast and incessant as if at a ball match. The ground was uneven and the advance impeded by vines an inch thick, trailing bushes, and cactus plants known as Spanish bayonets, which tear the flesh and clothing. Through all this the men fought their way, falling, stumbling, wet with perspiration, panting for breath, but obeying Colonel Wood's commands instantly. They disproved all that had been said in criticism of them when the organization was formed.

The cowboys observed perfect discipline and the eastern element in Troop K, from the clubs and colleges, acted with absolute coolness and intelligence. Cowboy Rowland, from Deming, New Mexico, who was shot through the thigh, the bullet coming through the side, going out at the back, limped to the temporary hospital, where he was told nothing could be done for him that moment. He accordingly walked to the front and crawled along on his stomach firing volleys with the rest.

Colonel Wood, who was at the front through the entire action, saw a trooper apparently skulking fifty feet in the rear of the firing line, and ordered him sharply to advance. The boy rose and hurried forward limping. As he took his place and raised his carbine, he said:

"My leg was a little stiff, see!"

Colonel Wood looked and saw that a bullet had plowed twelve inches along the side of the trooper's leg. One had three bullets so close that he had marks in three distinct places, as though a hot poker had been drawn across the flesh and blistered it.

Color Sergeant Wright, of Omaha, who walked close to Colonel Wood, carrying the flag, had his hair clipped in two places and his neck scorched by three bullets that passed through the flag. Two officers standing on either side of Colonel Wood were wounded, but nothing seemed able to reach him; he was cool and deliberate always. But the move that won the fight was a piece of American bluff, pure and simple.

The Spanish position was at an old ruined distillery, shut in by impenetrable bushes. In advance of these bushes was a hundred yards of open ground covered by high grass.

At the edge of this grass Colonel Wood ordered the line to cease firing and rise and charge across. The men did so under a heavy, but, fortunately, misdirected fire. To the Spanish they looked like a skirmish line thrown out in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards could not believe that so few

men would advance with such confidence unless supported in force, so they turned and ran.

What had looked to the enemy as an advance line was every man Colonel Wood had at his disposal. As the Spanish fire slackened and ceased, those far to the left saw them retreating. The men cheered with a long, panting cheer, as the charge was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Wood some twenty feet in advance. That ended the fight.

One feature of the fight which illustrates the spirit shown by our men was when one man fell outward, three or four others did not fall out also to help him to the rear, a service which is, as a rule, most popular. On the contrary, the wounded lay where they dropped, unattended, except by the hospital corps. In three cases there were men wounded in the arm or leg who cared for others fatally wounded.

There was no one else near to help them, for no one of the volunteers who was able to shoot did anything else.

These latter items were supplied by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who, like Edward Marshall, was in the forefront of the fight, and who proved himself to be as gallant a hero on the field of battle as he is a trenchant writer in the domains of classic literature. These men deserve, and will receive, equally with the bravest soldier who carried a rifle or led a desperate charge, the lasting gratitude and admiration of the American people.

Another distinguished correspondent, Mr. James Creelman, was badly wounded in the fight at El Caney. As he lay on a blanket on the ground in the hospital tent, bandaged and bloody, he dictated his experience to his editor, Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal*, as follows:

"Clark and Captain Haskell started up the slope (near El Caney). I told them I had been on the ridge and knew the condition of affairs, so I would show them the way.

"We pushed right up to the trench around the fort, and getting out our wire cutters severed the barbed-wire in front of it. I jumped over the severed strands and got into the trench.

"It was a horrible, blood-splashed thing, and an inferno of agony. Many men lay dead with gleaming teeth and hands clutching their throats. Others were crawling there alive.

"I shouted to the survivors to surrender, and they held up their hands. Then I ran into the fort and found there a Spanish officer and four men alive, while seven lay dead in one room. The whole floor ran with blood. Blood splashed all the walls. It was a perfect hog-pen of butchery.

"Three poor wretches put their hands together in supplication. One had a white handkerchief tied on a stick. This he lifted and moved it toward me. The officer held up his hands, while the others began to pray and plead. I took the guns from all and threw them outside the fort. Then I called some

of our men and put them in charge of the prisoners. I then got out of the fort, ran on the other side and secured the Spanish flag. I displayed it to our troops, and they cheered lustily.

"Just as I turned to speak to Captain Haskell I was struck by a bullet from the trenches on the Spanish side."

Major de Grandprey, military *attaché* of the French Embassy at Washington, was with our army during the fighting around Santiago, and he voluntarily pays this splendid compliment to our soldiers:

"I have the most complete admiration for your men. They are a superb body, individually and as an army, and I suppose not throughout the world is there such a splendid lot of fighting men.

"It is the fighting characteristic of the men which is most apparent. They are aggressive, eager for action, never needing the voice of an officer to push them forward. Another marked characteristic is the self-reliance of each man; what we call the character of 'initiative.'

"It is almost unknown in European armies, where every movement and the move to meet each action of the enemy awaits the initiative of an officer. But with your men they fight to the front, meeting each emergency as it arises, overcoming obstacles by their own initiative.

"Such self-reliant fighting men make an exceptionally impetuous army, for every unit contributes to the irresistible onward movement. The Spanish troops do not have this same characteristic. They are more passive, more cautious.

"Besides, the impetuosity of such fighting material has the effect of inspiring a *morale* among the troops, making them feel that success is assured, and at the same time carrying disorder and depression to the ranks of the enemy."

In line with these comments of the distinguished Frenchman are the following statements of Lieutenant Cash, of the Rough Riders, who was in two of the hardest fights, and received a severe wound in the second one:

"The Spanish are desperate fighters, and very good marksmen. Their fire was extremely hot and well directed, and our great trouble was that we could not see them. We simply had to fire where we thought they might be. During the two engagements I was in I saw but two Spaniards. Both of these I saw in the first engagement. In the second engagement I did not get a chance to fire my gun, though I was in it for several hours, and was half-way up the hill when struck. At the first engagement near Siboney, where the Rough Riders were first subjected to such a galling fire, and where we lost a lot of our men, we were not surprised. We knew that the Spanish were in ambush, and we were trying to beat them out."

Battles of El Caney, San Juan Hill, Etc.

Under the vigorous leadership of General Shafter our men pushed forward from the scene of their gallant achievement at La Quasina until they were within sight of the coveted prize of Santiago, every foot of their advance representing a battle and a victory.

When General William R. Shafter first landed in Baiquiri, Cuba, there was curiosity among the soldiers to see the commanding General. They had heard that he was the biggest man in the service of Uncle Sam. They imagined he was bulky and phlegmatic.

His first appearance before his troops was a surprise. Mounted upon a massive horse, sixteen hands high, he towered up like a giant with his tremendous girth, broad shoulders that seemed made to set off a major-general's stars, and big, round head like a thirteen-inch shell.

Down the line he came with a dash, every bit of his body animated, his deep voice shouting commands, his long arms moving in every direction to enforce his orders.

A wild cheer went up from the lines. He had captured his own army by storm, and after that it was easy enough to storm the enemy's redoubts.

Shafter has been described in the field as "bold, lion-hearted, hero-eyed, massive as to body, a sort of human fortress in blue coat and flannel shirt."

That is the Shafter our brave men idolized, and under whose magic influence they rushed forward along the fighting lines and amazed the world with their dash and heroism.

When Adjutant-General Corbin was asked why the command of the American army at Santiago de Cuba was given to General Shafter, he summed up the whole thing in these words:

"Because of his rank and conceded ability, his vigor and his good judgment. He is one of the men in the army who have been able to do what they were ordered to do, not a man to find out how things can't be done."

Big, brave and brainy, General William Rufus Shafter is a thorough war horse.

There is something grim and grotesque about this old field general. His nick-name, "Pecos Bill," savors of border chivalry. His huge bulk, weighing 305 pounds, makes him the heavy-weight of the army.

Though nearly six feet in height, he at first sight seems stumpy and all trunk, for his legs are very short. If he is sitting or standing still for an instant he may seem like a ponderous mass of humanity, fit for anything rather than a field officer.

But in another instant his appearance is transformed. His big body is all in motion—legs, arms and head, with blue eyes glancing keenly and deep voice giving quick orders.

His big face is full of character. His eyes are blue and shaded by shaggy white brows. His chin is firm, but pleasant. The hair, that is parted in the middle on his broad forehead, is perfectly white.

Shafter is one of those men who thrive and grow fat in the turbulent atmosphere of war. What would be hardship and dread for most men simply cause Shafter to pull off his coat and go into a deadly fight as if it were a boxing bout.

He is a plain man who has risen from the plain people. In this respect he is like General Miles, Admiral Sampson, General Grant, Lincoln, Sheridan, and others of our war heroes.

General Shafter is sixty-three, and within a year of the retiring age, yet vigorous as a man of fifty. He was born October 16, 1835, on a Michigan farm at Galesburg, near Kalamazoo.

He began his military career at the commencement of the rebellion, by fighting his way into the army. He was at first barred out for defects. But he is said to have bulldozed the recruiting officers. He not only asked, but demanded the right to enter the ranks. His very persistency and pugnacity at the recruiting office made the officers see he should be something more than a private at the start. They made him lieutenant. He was mustered out at the end of the war as a brevet brigadier-general, and went to work on his Michigan farm. In 1869 he was tendered a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the regular army. He accepted and was assigned to service with the Twenty-fourth Infantry, in fighting the Indians in southwestern Texas and New Mexico, where by his daring and successful energy he won the sobriquet of "Pecos Bill."

On May 3, 1897, Colonel Shafter was promoted to brigadier-general and assigned to the Department of the Columbia River, in the northwest. Soon after he was transferred to the Department of California.

When the present war began and fighters, not fancy soldiers, were wanted, Shafter was sent for. Within six days after hostilities were declared he was at Washington, and up to his ears in work, organizing the army of Cuban invasion.

What follows everybody has in mind. On May 2d he was advanced in rank from brigadier-general to major-general. He pushed his little army over the hills, through tropical jungles, and in one week began the now famous assault upon Santiago.

When he fell sick from the intolerable heat, he was carried on a litter to the front, and, lying upon his back, directed the battle with as clear a brain as when in perfect health.

Under his management the whole campaign has gone off with a rush and dash as fierce and terrific as a Cuban tornado.

Within less than four weeks from the time of his landing in Cuba he forced the surrender of a veteran Spanish army, superior in numbers to his own, and intrenched behind almost impregnable fortifications. His tremendous feat of disembarking 16,000 men from ships, through the surf and on dangerous reefs, without loss, has challenged the admiration of the world.

Just one week after the victory of La Quasina, that is to say, on July 1, 1898, the encircling folds of General Shafter's army closed around Santiago, and on that day the battle of El Caney was fought. In this battle and the one of the following day the Americans suffered their heaviest losses. The results of the fight at El Caney are told in this short dispatch from General Shafter to the War Department at Washington, dated at Siboney, Cuba, on the evening of July 1st:

"Had a very heavy engagement to-day, which lasted from eight A. M. till sundown. We have carried their outworks, and are now in possession of them. There is now about three-quarters of a mile of open between my lines and city. By morning troops will be intrenched, and considerable augmentation of forces will be there.

"General Lawton's division and General Bates' brigade, which have been engaged all day in carrying El Caney, which was accomplished at four P. M., will be in line and in front of Santiago during the night.

"I regret to say that our casualties will be above four hundred. Of these, not many killed.

"SHAFTER."

It was subsequently ascertained that our losses were much heavier than General Shafter at first supposed them to be. In the entire campaign, ending in the surrender of Santiago, we lost an aggregate of 1914 officers and men, killed, wounded, and missing. The killed numbered two hundred and forty-six, of whom twenty-one were officers; wounded 1584, of whom ninety-eight were officers; and missing eighty-four, of whom none were officers. Of the wounded, less than one hundred subsequently died; which is considered a remarkably small proportion to the total number of wounded.

The surprising feature is that the Spanish loss was heavier than ours, in spite of the fact that they fought from concealment and behind fortifications, and were thoroughly familiar with the country, besides having more men behind their breastworks than we had in front of them. The results show the difference in the "men behind the guns."

During the hottest part of the engagement of July 1st, the Seventy-first Regiment of New York made a dash through the Spanish lines. The charge was magnificent, but many of the members of the regiment fell as the result of the movement. The Americans and Cubans fought side by side in the most gallant and inspiring manner. The enemy was pressed back upon Santiago by the resistless force of the attack; and the American lines were

one mass of determined and irresistible men. A continuous front was presented from the southeast to the north of the city.

Among the Cubans who fought in the battle of July 1st was young Marti, the son of Jose Marti, who was the organizer of the present revolution.

There was not an American officer or man in the ranks who did not perform the part of a hero. Count von Goetzen, of the German army, who witnessed all the fighting up to the 11th of July, said:

"The fighting of the Americans was wonderfully done, wonderfully; indeed, it was highly creditable to both sides. It was a wonderful thing. I did not anticipate such fighting. I was on a hill at El Pozo, near Graham's battery, so that I could not see the infantry charge on the hill of San Juan. I only learned how formidable the place was after it had been taken. It appeared that, with a stronger army, it would have held out much longer.

"The Spaniards at San Juan fought well, but the Americans fought better. The shooting of the Spaniards was fairly good; that of the Americans was surprising. The men sprang to their work with tremendous vigor. It was an important lesson, from which other nations may profit.

"I did not see much of the work of the volunteers, but I am told it was fully up to the regulars. The dash and spirit displayed by the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, which came under my observation, was marvelous. I never saw troops fight better."

This unsolicited and unstinted praise from the accredited representative of an unfriendly government, is peculiarly gratifying to our national pride, and the lesson which the Count will carry back to his Emperor may induce that erratic young person, who, curiously enough, imagines he was born to rule the German people, to change his course with regard to our nation.

Generals Lawton and Wheeler were everywhere in the thickest of the fight, leading and encouraging the men by their presence and example. The country must have reminded General Wheeler constantly of the hills and thickets of North Georgia and Alabama, in which he operated, second in command under General N. B. Forrest, in 1864, during Sherman's march to the sea. The ravines between the long lines of hillocks were thickly grown up in every kind of bush known to the tropics. These thickets were from ten to fifteen feet high, and bound together by snaky-looking growths of vines. They looked like grapevines, but were the toughest thing on earth of a vine kind to subdue. High grass that never dies, and rank weeds, covered the ground. This is the country through which the Americans cut every foot of their way after leaving the military road along the seashore. Lawton pushed his column up to the right. He is as skillful a skirmisher as his diminutive colleague, and both are unexcelled in this kind of work.

The American army had the city practically surrounded by Thursday, June 30th. The plan of attack, which had been agreed upon after a council

of war, at which all the great leaders were present, was for a joint movement of the fleet and army on Aguadores.

The army alone was to move against El Caney and San Juan, the fleet to divert the enemy's attention by occasional bombardments. The three divisions of General Lawton's force on the north were to make an attack on El Caney. General Wheeler's cavalry, the black regiments, under the immediate command of General Sumner, Wheeler being ill the first day, was to move up the center in the valley. General Duffield, at the seaside, was to act in conjunction with the fleet and the Michigan volunteers at Aguadores.

The Seventy-first New York, under General Lawton, the Rough Riders, and General Wheeler's Massachusetts volunteers were held in reserve. At three o'clock Lawton moved up the El Caney road around the mountains, while General Duffield moved his division up the railroad in trains. Lawton planted Captain Capron's¹ battery on a steep bluff about a mile and a half from El Caney. In the gray haze of dawn the Spaniards had not discovered that the Americans were in readiness for the advance at once.

Every position taken by the American army was one of strategy. Just at sunrise Captain Capron fired the first gun, the signal for the first day's terrific battle. At six o'clock the fighting began in earnest. The sharp rattle of musketry resounded over the hillsides, punctuated with the roar from Grimes' guns.

Then there was a pause, but no reply came from the enemy. Another volley, and still another; and yet there came no answering shot. It began to look as if the Spaniards were not in battle mood.

The Cuban insurgents who were deployed in front of the attacking army were led to the belief that the Spaniards were under full retreat. A thousand Cubans under Garcia and Castillo hurried along the road toward El Caney, to head off the retreating Spaniards. They were just in time to overtake the fleeing enemy at the Ducurance estate, where there was a hot fight, lasting for several minutes.

The Spaniards fell back on El Caney, taking with them their wounded. Nineteen Cubans were wounded in this brief engagement. In the meantime, Captain Capron's battery kept up an incessant firing. Twenty-seven shots were fired, with no answer from the enemy. The Spaniards, driven back by the sharp volleys of musketry, now began to fight desperately. The shells from Capron's battery landed in the town, but did no damage to the fortifications.

At the twenty-eighth shot the Spaniards opened fire with their heavy guns. A sharp whistling near Capron's battery, followed by an explosion, was the first Spanish shell hurled from the *Reina Mercedes'* battery. Another, and still another followed.

¹ Father of the young hero who fell at La Quasina.

Now the American battery began sending shells in quick succession straight at the enemy's earthworks. Every shell told. After the first few shots the enemy's aim improved vastly. Their guns seemed to be handled by masters. The firing on both sides ceased after an hour.

In the meantime, Grimes' battery at El Pozo, opened fire on the enemy, sending shell after shell across the gulch to the hill below San Juan. The enemy made no reply till the tenth shot. Then shells suddenly began to whistle out of the enemy's fortifications and burst over the Americans. The Spanish fire was excellent, but too high at first.

The Tenth Cavalry and the Rough Riders were lying along the hillside, under cover of the bushes. For half an hour shells whistled and shrieked on both sides, while the Spaniards on the hilltops were surrounded by a great cloud of yellow dust thrown up by the shells. Still they continued to fire too high.

At the expiration of a half hour the enemy's position got too hot for comfort. Their battery was suddenly silenced, and when the dust cleared not a Spaniard was to be seen.

The Rough Riders and the Tenth and First Cavalry were ordered to make a detour and take the hill where the Spanish battery had been planted. Then began the real battle of the day. Spaniards were nowhere to be seen; but when the Rough Riders advanced across the gulch to the slope below the block-house, the enemy opened a sharp fire again.

The first shell wounded Mason Mitchell, a Cuban trooper, and Surgeon Devore. At the same time the enemy's sharpshooters began peppering away at the Americans, picking off a man here and there as the line advanced.

Roosevelt, mounted, led the Tenth Cavalry of "black giants," which was lined alongside the Rough Riders. The Spanish fire grew hotter and hotter. The heroic men began to drop in twos and threes by the time they came to the open, smooth hillside, which offered no protection from the enemy's deadly volleys.

A perfect storm of shot and shell swept the hillside. There was a moment's hesitation along the line. Then the order was, "Forward, charge!"

Roosevelt was in the lead, waving his *machete*. Out into the open and up the hill where death seemed certain, in the face of the continuous crackle of the Mansas, came the Rough Riders, with the Tenth Cavalry alongside. Not a man flinched, all continuing to fire as they ran.

Roosevelt was a hundred feet ahead of his troops, yelling like an Indian at his own men; and the colored cavalry cheered him as they charged up the hill. There was no stopping as men's neighbors fell; but on they went, faster and faster.

Suddenly Roosevelt's horse stopped, pawed the air for a moment, and fell in a heap. Before the horse was down Roosevelt disengaged himself

from the saddle and, landing on his feet, again yelled to his men and, *machete* in hand, charged on foot. It was something terrible to watch these men race up that hill with death. Fast as they were going, it seemed that they could never reach the crest.

The men did not stop to fire, but poured in rifle shots as they marched in the ranks. Those who witnessed the charge could clearly see the wonderful work the dusky veterans of the Tenth were doing. Such splendid shooting was probably never done before under such conditions.

This charge on the hill of San Juan was the American Balaklava, except that it ended in complete and glorious success.

As fast as the Spanish fire thinned the ranks the gaps were closed up, and after a seeming eternity our men gained the top of the hill and rushed the few remaining yards to the Spanish trenches. Had the enemy remained firm the slaughter at close range would have been appalling, but the daring of the Americans dazed them. Their fire drove to nothing. They wavered and then ran.

The Rough Riders and the "black giants" dropped to one knee and picked them off like partridges in the brush. The position was won. The block-house was ours. Some of the Spanish guns had been abandoned, but a good many were carried away, to be captured later.

Across the gulch the soldiers wildly cheered the gallant Tenth. The Tenth gave them a wild cheer in answer. They rushed on. Over the Spanish trenches they tore, passing by the Spanish dead. These trenches were full of dead men, but the wounded had been carried off by the retreating foe.

In the last wild rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded. They had the hill, but the position was perilous. The enemy's sharpshooters galled them from their rifle-pits further along.

During all this riot of death and victory on the San Juan hill, General Lawton was advancing rapidly on El Caney. The Spaniards had prepared for this attack, but their nerve failed them, and they ran away as soon as the assault commenced. Their trenches everywhere and their wasted ammunition showed the haste in which they had abandoned their position. On went Lawton, in the face of a hot rifle fire from the enemy's intrenchments.

Chaffee's division of the Seventeenth and Twelfth Infantry found what cover they could. They were still without artillery, but they did their best with rifles—and their best kept the Spaniards close down to the ground. Our men spread out on the extreme right, taking advantage of every tree and bush, firing every time a Spanish head showed out of a trench.

Every move was forward. The Spaniards were forced to a headlong retreat to avoid being flanked.

A deeper note sounded in the rattling chorus of the battle. Capron's artillery had resumed firing. Their target was a stone fort at the edge of

the town. Every cannon shot took effect, but the guns were not heavy enough to destroy the fort. Nevertheless, Capron made it so hot for them that several times the Spaniards were driven from their guns. They came back every time, until our infantry reached the outskirts of El Caney. Then the face of the fort was a battered ruin.

In this memorable fight Captain Capron abundantly satisfied his vengeance for the death of his gallant son.

In all this fighting the Spaniards were well concealed, and their smokeless powder gave them a splendid advantage. Above the edges of the trenches lines of hats were visible. The Americans shot the hats to pieces.

Thus they uncovered a Spanish ruse: the hats were stuck on sticks, while the Spaniards themselves were under trenches further along. It was some time before our men learned that the most galling fire was coming from the breastworks in the northeast corner of the town of El Caney.

The fire from this position was blighting. Our men dropped on their faces, but the Spaniards had the range, and many of our boys were killed and wounded as they lay there. The officers remained erect.

General Chaffee was particularly conspicuous. He dashed from one end of his line to the other, calling on his men to remain firm. They did. When they once got the line on this northwest intrenchment, every Spaniard who showed himself was picked off by the fire of our men on the ground.

The trenches ran with blood. Capron silenced the fort, the officers gave the word, and the men jumped to their feet and, led by their captains, charged right to the fort and ran up the side. They captured it with hardly a struggle at the last.

The other divisions, three miles away, watched the gallant charge, and their cheers were heard by Chaffee's gallant soldier boys.

Captain Clark was detailed by General Chaffee to take a block-house off to the left. He did it with a single company, advancing under an awful fire, up and over the intrenchments. The Spaniards fled. The battle was won. The Spanish on the left retreated in wild disorder, streaming out of the town by every street that afforded an outlet. One hundred and twenty-five of them were cut off and captured at this point.

The Seventy-first New York had been following Lawton toward El Caney. They found the road taken by the Twenty-fourth, and turned off to join the Sixth and Sixteenth of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps.

Colonel Kent of the Sixteenth deployed a company of the Seventy-first that had straggled to him as pickets along the road. Captain Rafferty gathered them up and made use of them further along in the fight.

A Spanish block-house a mile up the hill had been giving us great trouble. Away we went after it—the Sixteenth ahead, the Eighth on the left, the Seventy-first on the right. Rafferty's company held the Spanish line on the

wooded side of the hill. Between them and the block-house was a half-mile of level land without cover.

The skirmishers were half-way across it, and were counting on an easy capture, when the whole hillside blazed. Shot and shell rained among them. The Spaniards had held their fire until our men were so far that there was no chance of getting back to cover. The slaughter was awful.

The Seventy-first saw what happened, and dashed madly out on the open, facing the withering fire. Shrapnel burst in their ranks, tearing holes four deep, while the Mauser bullets dropped men all over the field. The Seventy-first never wavered. They closed their ranks as fast as the Spanish shells tore them open, and marched on, pouring a deadly fire at the Spaniards to save the stricken Sixteenth.

The officers ran along the lines, calling on their men to be cool. The thought of death did not deter a single soldier. They were half-way across the field, and the Seventy-first had lost over seventy men, and the fire was getting more dreadful every moment.

The enemy was well protected behind breastworks, and realized that the American lines would reach them. They began a retreat. Our men broke into a run, heading full into the enemy's fierce fire. The Sixth came out after the Seventy-first, and faced the same awful storm of bullets. There was no flinching.

Right into the teeth of it they ran across the open, cheering and shouting. They dashed up the hill. The enemy's fire never slackened. Half-way up they got the first clear sight of the Spaniards. Then it was our turn. Our fire was deadly. Spaniards on the breastworks leaped into the air and fell dead outside. Rafferty's company of the Seventy-first was in the lead. They dashed into the enemy's trenches, bayoneting the Spanish there until they fled; and as they ran, Rafferty's cheering crowd chopped them down.

The block-house, when taken, was found crowded with dead Spanish. Outside, the hill was covered with them. The enemy's rifle-pits were full of dead and wounded. Our boys threw them out and jumped into the pits themselves, and galled the Spaniards from their own works.

Three Spanish prisoners were taken. There was hardly a man in Rafferty's company who was not wounded in some way; but they refused to leave, and held the rifle-pits for an hour. Then the Spanish sharpshooters and artillery made the position too hot to hold.

Rafferty saw he could gain nothing by holding on, and withdrew over the crest half-way down the hill. There he was out of range. Re-enforced by his own regiment, he made a move toward the left flank. Our boys crawled on their bellies until they got into a position where they could concentrate their fire on the Spaniards on another hill.

They drove the enemy into the trenches, holding their position three-quarters of an hour, while the rest of the Seventy-first, Sixth and Sixteenth regiments moved around to the right and in the face of another blinding fire charged up the second hill, driving the Spaniards from their trenches, capturing many prisoners and a stand of colors.

The retreating foe reformed in other trenches; and so the battle went on for hours. The Spaniards made desperate efforts to recapture the positions, but were driven off again and again, with tremendous losses. The Americans followed them every time they were driven back. The Spaniards in their retreat left their dead and wounded behind. Though they kept up a continual fire on our wounded as they were being taken from the field, our men made no reprisals on the helpless Spaniards who lay all about them.

In the jungle our men became separated and could not see each other. They made a circuitous way eight miles, all told, beating the brush for the enemy as they went. They all met on the right flank of the second bridge for the first time. Then the enemy discovered the advancing lines and opened a brisk fire. First came the sharp rattle of the Mauser rifles, followed by the roar of the galling guns. Our men answered with great spirit. They adopted the Indian method of fighting, seeking shelter as much as possible.

Volley firing was not effective. Our men saw the Spaniards moving from trench to trench, from bush to bush. They asked permission to pick them off with their rifles, and the order came to go ahead.

The Spaniards were only three hundred yards away, and with the crack of every rifle one was seen to fall. Then they began to cut and run for the rear in squads of two and three. Invariably our sharpshooters brought them down. The deadly aim of the Americans totally demoralized the enemy's line of battle. They began to waver and shoot wildly as our line advanced, and then they broke for the rear.

The First and Tenth Cavalry came up with the Rough Riders at three o'clock in the afternoon. Undaunted by the terrible fight they had passed through, they were ready to advance on the enemy again. Taylor led the Ninth, outflanking the enemy's left. There was a dense field of brush, shoulder high, between our troops and the river.

As the line advanced into this the enemy recovered somewhat from their scare, and their Mausers began to crack. Suddenly a tall trooper set up the old-fashioned battle-cry. The others took it up, and a mighty chorus followed.

Soldiers leaped forward and ran, shooting, across the field toward the steep river bank. Down the muddy bank they dashed, sliding and yelling like madmen. Across the stream and up the other side they charged. The Spaniards poured volley after volley of shot and shell into the ranks, but they could no more be stopped than an avalanche.

In the block-houses a hundred yards away the fleeing enemy took refuge. Our line continued to advance, driving them from their new position. At the moment our line reached the block-houses the Spaniards opened a heavy fire from a battery which had been planted on another hill. The enthusiasm of the men of the Ninth was worked up to the highest pitch.

So full of fight were they that nothing short of annihilation could keep them back. The others emulated their example. The Spaniards could not keep them off. The enemy's fire was returned with interest. The sharpshooters used their rifles with fine effect, Colonel Taylor directing the firing.

So the Americans held their positions, in spite of all the Spaniards could do. There was now but one position to carry. This was San Juan itself. The batteries there were heavy, however. There were earthworks to right, to left, everywhere. Then there were the stone houses, each a fort, and each filled with Spaniards. It was a new Balaklava, with a different result from the one made famous by Tennyson.

At four o'clock in the afternoon General Hawkins ordered an assault in force. At the head of the Third and Sixth Cavalry, and the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Infantry, he started up the hill. The General went right out in front, leading the desperate charge. Wood and Roosevelt, with their Rough Riders, and the Seventh, Ninth and Tenth Infantry, made up the second assaulting line. Up the hill they went, cheering as they charged, the cruel shell tearing gaps in the ranks.

Officers fell, men were shot down in the midst of their cheering; but in and through it all could be felt the influence of Hawkins, calling for renewed endeavor. He was out in the very front with the officers of Company E of the Sixteenth. Captain McFarland was killed soon after the rush began. Company E shook for a second and seemed ready to collapse, but Lieutenant Carey jumped into the lead in his dead captain's place, shouting the loud command: "Come on!"

The company pulled itself together and dashed on and upward again; but heroic Carey fell, shot through the heart. Again the line faltered. It did not seem possible for men to go into such a hell; but the officers set the example, and the men stood to it like heroes, recovering from the shock and leaping again to the fray to where Hawkins, sword in hand, ever led the way.

The fire now came from the sides as well as the front, and the ranks were being cut to pices. Still there was no more wavering. Men fell by tens, but others yelled and dashed on.

Over the top of the hill they rushed, and at last had the enemy in full view. Captain Cavanagh set "Old Glory" on the heights, and the Spaniards fled as our men shouted their enthusiasm.

The Spaniards were terribly cut to pieces. The heights were won, but victory had cost us dear. From the position of vantage, had our forces had proper artillery, they could have driven the Spaniards out of Santiago and won the fight then and there, but they had no adequate guns.

The trenches were full of dead Spaniards. In each trench had been stationed thirty men. In some as many as twenty lay dead or mortally wounded; and twenty-five dying or disabled men were found in several of these pits of death. But, as against this, in some of our companies, there were not over twenty or twenty-five men who had not received wounds.

This tells the story of one of the fiercest fights of all time. The hill, once carried, the work of strengthening it so that it could be held against a counter assault was immediately begun. And there was still a block-house to capture, though this was not possible in the condition of our forces at that time in the afternoon.

Our wounded were gathered and carried to the rear, protected by Red Cross banners. But the Spaniards made no pretense of respecting this emblem of mercy. Repeatedly the men carrying the flags were shot down.

The Second Massachusetts was soon sent up to assist in holding the hill, and the order to cease firing was given, as the explosion from the Springfields of the volunteers made such a smoke that it gave the enemy a good target, revealing the exact position of our troops. Colonel Liscomb of the Twenty-third was shot through the lung during the charge, and Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders was killed.

All during the day the Spanish warships lying in the harbor occasionally threw shells inland, but only now and then did they do much execution. Evidently, Admiral Cervera was afraid of hitting his own men.

The fighting was resumed on Saturday, July 2d, at five o'clock in the morning. The Spaniards took the aggressive this time, opening the day with a desperate attempt to recapture San Juan. Our fire wilted them, however, and they were repulsed with heavy loss. Many of our men also went down. Among the wounded was the major of the Second Artillery. Our artillery on Saturday played havoc with the enemy. Their intrenchments were occupied by Shafter's men, and we fairly rained shells on them. The warships under Admiral Sampson reopened on El Moro, again making great dents in the primitive old structure.

El Caney and San Juan had fallen, the Spaniards were driven into their interior intrenchments, and our troops had only to wait for the inevitable end, which came in due time.

Incidents of the Battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill.

It was Lawton's men who took El Caney. Up against the San Juan steeps went the men of Wheeler, cheering and singing the "Star-Spangled

Banner" as they rushed forward with long, swinging steps. General Sumner directed their movements, "Fighting Joe" being prostrated by illness, though he insisted upon being carried to the field in a litter.

From this hospital stretcher the Confederate cavalry leader watched the movements of his men through his field glasses. Bullets flew all around him; but if he took notice of them, he gave no sign of it. Occasionally he would raise himself on his left elbow, as though he was astride his black charger, about to call upon his men for a charge. He was truly a study for any man.

About 11:30 o'clock General Wheeler started on the two miles journey to the front in an ambulance. About half-way to the front he met a number of litters bearing wounded. The veteran, under protest by surgeons, immediately ordered his horse stopped, and after personally assisting the wounded into the ambulance, mounted and rode onward. The men burst into frantic cheers, which followed the General all along the lines. By noon he had established headquarters at the extreme front and center of the line, and maintained his position until the end came.

So panic-stricken were the Spaniards by the onward rush of our men and the blinding fire they poured into their ranks, that many of them fired without any pretense of taking aim. They thrust their rifles around the corners of their block-houses, or over the tops of their intrenchments, and turned loose the entire magazines as fast as they could pump the guns.

No finer picture of young American manhood in war has ever been presented than that of Theodore Roosevelt at the head of his Rough Riders and the Tenth (colored) Cavalry storming the block-house at San Juan.

The Spaniards were intrenched at the crest of a hill, up which, under the pitiless storm of Mauser bullets, the assailants were forced to advance. Men fell fast, but the ranks closed up mechanically and pressed on, firing rapidly. Roosevelt rode one hundred feet ahead of the line, "yelling like a Sioux," says a correspondent who watched the charge. His horse stopped, staggered, and fell dead; but with the agility of a practiced cowboy, Roosevelt twisted out of the saddle and landed on his feet. Waving his *machete*, he cheered on his troops; and as one bearing a charmed life, he rushed over the crest of the hill and into the trenches of the enemy.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Carr of the Rough Riders, was wounded on San Juan hill, in repelling the effort made by the Spaniards to recover the position. "The fighting," he said, "from the first engagement to the last I was in was desperate. We were not supported by artillery, and it was a test of what American nerve and determination could do. At the engagement with the ambush, most of my men were shot down and I was left in command of what remained of the troop. Many all around me fell in the second engagement on San Juan hill.

"After we had driven the Spanish off and taken possession of San Juan

hill, Colonel Roosevelt was ordered to occupy another eminence about five hundred yards forward. When we got there, there were but ninety of us occupying this position. The Spanish fire never ceased. We had no earth-works and no artillery. We had simply to lay there and hold our position in a perfect hell of fire. I saw no flinching. No man seemed to think of retiring, but every nerve was strained to its utmost, and our boys made a display of courage and coolness which I cannot help feeling is somehow a part of the American blood.

"After holding the position under an incessant fire, we had to defend ourselves against an assault by the Spanish in an attempt on their part to recapture the lost ground. It was estimated that there were 4000 Spaniards engaged in this sortie to recapture Roosevelt's position on the San Juan hill. The fire was terrific, and our men went right into the teeth of it. After a while the Spaniards seemed bewildered by the fact that our men advanced to the fire instead of retreating. Then the enemy gave way, and we had repulsed them. It was here that I was struck. I was entirely disabled and taken back to the field hospital. Then, while under the shadow of the Red Cross, I was shot again in the hip. The Spanish seemed to direct their most savage fire wherever they saw the Red Cross. There is a lot I could tell you about it, but somehow I feel a little weak and can't quite collect myself."

He seemed to be unconscious of the little touch of pathos in this yielding of nature to the strain upon him, and of his own volition renewed the interview to tell something else of his experience, taking from his pocket the remnant of a little pearl-handled pocket-knife which had been shattered by a Spanish bullet. "This," he said, "made my wound more severe. I had the knife in my trousers pocket, and when the bullet struck it and shattered it, as you see, the bullet carried through my body the fragment of the pearl handle which is gone."

A correspondent who witnessed all of the fighting gives these interesting particulars:

"Eight days intervened between the time of our arrival and debarkation and the beginning of the rain. After the eighth day it rained incessantly, and great ponds formed in places across the roads; and to cross many low places one was compelled to wade knee-deep in mire.

"During the fight in which the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts Regiments of Volunteers lost so heavily, the vast superiority of the smokeless powder was demonstrated. Wherever a volunteer fired his Springfield rifle the Spaniards knew that there was a man, and when the smoke had cleared away they picked him off.

"I observed very minutely the effect of the Mauser bullet on its victims, and in the majority of cases where the man was not killed outright he will recover. The bullet makes a clean hole through anything it pierces, and goes through the bone without splintering it.

"I paid particular attention to the attitude of the Spaniards, and am convinced that they acted strictly on the defensive. Transports and other United States vessels steamed to and fro within easy range of the guns from Moro, yet not a shot was fired. A whole pack train could go from place to place with but a single rifle to defend it. The soldiers themselves seemed even careless in their confidence that they would not be attacked, and many of them would go within two miles of the fortifications of Santiago without being molested. I have seen two and three hundred men from the Seventy-first New York go in bathing miles from the camp without a single weapon in the party; and it was a frequent thing for large detachments to go unarmed through the country hunting mangoes.

"I paid especial attention to the volunteers, and was greatly impressed by their bravery and endurance. They fought well, and seemed not the least daunted when the bullets were raining thick, and when their comrades were falling at their sides and their ranks almost decimated.

"The weather was unbearable. Besides being intensely hot, the atmosphere contained a sickening moisture, which seemed to deprive every man of his vitality. Instead of the marches being made in the cool of the morning and cool of the evening only, they were often made in the heat of the day and a halt called when the cool of the afternoon was approaching.

"The correspondents, who had carried over a great equipment, were compelled to throw everything away, and officers dispensed with their useless swords to make marching easier. In the wake of the army followed great crowds of Cubans, who appropriated the blankets and equipments which the men were compelled to dispense with."

Our soldiers manifested a royal contempt for the Spaniards on all occasions. After the heavy fighting had been done, Corporal Hucht, of Company D, Seventh United States Infantry, with seven men, was sent on outpost duty to within two miles of Santiago. They were found in the woods the next afternoon and sent back to camp. They had been having a good time. The reconnoissance, so close to the enemy's stronghold, turned out to be nothing more than a picnic. They had seen a few Spaniards, but the enemy were not disturbing "United States" reconnoitering picnics. "If there had only been a few more of us," said Corporal Hucht, "and it had not been so hot, we would have brought back a fine catch of Spanish prisoners. There were at least forty we could have bagged."

J. D. Hoeckster, an intelligent member of Troop C, First United States Cavalry, who was wounded in the second day's fighting, relates the following interesting items:

"The Spanish fight well in trenches and trees. Get them in a block-house and they are stubborn. We rarely got nearer to them than 1000 feet.

Now and then we closed up and surrounded their block-houses. They didn't get away when we did this.

"We fought on foot, and went at it with carbines. We were pretty well trained in their use and managed to do good work. Our men fired more accurately than the Spaniards. Their Mauser rifles shoot twice as fast as our Krag-Jorgensen pieces, but they load and fire too rapidly. We worked slower and more effectively. Our bullets told. The Spaniards' trenches were filled with dead. Often the enemy left their trenches exposed on the flank, and we wheeled gatling guns to the end and mowed them down with a raking fire. They could not stand that. They had us at a disadvantage the first day. Their volley firing was very effective. They would rise as one man, shoot all together, and then fall down and crawl off; but we got used to this. We counted their steps, as we lay on the ground, and when they would rise we would fire before they could shoot. We soon headed them off. We could drop and dodge as well as they, for we had practiced all this.

"Oh, we didn't mind the wire fences much. The barbed-wire was strung from green posts. Our Cuban scouts would run out under the protection of our fire, and with *machetes* cut down the green posts. They were small and thin posts. This would dispose of the wire fences, and we walked right over them. We advanced all the time. Our army never gave up a position it once occupied. We held everything we captured. Once an order came for the Seventh Infantry to retreat from a hot place, but the order was never obeyed. We never went back from any part of our lines.

"As scouts and guards and spies, the Cubans are all right. In battle we always sent them out of the way, because it was hard to tell them from the Spaniards. Many of them had Spanish uniforms, which they captured, and some of them were naked."

Hoeckster was asked if it was true that Spaniards, when taken prisoners, were turned over to the Cubans.

"That's what we did," he exclaimed, "after the Spaniards fired upon our Red Cross flags and picked off the wounded and the litter carriers. It made our boys mad. We did not show them mercy after this. We turned the prisoners over to the Cubans, and they seldom failed to cut their heads off with *machetes*. The first thing a Spanish prisoner did was to beg not to be surrendered to the Cubans. They knew what to expect when the Cuban guards got them.

"The Spanish had a way of sitting in trees and shooting at us on the ground. They used smokeless powder in their Mausers, and we could not tell where the shots which killed our men were coming from. The foliage was very dense, and it was hard to spot the men; but we got so after a few days that we could tumble them out very handily.

"The colored troopers in the United States Cavalry fought like demons

at Siboney and at El Caney," said Hoeckster. "I was right alongside of the Rough Riders. They make splendid soldiers. Our troop captains behaved splendidly. There were none of our men to show the white feather. Old General Wheeler is a hero. The men are devoted to him and will follow him anywhere."

Hoeckster was shot in the neck while lying in the trenches. He said it felt like some one had knocked him in the back of the head with an ax. He reached for his "first-aid bandage," which every man carries in his knapsack. A comrade bandaged him up and he returned to the firing lines. Pretty soon he commenced to bleed so badly that an officer took away his gun and cartridge-belt and sent him to the rear. It was quite usual to see a wounded soldier go back to the trenches to work. Now and then a poor fellow would be shot through the intestines. An abdominal wound from a Mauser rifle is generally fatal. It has a rotary motion, which tears up the intestines. The surgeon would examine a man, and when convinced that he was past aid, would inject a little morphine into the soldier. Then the poor fellow would make a pillow of his hat and go to sleep forever. They were generally buried on the field, two in a grave—just like they had lived, two in a tent. A man's clothes are marked and numbered, and his number and name are in his hat. He could be easily identified.

Captain George K. Hunter, of the Third Cavalry, was in the famous charge on San Juan hill, where he was severely wounded. He relates some incidents of the battle not told by others, as follows:

"Our brigade was composed of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth Regulars, and one regiment of volunteer cavalry. All dismounted except the field officers, and began to move simultaneously with the firing of the battery. The brigade was drawn to the right and marched down in front of the battery toward San Juan.

"I knew we had a hot day's work ahead; but also knew we were bound to win. When the artillery firing began we were, perhaps, three thousand yards from the Spanish lines, and entirely concealed by the dense foliage of the forest; but by a seeming chance the very first shell fired by the enemy burst over our line, killing one man and seriously wounding two others.

"We were marching steadily all the time, and finally formed in line of battle along the bank of the San Juan River, not more than six hundred yards from the Spanish intrenchments. From that point we began the serious work of the day.

"We knew that we had to carry the heights, and that no such job had ever before been cut out for a body of unmounted men in the history of warfare. You see, there's an awful lot of difference between assaulting a work which is manned by troops carrying repeating rifles, and one whose men are supplied with muzzle-loaders. The difference is that the former can shoot

just twelve times as fast as the latter. Then, too, when we began moving, all our batteries had to cease firing, because we got right in line of their shots; so that we had absolutely no help from them at the time when their aid was most needed.

"Our signal to advance was firing on our left, which meant that General Hawkins had gained the position he desired. When we heard him open up we began to march directly on the works. Our division was made up of Troops B, I, H and K, of the Third Cavalry, the latter being my own boys. The Third was in the second line at the beginning, but we hadn't gone far before our boys pushed ahead; and from that time on the Third Cavalry led the line, and were the first troops over the enemy's works. The only soldiers in front of us during the rest of the day were the Spaniards on top of the hill; and the only time we saw them they were running to cover like scared rabbits.

"Early in the afternoon—I don't know just when, because I didn't have time to look at my watch—the Third carried an intrenched position about four hundred yards in advance of the main line of the enemy. There I halted my boys for a little breathing spell. The works we had carried were on top of a small hill, and between us and the main line of intrenchments was a little dip, so that in making the final assault we had to go first down and then up rather steep inclines.

"All during the day we had been under a most harassing fire, both from the main line of the enemy and from sharpshooters, who were lodged in all sorts of places, and our boys didn't get a good chance to retaliate until we had carried the first line of works.

"From that position we let 'em have it very hot for a good while; and I afterward found that our boys did remarkable execution. It must have been between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when we made the final charge on the trenches and two block-houses, which constituted the main line of the enemy."

"How did it feel to be running into the face of almost certain death?"

"Well, I can't well tell you. I was so busy looking after the boys, and thinking about them, I didn't have a chance to think about myself. We just started after 'em, determined that nothing should stop us. It was a very hot four hundred yards we ran, and, of course, it seemed further. There was an awful din, and a good many of our boys bit the dust; but we made the charge with a will, and nothing on top of the earth could have stopped us. The enemy stuck to their works until we were fairly on top of them, and then broke and ran like white heads.

"No; I didn't fire a shot during the day. Of course, I had no arms but my pistols, and just as I was fixing to pull one of them for a crack at a fleeing Spaniard, I saw Major Wessells fall from his mule. I put up my gun and ran toward him. Just as I stooped down to pick up the Major I was bowled over,

a Mauser ball going entirely through my right thigh. The shot felt as if a red-hot iron had been thrust into my leg for a few moments, but I soon forgot it in my anxiety over Major Wessells. His wound was in the back of the neck, and looked very serious. I called a couple of my men, made a litter of a door from the captured block-house, and started him to the rear.

"Then I stepped up to the line again to take a look at things. The enemy had retired into a second line of works and kept up an ugly fire; but our boys were then safely intrenched, and I knew that all the troops in Blanco's army couldn't stir them, for a while at least. The trench was literally filled with dead and wounded Spaniards. In some places they lay three and four men deep.

"Our loss had been heavy enough; but when I saw the terrible execution of our men, I felt more than satisfied with the day's work. Pretty soon I began to feel weak from loss of blood, my leg began to play out, and I was forced to look for a surgeon myself.

"As I came out I overtook the men who were carrying Major Wessells. I was mounted on a mule which we had taken from the Spaniards and, sitting crosswise on a pack-saddle, managed to ride without much pain to my wounded leg. The Major had revived somewhat, and when I came up got off the litter and tried to walk. He staggered on for a few yards and then mounted the mule I led—the one from which he had been shot, by the way—and together we rode into the field hospital, where our wounds were dressed.

"The Major's wound proved not so serious as I had thought, and I heard before leaving Siboney that he was back with his command."

"There has never been such fighting under the sun as our boys have done around Santiago," concluded Captain Hunter. "Captain Arthur Lee, of the Royal Artillery of England, said to me on the day of the San Juan fight: 'I never in my life saw, and never expect to see, such a display of personal bravery as I have witnessed this day. The American soldier is an incredible being.' And I honestly agree with him—the boys did truly wonderful work."

"The colored soldiers," said an officer, referring to the immortal charge on San Juan hill, "have made a brilliant record in this war. They stand the fatigue of marching and digging trenches without a complaint, and no troops in the world can beat them in a charge. General Wheeler is a favorite with the whole army, and no living man has more fight in him to the square inch than 'Old Joe.'"

A colored soldier, with his arm in a sling, came along just then, and one of the visitors put a few questions to him.

"Yes, suh," was his reply, "I was in the charge upon San Juan. Dunno much about it, suh, but the Spaniards had a host of men, and we licked them good. I think I killed a few; anyhow, I tried to. The Cubans?

Well, suh, you must excuse me, but they won't do. They are no good at all, suh."

Lieutenant Kennison, who was listening, said: "Whatever doubt might have existed as to the pertinacity of the colored soldier under persistent fire must now be dispelled. He is bravery itself. The two most difficult orders to enforce on the field of battle is to retreat in good order and to cease firing while under fire. The men become demoralized under the first and maddened under the last. The negro has been such a creation of implicit obedience, however, that he obeys on the field as he would in the cotton row. In the charges made by the colored troops before Santiago, they retired under fire in as perfect order as if on dress parade; and then they fired strictly to word of command, standing immovable when comrades were dropping under Spanish fire until they received the order to fire, when the volley rang out as a single shot."

Strolling around the grounds was a soldier with his left wrist in a sling. A timely question brought out the fact that he was Private G. H. Fullerton, of the Seventh Regiment, regular army. "The battle of Santiago," he remarked, "was the biggest one in the history of the world. We had only 3000 men against 20,000 Spaniards, but we cleaned them up."

It is not likely that he meant to claim only 3000 men did all the fighting on our side; but he meant that at no one time were there more than 3000 Americans engaged, so that practically all the fighting was done by that number of troops. Pulling out a handful of cartridges, he continued:

"You see these things?" he said. I took them from the pocket of a Spaniard I killed in the charge on San Juan hill. Did I kill one? Yes, I killed two of them. But they got me. There is still a cartridge in this left arm of mine. They are going to use the X-ray on it to-night to find out exactly where it is located."

"Hope you will go back to Cuba soon?"

"Thanks," replied Fullerton; "hope I won't go back at all. I want to get home to Boston. Fact is, I'd like to see my wife about this time."

The band on his hat caught attention, and he was asked of what material it was composed.

"That is the skin of a black rattler," answered Fullerton. "Cuba's full of them. A black rattler is seventeen feet long, and he never rattles until after he has jumped on you."

The troops fought in a state of decided negligence. Lieutenant George J. Godfrey of the Twenty-second Infantry, stated that he went into battle wearing a pair of trousers, a hat, shoes, and under garments, except an undershirt. One officer stated that he wore one pair of socks for several days. One day he took them to wash. Having only one pair, he was forced to do without them during the day, and he then made the discovery that he did

not need them. This he communicated to his fellow-officers, and soon nearly every officer in that regiment had thrown away his socks. Many dispensed entirely with all their undergarments. They were forced to this, not only on account of the extreme heat, but also because it was impossible to keep their clothes clean.

"It was hard work," said Captain John Bigelow, wounded at El Caney, "but there never was anything too hard for an American soldier. Why, when we went up the hill at El Caney, it was through a storm of lead that mowed whole columns down. Yet the men never faltered. Their discipline was perfect, and no one could have fought better. The death angel was out for a big harvest, and he got it. The Spaniards fought; they fought hard, and I don't believe any other nation except ours could have gone on in the great hail of shot and shell. History has told of bloody, desperate battles, but nothing has ever been chronicled like that assault on El Caney. How any of us ever survived I do not know.

"Storming a fort and talking about storming a fort are very different things," continued the Captain, and he lovingly raised a bunch of roses which some gentle hand had placed in his. "Why, we marched into line under fire and across an opening to a creek. This we waded, carrying our guns above our heads. Water came up to our shoulders, and when we reached land ready to fight, we were as wet as the proverbial 'drowned rat.' Across the creek we had five hundred yards to march before we reached the ascent to El Caney block-house. All across this we were under a terrific fire. Men were dropping all along the line, but never once did the line waver. Then we reached the foot of the hill and found three barbed-wire fences. These we cut, and were under fire all the time. But not for an instant did the men hesitate. Once across the fence, and up the hill the men went. So steep was it that they had to zigzag their way. But they went with a rush that nothing could withstand."

Many of those who were wounded at El Caney and San Juan were sent to Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, where numerous affecting incidents occurred. When those who were regarded as convalescent were permitted to come into the city, their appearance created a sensation. The Traction Line car bearing them stopped at the corner of Forsythe and Alabama streets, where they were instantly recognized. They were fairly lifted out of the car by enthusiastic citizens, who made their way a path of triumph. Drinks, cigars, everything, was free; and when they reached the wholesale district, business was suspended, and the men had to tell their stories over and over. One merchant, after loading down a New York soldier with tobacco and underclothing, and giving him five dollars in money, upon hearing him mention his wife, living in Rochester, at once said that a dress should be sent her in honor of her husband, who held up the flag in Santiago.

The hospital corps of the Daughters of the Revolution at Atlanta performed a noble work. Daily visits were made by these ladies, who brought fresh eggs and every conceivable delicacy that the surgeons would permit their charges to enjoy; and then they remained to write letters for the sick soldiers.

Many pathetic scenes were enacted at the sick beds of the soldier boys. Mrs. Barnes, while applying a cooling lotion to the brow of a fever-racked patient, was rewarded by his return to consciousness, and the expression: "I thought you were my mother; God bless you!" Then the good woman was delegated to write his mother, in a distant Northern State, telling of his convalescence and of his filial love for her. Over twenty unopened letters from his absent mother were given to him when his strength returned.

SCHLEY'S "DAISY FIGHT."

Our Second Great Naval Victory of the Spanish War.—The Battle and Its Thrilling Episodes.—Graphic Descriptions by Officers and Men who took part in the Fight.—Frightful Slaughter of the Spaniards.—Surrender of the Survivors.—Stories and Incidents of the Battle.—Interviews with Spanish Officers, etc., etc.

The third of July has become another red-letter day in the long list of splendid American anniversaries. Just two months and three days after Dewey's unparalleled victory in Manila Bay, his gallant exploit was duplicated by our fleet in front of the entrance to the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Both of these battles occurred on Sunday, and in each instance the Spaniards began the fight. "The Spaniards fired the first shot," said pious Captain Philip of the *Texas*, two days after the destruction of Cervera's ships. "As far back as history goes," he went on, "in the days of Joshua, at Manila, here, everywhere, the man who fires the first shot of a battle on the Sabbath is sure of defeat. These Spaniards are a Godless race, and their cause is unrighteous; that accounts for our easy victories."

At Manila the Spanish force consisted of twelve ships, and a complement of 1948 men; and the American fleet was composed of seven ships and 1808 men. The Spanish loss was twelve ships, two forts, four hundred and twenty-four killed and two hundred and ten wounded; we sustained no loss in ships or men, and only six wounded.

At Santiago the Spanish force consisted of six ships with the support of shore batteries, and a complement of 2250 men; the American force, of seven ships and 3336 men. The Spanish loss was four hundred and fifty in killed

and wounded, and 1800 prisoners; our loss was only one man killed and two wounded.

Surely, as Captain Philip remarked at the close of the Santiago battle, Providence must have taken a hand in it; and he and his men reverently uncovered while the chaplain of the *Texas* offered up such a prayer as never before ascended from the decks of a warship. These contrasts are without a parallel in the history of naval warfare, and they can be accounted for only in the favor of heaven and the marvelous shooting of the American gunners.

Not many weeks before the battle of Santiago, the people of Havana gave a great celebration in honor of the arrival in their harbor of the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo*. Near the gayly decorated cruisers were the pathetic relics of the *Maine*. In this treacherous and cowardly and eminently Spanish incident we lost one ship and two hundred and fifty-six brave men, slaughtered while they were asleep and helpless.

The two Spanish fleets sunk at Manila and Santiago numbered in all eighteen ships. They lost over 2800 killed, wounded, and prisoners. The American loss was one killed, eight wounded, and not a ship was damaged.

Truly, the *Maine* has been well remembered!

Admiral Cervera and his officers claim that their fight at Santiago was hopeless from the start, because they had to contend against a power three times greater than their own. But the claim is not true, unless the Spaniards are ready to accept our own belief, that one American, at all times and under all circumstances, is worth three Spaniards—or half a dozen, for that matter. The contending forces were nearer equal than even our own people generally suppose. It was really ship against ship, with the advantage at first on the side of the Spaniards, for when the battle opened the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon* and *Texas* were the only American ships ready for action. The *New York* did not reach the scene until the fight was virtually over.

When it comes to counting guns, there were fifty-five on our side, while the Spaniards had fifty-six.

The *National Zeitung*, of Berlin, holds that the Spaniards "were decimated by the superior quick-firing guns of the Americans." The Spanish ships at Santiago had forty-six quick-firing guns in their main batteries, throwing 3898 pounds of metal at each round. The American ships had eighteen such guns, throwing 918 pounds. It was not the superior quick-firing guns, but the superior quick-firing gunners of the American fleet that did the damage. Gunner Smith, of the *Iowa*, fired one hundred and thirty-five aimed shots in fifty minutes from a four-inch gun. That is, one aimed thirty-three-pound shot every twenty-two seconds for nearly an hour. The Spaniards were smothered by this torrent of fire. If the American sailors had possessed the Spanish guns the smothering would have occurred a good deal sooner.

Some idea of the awful rain of shells poured into the Spanish squadron by the pursuing American ships may be gained from the number of shots fired from the *Oregon*. This number also bears out the statement of the Spanish officers that it was the fire from the secondary batteries that drove their men from their guns and forced the ships to beach.

From the time when Private O'Shay, of the battleship *Oregon*, fired the first shot from her forward six-pounder until the *Cristobal Colon* turned toward the shore, the *Oregon* fired 1776 shells. Of these, 1670 were from her six-pounders. The big thirteen-inch guns were fired thirty-four times, the eight-inch guns twenty-eight times, and the six-inch guns twenty-four times. The one-pounders were fired twenty times.

The destruction caused by some of the shots was fearful. One eight-inch shell which penetrated the turret of the *Almirante Oquendo* exploded and killed every person inside, blowing some to pieces.

At one time the *Iowa* was engaged with all the ships single-handed. The Spanish officers declared later that their orders were to concentrate their fire on her, and every effort was made to disable her, as she was considered the most dangerous antagonist of all the fleet. But, as one of the Spanish officers added, with a fine air of perplexity: "We found that all the ships were equally dangerous, and that, after all was said and done, it was four ships against four, and one of these, the *Brooklyn*, was much more lightly armored and gunned than any of ours."

The Spanish gunners were drunk. This was freely admitted by the prisoners. Indeed, some of them showed the effects of the debauch that gave them the desperate courage for the adventure, for several days afterward.

Many of them, officers and crew alike, had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours before the sortie, and the men could not be driven to their posts until the wine and spirits on board were handed out to them without stint.

On board nearly every ship it was the same—an orgie, with death for its end; for none of them expected to live to see the end of it.

The men drank as they served the guns. They fought desperately, if ineffectively, and stood to the futile service while their companions were blown to bloody fragments all about them, and their ships, torn, leaking and crazy, threatened to founder before they could be run to the beach. Those who remember, describe the scene on the doomed ships as a saturnalia of the damned.

If Schley and his officers and men had had the Spanish ships, and Cervera and his officers and men the American ships, neither Schley nor Cervera can doubt that the result would have been equally an American victory. It is simply inconceivable that if an American Admiral had taken the four magnificent ships out of port with intent to sell the lives of his men as dearly as possible, he would not have injured a single Spanish ship, and would have killed but one solitary Spaniard.

The Battle.

On that eventful Sunday morning the American ships were lying in a curved line, forming an immense crescent, just off the opening of the harbor, the *Texas* directly in front of the narrow channel entrance. The *Iowa* was swinging a mile further out than the rest of the squadron, trying to fix her forward twelve-inch turret, which was out of repair, while the *Indiana* was doing the same thing to her forward thirteen-inch turret. The absolutely available ships in the squadron, therefore, were only the *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn*; although later both Captain Evans and Captain Taylor came gallantly into the fight and splendidly performed their part. The *Gloucester* and *Vixen*, which achieved such prodigies of valor, were mere yachts, converted temporarily into tiny war boats. The *New York*, as previously stated, did not reach the scene of the battle until the fight was over, Admiral Sampson having taken his ship off eastward on an independent cruise. The *Brooklyn* was Commodore Schley's flagship, and from her decks he directed the battle.

The *Brooklyn* and *Vixen* were the only ships to the west of the entrance, the others having drifted well to the east.

It is a custom on ships, regulated by the rules, that there shall be a general muster at least once each three months, and that the articles of war shall be read. First call had been sounded at 9:15 A. M., and the men were assembling on the decks. The lookout in the masthead of the *Brooklyn* had some time before reported smoke in the harbor; but as the same thing had been noticed several times previously, no special attention was paid to it.

On the bridge, Navigator Hodgson, of the *Brooklyn*, said sharply to the lookout, "Isn't that smoke moving?" and the lookout, after a minute's inspection with a long glass, dropped it excitedly and fairly yelled, "There's a big ship coming out of the harbor, sir!" Hodgson, who is a particularly cool man, looked once himself, and then, grasping the megaphone, shouted: "After-bridge, there! Tell the Commodore the enemy's fleet is coming out."

Commodore Schley was sitting under the awning on the quarter-deck. Going to the bridge, he said: "Raise the signal to the fleet," and turning to Captain Cook, who stood near, he said: "Clear ship for action."

Then he went toward his place on the little platform running on the outside of the conning tower, which had been built for him. He was dressed in blue trousers, black alpaca jacket, and the regulation cap, without the broad band of gold braid.

The men, with a yell, went to their guns, and the rapid preliminary orders were given. Schley, glasses in hand, watched the first ship turn out, and saw her start for the west. Still he gave no signal to fire or move. The *Oregon* opened with her thirteen-inch shells, and the *Indiana* and *Texas* followed suit. But the range was a long one. Still the *Brooklyn* waited. But

down below the coal was being forced into the furnace, every boiler was being worked, and every gun made ready to fire. Schley wanted to know which way they were all going, or whether they would scatter. In the meantime the *Oregon* began to turn to the west, and the *Texas* had moved in closer and was damaging the leading ship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*.

The Spanish ships came out in the following order: *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, *Cristobal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and after them the two torpedo-boat destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*.

As the Spanish ships, one by one, cleared Moro Castle they opened fire, the first shot coming from the *Maria Teresa*, Admiral Cervera's flagship. They all turned westward, evidently intending to hug the shore and escape in that way. Then commenced a race such as was never seen before on old ocean. The *Colon* soon outstripped the other Spanish vessels, whereupon the *Oregon* and *Texas* poured a withering fire into her from their big guns, at the same time concentrating all their small guns on the two torpedo boat destroyers, one of which was splintered from stem to stern by a three-inch shell from the *Oregon*. All the ships were now in action, and the *New York*, having scented the battle from afar, was rushing at full speed for the scene of conflict, the smoke pouring in great black clouds from her chimneys, while a small Niagara rolled away from her sharp prows.

It was a terrific running fight, the ships on both sides rapidly firing all the guns they could bring to bear; but the fire from the American ships was so rapid and deadly in aim that, as the surviving Spaniards afterward asserted, it literally "smothered" their men and drove them from their guns.

As the vessels raced along close to the shore the *Texas* caught the *Vizcaya* in range, and, steaming alongside of her, Captain Philip soon saw that she could outrun him; so he directed from the bridge that the shells be sent into the fleeing Spaniard as rapidly as possible. At the same time the fire from the *Vizcaya* became so hot that the men on the bridge of the *Texas* moved down, and Captain Philip took up his position in the conning tower. The change had barely been made when a shell from one of the Spanish cruisers tore through the pilot-house. Captain Philip, Executive Officer Harbor, Navigating Officer Milne, Cadet Reynolds, manipulating the range-finder, and a few messengers, stood outside on the conning tower platform, but none of them were hurt.

The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to be yelled close to the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the twelve-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by an immense shell, and the rig movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces. One of them, a seaman named Scarm, was tumbled down a hatch into the forward handling room, and his leg was broken.

The speed of the *Brooklyn* had placed her in the van of the American ships, but soon the mighty *Oregon* came up in great leaps and bounds, churning the ocean until it foamed for half a mile on each side of her, and belching forth volcanoes of smoke and fire as the crash of her great guns shook the hills along the shore. Her crew evidently relished the contrast between these exciting positions and the monotony that characterized their trip from San Francisco. The *Oregon* was determined to head off the fleeing Spanish ship, which was in the lead. As she sped along, the *Iowa*, with "Fighting Bob" Evans in charge, followed and hurled her shells in the direction of the fleeing enemy. Suddenly, flames burst from the *Vizcaya*, and cheers roared from the American crews. As the doomed vessel headed for the shore, the *Texas* left her. The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* hurled a few parting shots at her and hurried on.

The *Almirante Oquendo* and the *Cristobal Colon* were by this time showing a great burst of speed, and the *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn* went after them, sending their shells with great precision in the direction of the scampering Spaniards.

At this stage of the proceedings the torpedo boat destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*, boldly headed down the coast. The *Texas*' men sprang to the small guns; in an instant a hail of shot was pouring about the smaller Spanish craft. A six-pounder from the starboard battery of the *Texas*, under Ensign Cise, struck the foremost torpedo boat fairly in the boiler. A rending sound was heard above the roar of battle. A great spout of black smoke shot up from the torpedo boat, and she was out of commission. The *Iowa*, which was coming up fast, threw a few shots at the second torpedo boat, and passed on. The little *Gloucester* then sailed in, and finished the Spanish terror.

The *Vizcaya* and the *Maria Teresa* were now almost upon the beach, and great clouds of black smoke were rolling up from them, and bright flames could be seen shining through the smoke. A white flag was run up on the *Teresa*, which was the nearest to the *Texas*, and Captain Philip gave the order to cease firing. Almost simultaneously with the order both the *Vizcaya* and the *Teresa* were run upon the beach. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore.

The *Iowa* waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas* pushed ahead after the *Colon* and *Almirante Oquendo*, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast.

The *Oquendo* suddenly headed for the shore, with the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* abeam and the *Texas* astern. The latter was left to finish the Spanish ship, which was already aflame, while the other two fighting monsters pushed on after the *Colon*. Soon the red and yellow emblem of Spain, which had been floating at the stern of the *Oquendo*, came down, and just as the

Texas came up with her she was rent by a terrific explosion and sank on the rocks of the beach. At the same instant her captain blew his brains out with his pistol, preferring death by his own hand to the disgrace of losing his ship in battle.

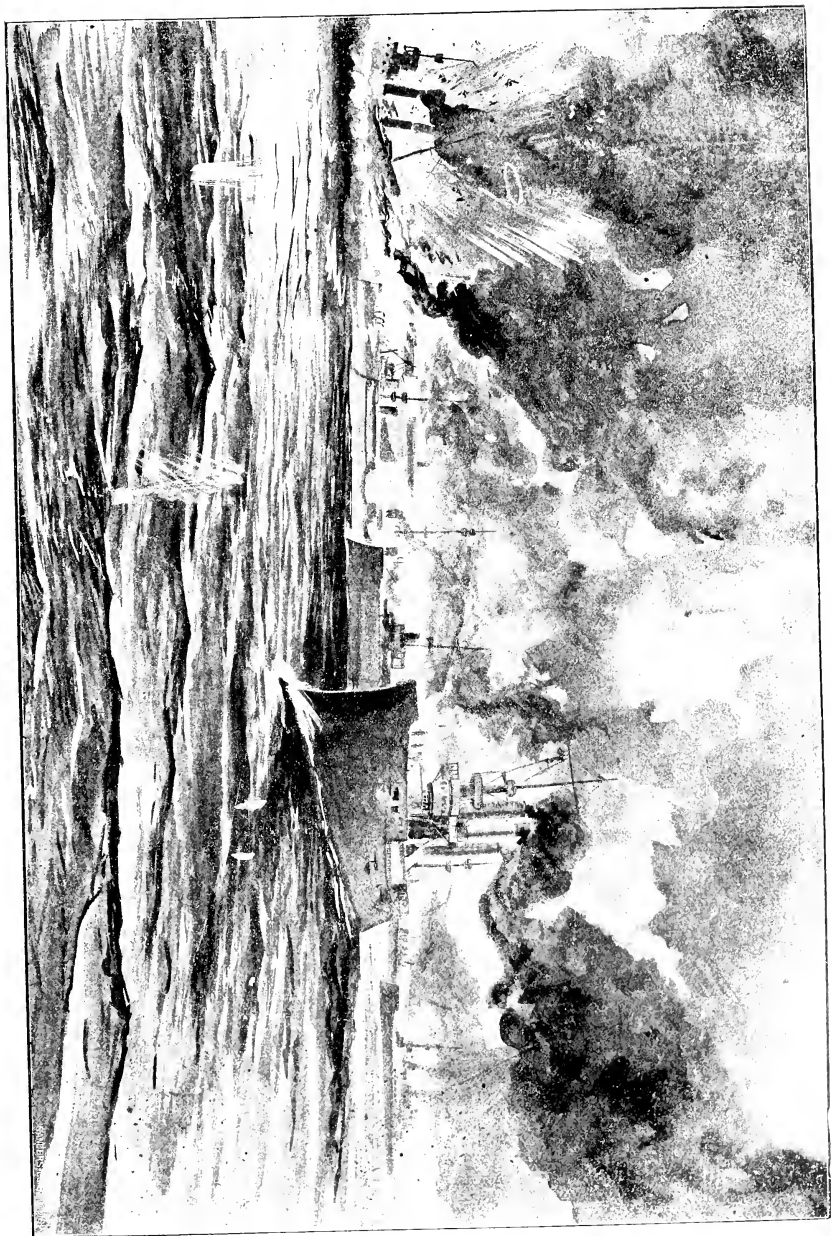
By this time the *Cristobal Colon* was approaching a point that jutted away out into the sea, with the *Brooklyn* close upon her, and attempting to head her off behind the point. The *Oregon* was about a mile from the *Brooklyn* and holding to a middle course, while the *Texas*, having witnessed the death of the *Oquendo*, was pounding along not far in the rear. The Spaniard continued to hug the shore, and occasionally sent a shell in the direction of her pursuers. Finally the *Brooklyn* suddenly darted ahead, and cut off the Spanish vessel at the point which Schley had determined upon. Shortly after one o'clock the commander of the *Cristobal Colon* headed for shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. The *Texas*, *Oregon*, and *Brooklyn* closed in on her and stopped their engines, a few hundred yards away.

And thus the battle which had commenced at 9:30 in the morning ended at one o'clock P. M., in the complete destruction of the famous Spanish fleet, with a loss of three hundred men killed and 1800 prisoners, while on the American side only one man was killed, and two were wounded.

Commodore Schley left the *Brooklyn* in a small boat, and went aboard the *Cristobal Colon* to receive the surrender. Meantime the *New York*, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the *Vixen*, came up on the run, but the victory had already been won. For an hour after the surrender, in that little cove under the high hills, there was a general Fourth of July celebration. The American ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through the megaphones, and the *Oregon* got out its band and the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" echoed over the lines of Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet.

As the American boat came alongside the wreck of the *Cristobal Colon* the survivors of her crew shouted, "*Bravo Americano!*" while our men responded, "*Bravo Spaniards!*"

The *Brooklyn* was hit forty-five times during the action, but the shots fell off harmlessly from her steel sides. The Spaniards concentrated their fire on the flagship, hoping to disable her, knowing that she had a greater speed than any of the other American vessels. The *Oregon* was struck only once, the *Texas* twice, the *Iowa* four times, and the *New York* once. Very little harm was done by any of the shots. During the first part of the fight a whole shell from the *Cristobal Colon* passed over the *Brooklyn's* superstructure, taking off the head of Chief Yeoman Ellis, who was the only man killed on our ships.



DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERAS FLEET.

The slaughter on the Spanish ships, with the exception of the *Cristobal Colon*, was simply frightful. This vessel had been badly crippled during the long race, and the unharmed American warships had her at their mercy, and mercifully withheld their fire at the last. Only three of her sailors were killed and thirteen wounded when they ran her ashore and hoisted the white flag. Before they gave this token of surrender they opened all her sea valves and threw overboard the breech-blocks of every gun, even of their Mauser rifles, so that their enemy would profit as little as possible from the victory.

The *Cristobal Colon*, as the fastest ship, was thought to have a possible chance, if the *Brooklyn* was disabled, and to it the complement of the whole fleet intrusted their valuables and their last messages.

As Commodore Schley was returning from the *Cristobal Colon*, he came alongside the *Texas*, and shouted to Captain Philip: "Hi, Captain, I want to borrow your chaplain for a little while to bury the dead," referring to Yeoman Ellis, who was killed on the *Brooklyn*. The Captain told him the Chaplain was sick and could not leave the ship.

"We had a daisy fight, didn't we, Jack?" shouted Commodore Schley as he started away.

"We did," was the Captain's laconic answer.

Stories and Incidents of the Battle.

Admiral Cervera, on being asked for a statement for publication, the day after the battle, replied: "I do not wish to make a statement at present, although I am deeply sensible of the generous treatment accorded to myself and to my men by the American sailors, from the Rear Admiral down to the officers of his fleet.

"I received orders twice from Madrid to leave Santiago harbor and go to Havana, and fully realized the difficulties that beset my path; but the honor of the Spanish navy demanded that the movement be made, and I gave the order for my fleet to dash forth to almost certain destruction."

Lieutenant Juan Aruar, third officer of the cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, dictated the following statement:

"We staked all on the chance of catching the American fleet napping, and we have lost. Our fleet has been wiped out and Spain's naval power is suddenly shattered.

"That is the situation which Spain must face. The war cannot be continued with any hope of success. We have done our best, but we have been overcome by a superior force.

"Admiral Cervera decided last Wednesday to leave Santiago, in obedience to instructions received from Madrid, which ordered him to proceed to Havana in order to assist in the defense of that city. The fleet, accordingly, coaled and provisioned, and the men ashore were recalled."

Captain Eulate, of the *Vizcaya*, said: "We thought that it was the *Oregon* which had left Santiago's mouth to coal, but we found that the *New York* had gone, and were much disappointed to find the best of your battleships waiting ahead for us. We knew that we could outrun the others, and felt sure that in a long run we could outdo the *Brooklyn*. We then intended to close in on her and destroy her. She was the only ship in station on the American side which we believed could equal our speed."

On the way back to Santiago, after the battle, several of the wounded Spanish sailors died, and before the harbor was reached the whistle of the boatswain's mate trilled fore and aft, summoning "all hands to bury the dead." The bodies, sewn in weighted canvas, were covered by the Spanish flag, and Americans and Spaniards alike were mustered on the quarter deck to pay the last honors to the seamen who had died for their country.

With bared heads, officers and men stood at "attention" while the Catholic chaplain of the *Vizcaya* read the solemn office of the dead.

The "tilting board," as sailors call it, was rigged over the side, and as the prayers were finished the bugle sounded "taps," a sergeant's guard of marines fired three volleys over the rail, and, one by one, the bodies were slid overboard into the foam-flaked waters rippling past the motionless ship.

Many of the bodies of the Spanish dead were not recovered, and for many days afterward they were occasionally seen floating in the sea, off Santiago, where the contrary winds and currents kept them from finding rest on the beach. A correspondent, writing of this gruesome subject seven days after the battle, said:

"One passed just now. It was naked, except for stockings, and it was face downward, with arms thrown out in a gesture of agony, and upon the back were streaks of blood. On board the hulks of Cervera's ships the bodies of the gunners who stood by their posts until the last, still lie in their own ashes, black, mere charcoal, but in shape quite human. Yet the heads have disappeared."

Mr. W. R. Hearst, editor of the *New York Journal*, who visited the wreck of the *Oquendo* a few minutes after she was beached, wrote as follows to his paper:

"We lowered a boat to visit her, and as we came alongside a shocking sight met our eyes. Dead Spaniards were floating all about in the water, stripped to the waist, as they had stood to man their guns. We steered nervously among the bodies, feeling much pity—and some satisfaction, too, that the *Maine* had been again so well remembered."

Mr. Hearst and his party also captured a bunch of prisoners, whom they found, terror-stricken, on the beach. "Most of our prisoners," he says, "were wounded. They had been in the heat of the fight, and we learned from them how the gunnery of the Americans had become fiercer and more

deadly until the Spanish crews had deserted their guns and had been shot down by their own officers; how, as the conditions of the battle became more and more desperate, the fine wines and liquors of the officers' mess had been handed out to the crews, so that with drunken courage they would fight on to the hopeless end, and how at last the officers themselves gave up, and, scuttling their ships, drove them on the shore."

Spanish character was fully typified in the behavior of the prisoners generally. When they found they would be permitted to live, they adapted themselves comfortably to the situation, lit their cigarettes, and began playing cards among themselves on their prison ship. Until this point was established clearly, the prisoners were sullen, morose, and cringing. When they found that death was not to be their portion, they forgot all about the war, all about their "honor," all about their suffering country, and gave themselves up to their ordinary modes of spending the time. These captured Spaniards were remarkably cheerful. They had been without food for twenty-four hours, and a good American dinner had a marvelous effect in restoring their equanimity and making them satisfied with their condition. Very few of them had expected to be alive at noon Sunday, but, when life and a substantial dinner were both assured at the same time, it is no wonder they felt that there was still something worth living for. When the men and a portion of the officers were taken off the *Colon*, many of them were still very drunk, and all of them had a quantity of money which they asked the American captain to put in the ship's safe. They said the paymaster had opened the *Colon's* safe and distributed the money among them. This was a legitimate prize for the American sailors, but the claim of the Spaniards was respected. There were many other instances of extraordinary generosity on the part of our men. When Captain Eulate, of the *Vizcaya*, was lifted over the side of the *Iowa* and half-carried aft, he presented his sword to Captain Evans; but Evans, waving it back with a friendly gesture, grasped the hand of the Spaniard.

Captain Eulate wore the sword Captain Evans had refused to accept, and he pointed to it with a pathetic pride as he told of the reception accorded him by the *Iowa's* captain. It was an affecting sight, and made a fitting close to the whole memorable day.

"The entire squadron was ordered to devote the fire of their guns to the cruiser *Brooklyn*," said Eulate, "because it was believed that she was the only ship in the American squadron that could overtake us. When we got out of the harbor my ship was second in line, and I saw immediately that the flagship, *Maria Teresa*, was getting a terrible baptism of fire. It was frightful! The *Texas* and the *Brooklyn* were just riddling her, and in fifteen minutes I saw she was on fire. The *Iowa* and *Oregon* were firing on the *Oquendo*, and as yet I had not been badly hit.

"The *Brooklyn* was a half mile closer to us than any other ship, and I determined to try to ram her, so that the *Colon* and *Oquendo* could get away; and I started for her. She was a good mark, with her big broadside, and, as I started, I thought surely I would get her. But she had evidently seen us, and very quickly she turned about, and, making a short circle, came at our port side so that I thought she would ram us. I moved in toward the shore so that I could avoid her, and then I saw the *Oquendo* had gone ashore also, her steam pipes evidently having been severed by a shell. The maneuver of the *Brooklyn* was beautiful. We opened a rapid fire at her with all our big guns, but she returned it with terrible effect.

"The *Oregon* also hit us several times, but the *Brooklyn's* broadside crashing into our superstructure simply terrorized the men. We worked all our guns at her at one time, and I don't see how she escaped us. She simply drove us in to shore, at one time fighting us at 1100 yards. One shell went along the entire gun deck, killing half the men on it and wounding nearly all the rest. A shell from the *Oregon* hit the superstructure, and it was then that I was wounded, and, knowing we could not get away, I struck the flag and started for the beach. I did not instruct the men to load the guns, and I don't see why they were loaded.

"We were on fire badly, and when the men who were alive started to swim for land, the Cubans on shore shot at us until the American ships arrived and stopped them. The *Brooklyn* had prevented me from getting away, for I could have beaten the *Oregon* out, as I had a two-mile lead of her. My orders were to try to sink the *Brooklyn*, and I did my best to carry them out. I did not think her battery could be so terrible as it was."

Captain Eulate has won the admiration of the American people by his brave and manly conduct, and he will always occupy a warm place in their esteem. Long life to this one brave, intelligent, and humane Spaniard! The manner of his capture, and a very interesting incident connected with the *New York*, are described by Cadet Graeme, of the *Iowa*. He says:

"Some of the Spanish officers got off in a boat which came over to the ship. Captain Eulate, however, was picked up by our first cutter. As he neared our gangway he looked back at his burning ship, once so proud and strong and now a wreck, and, taking off his cap, he waved it sadly toward the ship in a last salute, murmuring: 'Ah, *Vizcaya!* *Vizcaya!*' with great feeling.

"He was wounded in the head, and had a large bandage over his forehead. He came up to the side, and as his foot touched the deck he doffed his cap and mutely offered his sword to Captain Evans. The Captain said: 'No; I cannot take it from such a brave man!' and he was taken to the cabin and treated with the greatest consideration.

"Two heavy shells had hit us on the starboard bow, forward of the

armor. The water-tight doors had all been closed at the beginning of the action, so the leak was not serious. We let the other ships chase the *Colon*, and we turned in toward the *Vizcaya*. We left our guns, and the word 'out all boats' was passed.

"While we were thus employed the *New York* came astern. The men felt so happy it was almost impossible to keep them quiet. They yelled and shouted in hysterical glee. They had licked the Dons! it seemed too good to be true. The bugler sounded 'silence,' and the men crowded to starboard and waited for the flagship to pass. When the *New York* passed us Captain Evans sang out:

" 'Three cheers for the Admiral!'

"I never heard three such cheers in my life—the very heavens echoed the inspiring shouts. The *New York's* men manned the rail and returned the salute."

Captain Evans' Report.

Captain Evans' modest but graphic report of the great sea fight is one of the most interesting stories of the war. When the first Spanish ship was sighted he was sitting in the cabin of the *Iowa* talking to his son, a cadet on the *Massachusetts*, who had been left behind when that vessel went to Guantanamo at dawn to coal.

"When 'general quarters' was sounded," said Captain Evans, "the engine bell rang full speed ahead and I put the helm to starboard, and the *Iowa* crossed the bows of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the first ship out. As the Spanish Admiral swung to the westward, the twelve-inch shells from the forward turret of the *Iowa* seemed to strike him fair in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle.

"As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance, and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb.

"The *Iowa* from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Infanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow, and hoping to ram one of the leading ships.

"In the meantime the *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas* were doing excellent work with their heavy guns.

"In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossible for the *Iowa* to ram either the first or the second ship, on account of their speed. The range at this time was 2000 yards.

"The *Iowa's* helm was immediately put hard to the starboard, and the entire starboard broadside was poured into the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. The helm was then quickly shifted to port, and the ship went across the stern of the *Teresa* in an effort to head off the *Oquendo*. All the time the engines

were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shots from the enemy passed over the smoke-stacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

"The *Cristobal Colon*, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the *Iowa* the *Colon* placed two six-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter, and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side at the water line, within the cofferdam, where it still remains.

"As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the *Iowa's* helm was put to the starboard, and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the *Almirante Oquendo*, at a distance of 1100 yards, the *Iowa's* entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the *Oquendo*. The punishment was terrific. Many twelve and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her, and smoke came out through her hatches. Twelve-inch shells from the *Iowa* pierced the *Almirante Oquendo* at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The *Oquendo* seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed, and gradually drew ahead of the *Iowa*, and came under the terrific fire of the *Oregon* and *Texas*.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo boats!' was sounded, and two torpedo boat destroyers were discovered in the starboard quarter at a distance of 4000 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery, and a twelve-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As the shell struck, a small torpedo boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head: I said to Executive Officer Rogers:

"'That little chap has got a lot of cheek.'

"Rogers shouted back: 'She shoots very well, all the same.'

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then at another, was the little *Gloucester*, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat, and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

In the meantime the *Vizcaya* was slowly drawing abeam of the *Iowa*, and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The *Vizcaya* fired rapidly, but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the *Iowa*, while the shells from the *Iowa* were tearing great rents in the sides of the *Vizcaya*. As the latter passed ahead of the *Iowa* she came under the murderous fire of the *Oregon*. At this time the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The *Texas*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa* pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire, and in a few moments the

Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks, with their colors down, the *Teresa* flying a white flag at the fore.

"The crews of the enemy's ships stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode.

"Meantime the *Brooklyn* and the *Cristobal Colon* were exchanging compliments in lively fashion at apparently long range, and the *Oregon*, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the *Cristobal Colon*, also paying attention to the *Vizcaya*. The *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Almirante Oquendo* were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the *Vizcaya* put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the afterpart of the ship, and headed slowly for the rock of Aseradero, where she found her last resting place.

"As it was apparent that the *Iowa* could not possibly catch the *Cristobal Colon*, and that the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* undoubtedly would, and as the fast *New York* was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the 1200 or 1400 Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I, therefore, headed for the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of the water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks.

"I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the shore were shooting men who were struggling in the water after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

"My boats' crews worked manfully, and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who will be recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the *Vizcaya* and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the *Vizcaya* were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string, and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors on to the *Iowa's* quarter deck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells.

"Others were mutilated in every conceivable way. As I knew the crews of the first two ships wrecked had not been visited by any of our vessels, I ran down to them. I found the *Gloucester* with Admiral Cervera and a number of his officers aboard, and also a large number of wounded, some in a frightfully mangled condition. Many prisoners had been killed on shore by the fire of the Cubans. The *Harvard* came off and I requested Captain Cotton to go in and take off the crews of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the

Almirante Oquendo, and by midnight the *Harvard* had nine hundred and seventy-six prisoners on board, a great number of them wounded.

"For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope—that was that the *Cristobal Colon* would steam faster than the *Brooklyn*. The spectacle of two torpedo boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of a battleship, can be described in one way: It was Spanish and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement.

"In contrast to this Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment, apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. But the moment the Spanish flag came down it must have been evident that the sentiment was among the Americans, not among the Spaniards.

"I took Admiral Cervera aboard the *Iowa* from the *Gloucester*, which had rescued him from the dead, and received him with a full admiral guard. The crew of the *Iowa* crowded aft over the turrets, half-naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel, borrowed from Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, of the *Gloucester*. The crowd cheered vociferously. Cervera is every inch an Admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred."

The officers of the *Vizcaya* said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns, on account of the rapid-fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire-hose, and blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. One of the twelve-inch shells from the *Iowa* exploded a torpedo in the *Vizcaya's* bow, blowing twenty-one men against the deck above and dropping them dead and mangled into the fire, which at once started below.

The torpedo boat *Ericsson* was sent by the flagship to the help of the *Iowa* in the rescue of the *Vizcaya's* crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames leading out from the huge shot holes in the *Vizcaya* licked up the decks, burning the flesh of the wounded, who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinioned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the Americans' fire. Corporal Smith, of the *Iowa*, fired one hundred and thirty-five aimed shots in fifty minutes from a four-inch gun. Two shells struck within ten feet of Smith, and started a small fire, but the Corporal went on pumping shots into the enemy, only stopping to say: "They've got it in for this gun, sir."

Admiral Cervera's gallant conduct in this battle, and his manly course

afterward, served to remove all prejudice which had previously arisen in the public mind against him, under the belief that he had acted a double part in his complimentary message regarding Lieutenant Hobson and his men. Later developments have shown that Cervera was sincere in that transaction, but he was compelled to surrender his prisoners to the military, who alone were responsible for placing them in exposed positions with a view to protecting themselves against the bombardment of the forts by our fleet. Cervera is a chivalrous as well as generous foe; and if he could have had his way Lieutenant Hobson's party would have fared much better than they did.

Cervera and Eulate met as prisoners of war on the deck of the *Iowa*.

The meeting was an affecting one. Eulate, with much emotion, told his chief how Captain Evans had refused to take his sword, saying that he had surrendered his ship to four vessels, not to the *Iowa* alone, and that, therefore, he would not receive the sword. Eulate was much affected by the magnanimity of Evans.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, all the Spanish prisoners were conveyed to the United States Navy Yard at Portsmouth, N. H. On arriving there Admiral Cervera was asked how he liked America, and he replied in writing, and in good English, as follows:

"You ask me how I like America, and I answer you that I have always liked, and, I may say, loved your people; but this war has been a duty with me and the men under me.

"I knew that the American fleet clearly outclassed us, but it was a question of fighting either inside or outside the harbor.

"I have many friends in America, and have only the kindest feelings for them; but every man has a duty to perform to his country, and all Spaniards tried to perform that duty. There has been much feeling in Spain, and I want all Spain to know the truth—that every ship of my squadron fought until the last, and when we could do no more we surrendered.

"I have much interest to know the exact situation in Spain. Captain Goodrich has treated us all as well as any one could possibly be treated. My officers have occupied quarters in the saloon, and we cannot complain."

The Admiral and his officers were subsequently conveyed to Annapolis, Maryland, and quartered at the naval academy, where they remained practically as honored guests of the nation.

SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

The destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet was the virtual ending of the Santiago campaign. Only a little desultory fighting occurred after this event, for the Spaniards readily perceived that it was folly any longer to contend against the tremendous power of this nation. In due time, therefore,

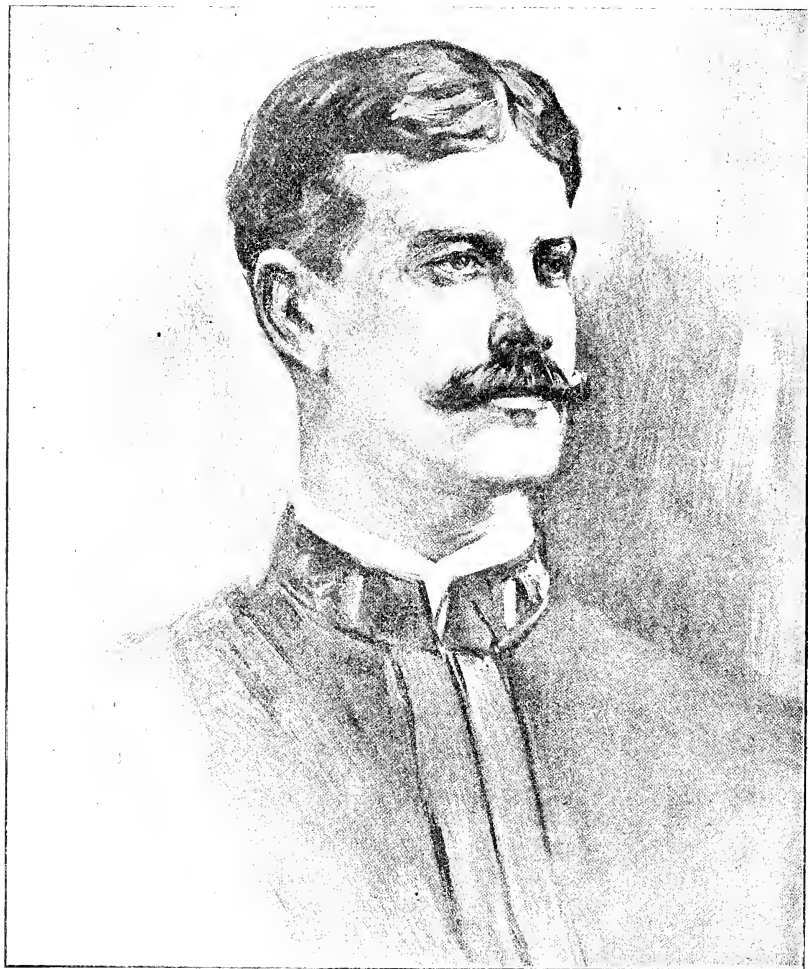
negotiations for a surrender were entered into between General Shafter and the Spanish general, Toral, who succeeded General Linares on the wounding of the latter. Some days were spent in correspondence and personal interviews between the generals and their subordinates, the Spanish commander endeavoring, by every possible argument and even threats of continuing the fight to the death, to gain all the advantages he could. But eventually he yielded practically to the demands of our government, and on Sunday, July 17th, amid impressive ceremonies, the Spanish troops marched out of the fortifications and laid down their arms. It was then discovered that the army under General Shafter had captured more prisoners than the total of its own numbers, thus adding greatly to the brilliancy and glory of this remarkable campaign. The muster rolls of the surrendered army showed a total of nearly 24,000 officers and men, including those at Santiago and other points in the surrendered territory, while General Shafter had only about 20,000, embracing all recruits sent him, most of whom arrived after the fighting was over. The campaign was fought with a force of less than 16,000 men.

The territory included in the surrender embraced all of the eastern point of the island of Cuba, covering a space of about 5000 square miles, with all the towns, garrisons, and government stores in that region.

One of the conditions of the surrender required our government to furnish transportation for the Spanish officers and men to some seaport in Spain, they giving parole not to fight against the United States again during the present war, unless exchanged. The government accordingly asked for bids for the transportation of the Spanish troops, and, when the bids were opened, it was found that the lowest was from the Spanish Transatlantic Company, represented by J. M. Ceballos & Co., of New York; and the contract was let to them, under guarantee of safe conduct for the ships. And thus the Spaniards had the pleasure of returning home in their own ships, and our government was relieved from responsibility for accidents and complaints of ill-treatment.

Immediately after the surrender, the Americans took possession of Santiago and the rest of the surrendered territory, instituted a temporary government, and opened the ports to commerce. Business at once assumed flourishing aspects in the city of Santiago. Thousands of American and Spanish soldiers, who but a few days before were shooting at one another, met and associated on the most friendly terms in the streets of the city. A general feeling of good-fellowship was evinced everywhere, victors and vanquished apparently being equally rejoiced that the strife and bloodshed were over, and that the horrors of the siege were ended. Quaint stores, with gaudy displays of wares, were opened rapidly, and the storekeepers eagerly accepted American money and courteously sought American custom. The priests were the last to yield to the inevitable, and for some time after the surrender they con-

tinued to pray for the success of the Spanish arms; but if we are to judge by results, their prayers were not received with favor at the throne of grace.



LIEUTENANT HOBSON.

EXCHANGE OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND HIS MEN.

On the 7th of July the Spanish authorities agreed to an exchange of prisoners for Lieutenant Hobson and his seven "immortals." The exchange

took place under a spreading tree, midway between the intrenchments occupied by the Rough Riders and the first lines of the Spanish position. The description of what followed the exchange, as written by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, is so eloquent in its pathos, so unique, and so pathetic, that we copy it in full:

"The trail up which they came was a broad one between the high banks, with the great trees above meeting in an arch overhead. For hours before they came, officers and men who were not on duty in the rifle-pits had been waiting on these banks, sprawling in the sun and crowded together as close as men on the bleaching-boards of a baseball field.

"Hobson's coming was one dramatic picture of the war. The sun was setting behind the trail, and as he came up over the crest he was outlined against it.

"Under a triumphal arch of palms the soldiers saw a young man in the uniform of the navy, his face white with the prison pallor as his white duck, and strangely in contrast with the fierce mien of their own, with serious eyes, who looked down at them steadily.

"For a moment he seemed to sit motionless, and then the waiting band struck up 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

"A strange thing it was that no one cheered or shouted or gave an order, but every one rose to his feet slowly, took off his hat slowly, and stood so, looking up at him in absolute silence.

"It was one of the most impressive things I ever saw. No noise or blare or shouted acclaim could have touched the meaning or the depths of feeling there was in that silence.

"Then a red-headed, red-faced trooper leaped down into the road and shouted: 'Three cheers for Hobson.'

"The men roared and cheered; the Rough Riders gave a cowboy yell; and officers with sons of their own in West Point leaped up and down, and each threw his helmet into the air.

"Hobson rode down between the lines, raising his cap and smiling doubtfully. Probably no one ever received reward so swiftly or from such worthy hands as those of the men who first taught him what he was to his countrymen.

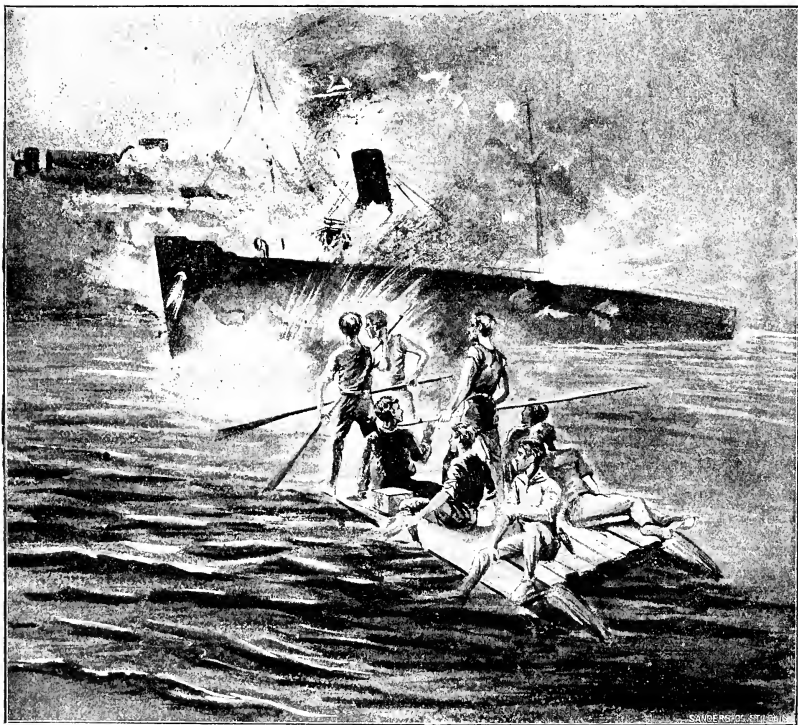
"They were no seekers after celebrities. That will come later. They were men, instead, who knew a brave man because they were brave. They had won the very ground he was on from the enemy. It had cost them the loss of 1800 comrades.

"They came running from the trenches with rifles—from the lake, where they had been washing clothes. They charged up the hills of San Juan a second time, and surrounded them in a shouting, happy mob.

"Behind him rode two Spanish officers, who had been taken beyond the

lines, only to find no one to exchange for them. They sat on their horses, blindfolded with 'first aid to the wounded' bandages, and listened to the tribute the Americans paid their young countryman.

"Men were standing on the rising banks and the hills, waving hats and shouting. Officers were shouting Hobson's name. Photographers were leaping about. It was the same story all the way to Siboney. Every little group of soldiers they came across stood at 'attention' at the unusual sight of



SINKING THE "MERRIMAC."

a navy uniform. When they recognized the men, they waved their hats and cheered.

"Hobson was the first officer I have seen saluted in six days. They have been too busy to salute. Before he came the Seventy-first New York was mending a road, but the men gave a yell when they saw him, and rushed waist high through the river and stopped the cavalcade while they mobbed him, shook both his hands at once, and gave him three cheers.

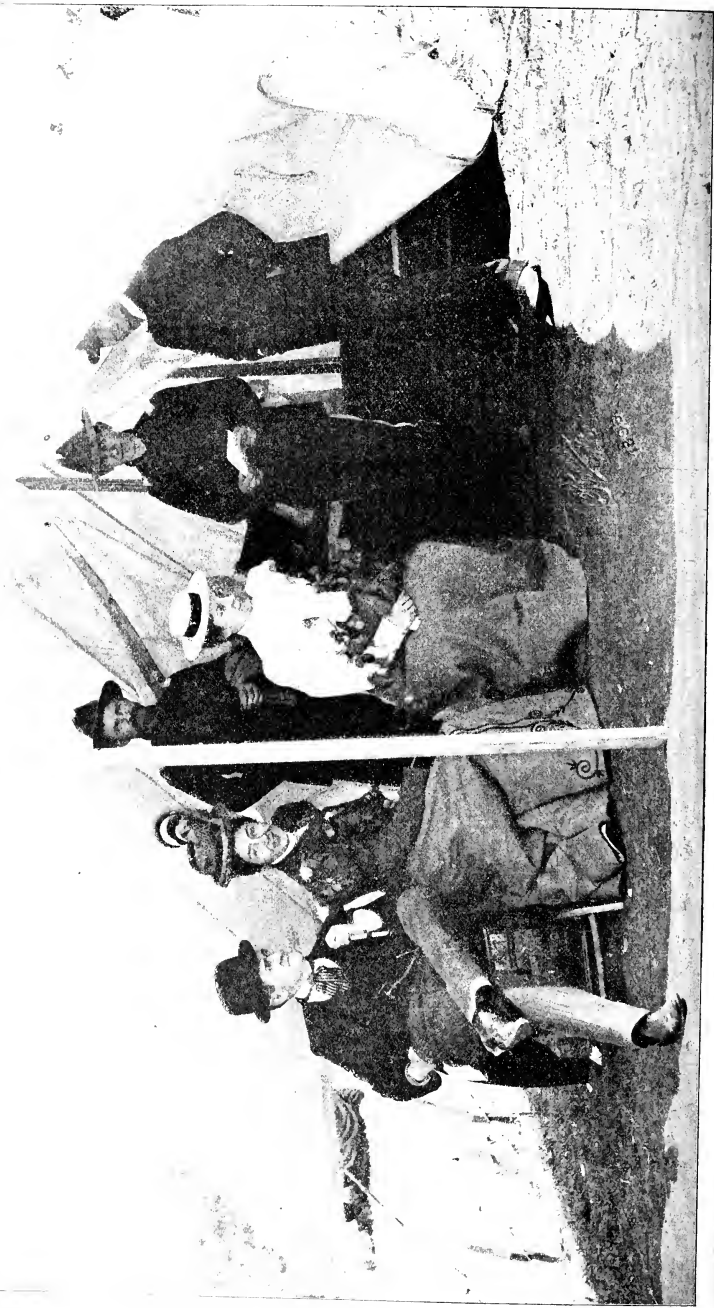
"As he rode along they told him some things that had happened while he had been in jail, and how in a day he had become a national hero. It was the most wonderful ride a young man of twenty-eight has ever undertaken—to ride through the enemy's country guarded by your own countrymen; on every side to hear cheers and approval; at every step to know your work was done, and well done; to know the weary days in jail were over; to feel the situation and see the great mountain peaks, royal palms bending benediction under a soft blue sky.

"Best of all, when he rode through the twilight and reached the coast, and saw again in the offing the lights of the flagship, his floating home, and then from her across the water came the jubilant cheers of the bluejackets, who could not even see him, who did not know him, but who cheered because he was coming, because he was free."

Hobson's statement of the adventures of his party was substantially the same as that already published in this volume. At first he and his men were not well treated. They were regarded with undisguised aversion, and numerous scowling glances fell their way; but when the fighting began on land, and many Spanish prisoners were captured, thus affording us opportunities for retaliation, there was a marked improvement in their treatment. Lieutenant Hobson speaks in the highest terms of the chivalric kindness of Admiral Cervera, who never ceased praising him and his men for their bold undertaking; and it is gratifying to reflect that we have had the opportunity to show our appreciation of his good will by special courtesies to himself, his officers and his men. These prisoners of war, on returning to their homes, will carry with them pleasant recollections of the intelligent consideration shown them by our citizens, and thus a more kindly feeling will spring up between the people of the two nations.



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.



GOVERNOR STEPHENS AND FAMILY VISITING THE CAMP OF THE MISSOURI TROOPS.

CLOSING EVENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The splendid conduct of the officers and men at Santiago brought them many substantial promotions, in addition to the universal acclaim of their admiring fellow-countrymen. Among the numerous well-earned promotions were those of Colonel Leonard Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, of the Rough Riders—the first to the rank of brigadier-general, and the latter to colonel. General Wood was also made military governor of the conquered province of Santiago, and immediately set himself to the herculean task of bringing order, peace, and prosperity out of the chaos of Spanish misrule. His efforts have been marked with such decided success that the people of that portion of the island have, even at this early date, great cause to be thankful that they are forever released from the nightmare of Spain's blighting tyranny.

In the far East, Admiral Dewey has guided events with a strong but wise hand, retaining all that had been secured by the heroism of himself and his men, and at the same time skillfully avoiding complications with other powers that might have led to serious results, and perhaps international wars. He is now supported by a splendid army, under command of Major-General Wesley Merritt, and we may take it for granted that the affairs of the Philippine Islands will be settled in a manner that will be satisfactory to the people of the United States.

A large and splendidly equipped force under General Miles, with General Brooke second in command, has landed on the southern coast of Porto Rico, near the town of Ponce, about seventy-five miles from San Juan, the capital of the island. A good road runs between these two points, and it will require only a few days to march the army across the intervening country and invest the capital, which cannot long sustain a combined attack from our army and fleet. And thus, in a little while, this rich and salubrious island will become a part of our domain, never again to pass under the control of any foreign power.

A fleet has been organized under Commodore J. C. Watson, for the purpose of carrying the war home to Spain and destroying or capturing Admiral Camara's ships, embracing the last of the war vessels of any consequence that sail under the Spanish flag. Nothing can prevent this descent upon their home coast except the manifestation of a little wisdom on the part of the Spanish people in supplicating for peace on terms of our own granting; which, in that event, will be liberal and generous.

General Blanco is practically "bottled up" in Havana, where, in due time, he will either surrender at discretion to our armies, or evacuate the island and return to Spain at the close of the war.



COMMODORE J. C. WATSON.

Meanwhile, on the 26th of July, Spain asked for our terms of peace, through M. Cambon, the French Ambassador to the United States. In her application Spain admits that she has been worsted by the war, and that her sufferings as a result are very great. She accordingly desires peace.

Our terms, as outlined by the President, will be the absolute freedom of Cuba, with no assumption on our part of any debt charged against the island by Spain; the cession of Porto Rico to the United States; a satisfactory guarantee of good government for the Philippine Islands, with coaling and naval stations ceded to us in those islands and the Ladrões and Carolines. In consequence of Spain's embarrassed financial condition, no cash indemnity will be required.

These are universally regarded as extraordinarily liberal terms, and Spain will show her wisdom in accepting them without delay or evasion; for if the war should be prolonged, far more severe conditions will be exacted.

The results of the war have opened a new era of progress to the people of the United States. We have taught Europe to respect and fear our flag, and never again will any foreign government presume to insult or tread upon its folds. The Monroe Doctrine has become a law of nations, and extended until it embraces the Western Hemisphere.

Three things yet remain to be done:

First.—The American people should build and own the Nicaragua Canal, uniting the East and the West, and bringing to our doors the fabulous wealth of China and the Indies, with a corresponding enlargement of the markets for our produce and manufactures.

Second.—We should encourage and foster the building of the Helper Three Americas Railway, the preliminary surveys of which are now nearing a successful close. The completion of this stupendous enterprise, inaugurated during President Harrison's administration, through the influence of Secretary of State, Hon. James G. Blaine, will bring the Northern and the Southern continents together, binding with bands of steel and mutual commercial interests the sisterhood of Western Republics, and laying at the feet of our merchants, manufacturers and producer trade and riches surpassing the vision of an Oriental dream. The Nicaragua Canal and the Three Americas Railway are two indispensable features in the consideration of the prosperous future of America, and, in fact, of the world. They will concentrate the trade of all nations within the limits of our own country, lift the United States to their predestined position as the commercial and financial center of the world, and make our government the dominating political factor in the diffusion of enlightened freedom among all the peoples of the world.

Third.—We should build and sustain a navy strong enough to amply protect our rights and interests and command the peace of the world, to the end that wars may cease, armies be disbanded, and the universal brotherhood of man and the liberty of the individual become established facts.

END OF THE WAR.

The peace negotiations, initiated by Spain on the 26th of July, as related in the preceding pages, resulted in an agreement between the two governments, and a protocol, embracing the conditions expressed by the President, was signed on the 12th day of August. The official protocol, bearing the signatures of the representatives of the two nations, is couched in the following language:

"His Excellency, M. Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Washington, and Mr. William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, having received, respectively, to that effect plenary powers from the Spanish government and the government of the United States, having established and signed the following articles, which define the terms on which the two governments have agreed with regard to the questions enumerated below, and of which the object is the establishment of peace between the two countries, namely:

"ARTICLE 1. Spain will renounce all claim to all sovereignty over, and all her rights over, the Island of Cuba.

"ARTICLE 2. Spain will cede to the United States the Island of Porto Rico and the other islands which are at present under the sovereignty of Spain in the Antilles, as well as an island in the Ladrone Archipelago, to be chosen by the United States.

"ARTICLE 3. The United States will occupy and retain the city and bay of Manila, and the port of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control and form of government of the Philippines.

"ARTICLE 4. Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico, and the other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles. To this effect each of the two governments will appoint commissioners within ten days after the signing of the protocol; and these commissioners shall meet at Havana within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, with the object of coming to an agreement regarding the carrying out of the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and other adjacent Spanish islands; and each of the two governments shall likewise appoint, within ten days after the signature of this protocol, other commissioners, who shall meet at San Juan de Porto Rico within thirty days after the signature of this protocol, to agree upon the details of the evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles.

"ARTICLE 5. Spain and the United States shall appoint, to treat for peace, five commissioners, at the most, for either country. The commissioners shall meet in Paris on October 1st, at the latest, to proceed to negotiations and to the conclusion of a treaty of peace. This treaty shall be ratified in conformity with the constitutional laws of each of the two countries.

"ARTICLE 6. Once this protocol is concluded and signed, hostilities shall be suspended; and to that effect, in the two countries, orders shall be given by either government, to the commanders of its land and sea forces, as speedily as possible.

"Done in duplicate at Washington, read in French and English by the undersigned, who affix at the foot of the document their signatures and seals, August 12, 1898."

The protocol was signed by Secretary of State Day and M. Cambon, at 4:23 P. M. of August 12th. The same day the President issued a proclamation of peace, as follows:

"By the President of the United States of America—

Gen. Adm. Montgomery

Mr. Moore, Assistant
Secretary of State

Pres. McKim

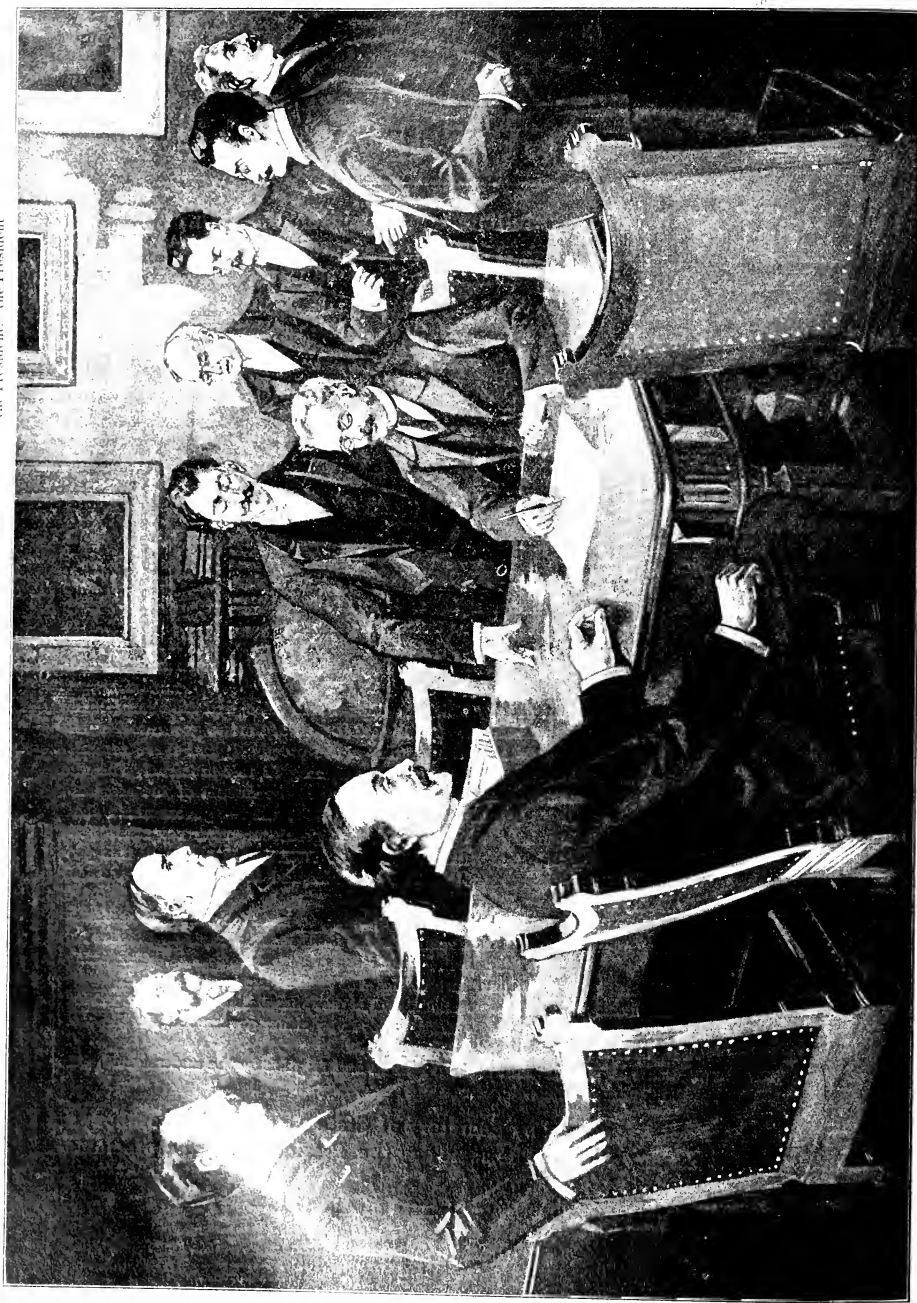
Sec. French Embassy

M. Thiers, Sec.
of State

Mr. Proust,
the President

Mr. Corteyou,
the President

Mr. Charles Lindbergh
Postmaster



SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL. (INTERIOR CABINET ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.)

M. Cambon.

Mr. Day, Secretary of State.

Mr. Cridler,
Third Assistant Secretary of State.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"WHEREAS, By a protocol concluded and signed August 12, 1898, by William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, and his Excellency, Jules Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of France at Washington, respectively representing for this purpose the government of the United States and the government of Spain, the United States and Spain have formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries shall be undertaken; and

"WHEREAS, It is in said protocol agreed that, upon its conclusion and signature, hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and that notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces:

"Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulations of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States the suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given, through the proper channels, to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States, to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this twelfth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-third.

"By the President.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"WILLIAM R. DAY, Secretary of State."

Instructions based upon the President's proclamation were immediately cabled to all our army and navy commanders; and Spain cabled similar notices to her commanders.

The formal declaration of war was adopted by Congress and signed by the President on the 25th day of April, in language as follows:

"A Bill declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain.

"Be it enacted, etc.:

"1. That war be and the same is hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain.

"2. That the President of the United States be and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect."

The first shot was fired April 22d; the peace protocol was signed August 12th; the actual duration of the war was 113 days.

And thus ended the most brilliant, decisive, and important war, in its influence on human liberty and civilization, that has been fought since the struggles for religious freedom during the period of the Reformation.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE WAR.

Every man and officer engaged in the Santiago campaign, both by sea and land, seems to have been a hero, with the single exception of the commanding general, whose physical disabilities rendered him incompetent to

perform the exacting duties of so important a position. Many lives were lost, and many brave men were wounded and made cripples for life, by General Shafter's neglect of the simplest rules of warfare. He was well supplied with as fine an artillery corps as ever landed in a hostile country; but, instead of bringing this forward and using it in the demoralization of the intrenched Spaniards, his cannon, with a few exceptions, were left on board the ships, and the men were thrown with reckless desperation against fortifications which were regarded by trained military engineers as next to impregnable, manned by Spain's veteran soldiers, armed with the most deadly rifles of modern invention. The wonder is that any of our soldiers came out of that frightful storm of Mauser bullets alive. The victory was won, in spite of the commanding general's incapacity, by the marvelous courage and dash of the soldiers in the ranks, and the good management and military foresight of the under-officers.

General Shafter's personal brusqueness and lack of diplomatic acumen came very near embroiling us in serious trouble with the allied Cuban forces; and even at this date no one can say but that we may yet have to fight the patriot army of the island before peace is fully restored. And thus we have another illustration of the trite principle that serious disasters are almost sure to follow the employment of incompetent agents.

The cause of trouble between General Shafter and the Cubans is fully explained in a letter written by General Garcia to the American commander, dated in camp near Santiago, July 20, 1898. The letter is a dignified and manly protest against palpable injustice, and its almost pathetic reference to our own "ragged Continentals" will meet with a hearty response in every patriotic American bosom. The communication reads as follows:

"SIR:—On May 12th the Government of the Republic of Cuba ordered me, as commander of the Cuban army in the east, to co-operate with the American army, following the plans and obeying the orders of its commander. I have done my best, sir, to fulfill the wishes of my government, and I have been until now one of your most faithful subordinates, honoring myself in carrying out your orders and instructions as far as my powers have allowed me to do it.

"The city of Santiago surrendered to the American army, and news of that important event was given to me by persons entirely foreign to your staff. I have not been honored with a single word from yourself informing me about the negotiations for peace, nor the terms of capitulation by the Spaniards. The important ceremony of the surrender of the Spanish army and the taking possession of the city by yourself took place later on, and I only know of both events by public reports.

"I was never honored, sir, with a kind word from you, inviting myself or any officer of my staff to represent the Cuban army on that memorable occasion.

"Finally, I know that you have left in power at Santiago the same Spanish authorities that for three years I have fought as enemies of the independence of Cuba. I beg to state that these authorities have never been elected at Santiago by the residents of the city, but were appointed by royal decrees of the Queen of Spain.

"I would have agreed, sir, that the army under your command should have taken possession of the city, the garrison, and the forts. I would have given my warm co-operation to any measure you might have deemed best, under American military law, to hold the city for your

army and to preserve public order until the time comes to fulfill the solemn pledge of the people of the United States to establish in Cuba a free and independent government; but when the question arises of appointing authorities in Santiago de Cuba, under the peculiar circumstances of our thirty years' strife against the Spanish rule, I cannot see but with the deepest regret that such authorities are not elected by the Cuban people, but are the same ones selected by the Queen of Spain, and hence are ministers to defend against the Cubans the Spanish sovereignty.

"A rumor too absurd to be believed, General, ascribes the reason of your measures, and of the orders forbidding my army to enter Santiago, to fears of massacres and revenges against the Spaniards. Allow me, sir, to protest against even the shadow of such an idea. We are not savages, ignoring the rules of civilized warfare. We are a poor, ragged army—as ragged and as poor as was the army of your forefathers in their noble war for independence—but as did the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown, we respect too deeply our cause to disgrace it with barbarism and cowardice.

"In view of all these reasons, I sincerely regret to be unable to fulfill any longer the orders of my government; and, therefore, I have tendered to-day, to the Commander-in-chief of the Cuban army, Major-General Maximo Gomez, my resignation as commander of this section of our army.

"Awaiting his resolution, I withdraw my forces to the interior.

"Very respectfully yours,

"CALIXTO GARCIA.

That paragraph in the letter referring to the retention of Spaniards in office, is worthy of special thought. When we go about establishing new governments among people who are fighting for their liberties, this country, whose government is founded on the true principle of the sovereignty of the people, cannot afford to recognize or countenance, in any manner whatever, the usurped and upstart authority of kings and queens. No appointee or representative of the Spanish monarchy should be retained in office, in any of the islands or provinces, a single moment longer than it may require to find some honest native or American to take his place. Such office-holders cannot, in the nature of things, be true to the people whom they have been taught to disdain, and in whose oppression they have played a prominent and willing part. General Garcia was eminently correct in his view of this matter.

A few days after the receipt of the letter, General Shafter replied briefly, stating that he had personally invited the Cuban general to be present and participate in the ceremonies of the surrender; but the invitation seems to have been couched in such blunt language, and conveyed in such an indifferent manner, that General Garcia, even if he received it, did not understand or appreciate its import.

The misunderstanding that resulted reached almost the proportions of a national calamity, and might have had immediate and very serious results, except for the wisdom and foresight of General Miles, who, on his arrival at Santiago pursued a course calculated to allay the justly-irritated feelings of the Cubans; and when he organized his Porto Rican expedition he addressed a courteous note to General Garcia, asking him to supply him with fifty experienced scouts for service in that island. The request was complied

with in the most gracious and generous manner. Immediately upon receipt of the note General Garcia made up a list of fifty of his bravest and best scouts, with an order detailing them for service, and sent it to General Miles, accompanied by a letter couched in the most friendly and appreciative style. But, unfortunately, General Miles had sailed for Porto Rico before the letter arrived, and thus the incident ended for the time-being.

General Wheeler, to whom a large part of the credit for the successful



GENERAL GARCIA'S COLOR-BEARER.

termination of the Santiago campaign is due, entertains a high appreciation of the qualities of the Cuban insurgents. During an interview with the President, after his return to the United States, he said that most of the trouble which had been complained of arose from the inability of the Cubans to understand our language. They were willing and anxious to do their best, but did not readily comprehend what was desired of them.

"Few of the Cubans," explained General Wheeler, "can talk English. Communication between them and the Ameri-

can troops is very difficult. It was charged that they refused to work on the roads and to do other things asked by the Americans during the Santiago operations. I think the refusals, to some extent, were due to misapprehensions as to the necessity for the work. I found Cubans who were willing to work after the necessity for it was made clear to them by interpreters. When a situation is explained to them carefully and patiently, they become satisfied and appreciative. If properly handled, the Cubans, in my opinion, will obey orders. Speaking a different tongue, and having different ideas

and sentiments, it is easy for the Cubans to misunderstand and to become offended."

In a subsequent interview with the Secretary of War, General Wheeler again defended the Cubans, speaking of their privations and sufferings, their different language and customs, and their entire ignorance of the intentions of the United States. All that is necessary, in his opinion, is a better understanding to bring about better relations. He is full of confidence that, when freed from the Spanish presence entirely, the Cubans will become law-abiding and useful citizens, either of their own republic or as loyal members of the greater republic of the north.

General Wheeler, no doubt, took the correct view of the matter, and it is probable that no dissatisfaction would have arisen on the part of General Garcia and other prominent Cubans except for the brusque and undiplomatic conduct of General Shafter. Let us apply the situation to ourselves. Suppose, on the occasion of the surrender at Yorktown, Lafayette and the French commanders had said to Washington and his army: "You Americans are so ignorant and prejudiced that we consider it dangerous to permit you to participate in the ceremonies of the surrender. We, therefore, representatives of a strong and enlightened nation, will take charge of the whole thing, and you may remain in camp, on the outside. We will also organize a government for you, and run it until we think you are capable of governing yourselves."

Such a notice from the French at that time would have been on an exact parallel with General Shafter's course at Santiago; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive what the result would have been.

At Yorktown there were about 9000 Americans engaged and 5000 French. The latter were superbly armed, equipped, and drilled. Every one knows what a sorry spectacle the Americans presented. The Continentals, of whom there were perhaps 5000, were picturesque in their gaunt raggedness. The rest of our force was made up of rag-tag militia, dressed in every conceivable costume, armed with ancient squirrel rifles, and almost wholly destitute of military training and discipline. The contrast between these men and the French troops was fully as great as the difference which characterized the Americans and Cubans in the Santiago campaign, and it could not have failed to excite the amusement and derision of the French.

But history indicates that they made no invidious remarks; and we know that they did not threaten to establish a government for us.

Admiral Sampson formed a very high opinion of the Cubans. In the course of an interview published since the close of the war he spoke of General Garcia as a "grand old man," and expressed the following sentiments regarding the men who fought under him:

"I was very favorably impressed with the Cubans. Of course, I was not ashore as much as the officers of the army, but I saw a great deal of the Cubans and their commander, General Garcia. They were not well clothed and, naturally, made a very poor showing at first glance; but that could not be helped, considering the hardships of the long fight which they had waged against Spain.

"General Garcia is a grand old man, and I learned to admire him during my short stay before Santiago. I think it very natural that he should withdraw his men when it seems that he was not invited to witness the surrender of Santiago. He had waged a war in that country for several years and had even been captured once, and it was not out of the ordinary for him to set his heart upon seeing the fall of Santiago.

"It has been asserted that he was invited by General Shafter. As to that I don't know. He said himself that he was not; and under the circumstances it was appropriate that he should be invited. When he withdrew his men his reason was probably sufficient and good.

"I think the Cubans will be able to govern themselves—that is, judging from what I saw of them. Garcia seems to appreciate the purposes and aims of the Americans; and the men of his army were disposed to do the right thing, too."

It will be remembered, in this connection, that General Shafter also neglected to invite Admiral Sampson to participate in the ceremonies of the surrender, and the incident caused much ill-feeling on the part of the Admiral's friends.

THE PORTO RICAN EXPEDITION.

In organizing his expedition against Porto Rico, General Miles decided to avoid the mistakes that had marked and marred the Santiago campaign. He accordingly made the artillery a prominent feature of his army of invasion, to be used in shelling the works and disorganizing the Spanish lines before hazarding the lives of his soldiers in useless and bloody charges of infantry upon fortified positions. The brilliant success of his campaign, consummated almost without loss, proved the wisdom of his arrangements and the superior qualities of his generalship. The expedition departed in three sections, the principal force, under the immediate command of General Miles himself, sailing from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on the evening of July 21st. Another section sailed from Tampa a day or two earlier, while the third one, under General James H. Wilson, left Charleston, South Carolina, during the night of the 21st. There were about 12,000 men in these three sections, and General Brooke sailed from Newport News a few days later with re-enforcements that brought the whole number of the American army up to about 15,000 men. The celerity of these movements, and the profound secrecy with which their destinations were guarded, so bewildered the enemy, as well as our own people, that no one except the commanders themselves had the slightest idea where either of the expeditions would land. The whole affair was so brilliantly planned and executed that it must take rank among the very greatest of military movements in the history of the world, and it places the name of General Miles high up in the roll of fame among the most celebrated strategists of ancient and modern times.

On the 25th of July, four days after sailing, General Miles landed 4000 men at Port Guanica, on the south coast of Porto Rico, a short distance west of Ponce. The latter is the principal city on the island, having a population of nearly 40,000, while San Juan, the capital, has a population of a little over 23,000. The same day another section of the invading army made a feint at landing near Bahía Honda, on the east coast, but subsequently landed at Fajardo, on the extreme northeastern point of the island. These landings were rapidly followed by others in the west, south and southeast, until the whole island seemed to swarm with the blue-coated Americans, while grim warships gathered in frowning numbers before San Juan, Arecibo, and Fajardo. Never in the history of our country were the power and vast resources of our government displayed in a more imposing manner than in this masterly invasion of Porto Rico.

Most of the landings were made without serious opposition; but at Guanica there was quite a spirited little fight, in which seven Americans were wounded, none of them seriously. The warships *Massachusetts*, *Columbia* and *Gloucester* protected the landing, and the latter took a prominent part in the fight. Early in the morning of the 25th the *Gloucester*, in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, steamed into Guanica harbor in order to reconnoiter the place. With the fleet waiting outside, the gallant little fighting yacht braved the mines which were supposed to be in the harbor, and found that there were five fathoms of water close inshore.

Guanica Bay is a quiet place, surrounded by cultivated lands. In the rear are high mountains, and close to the beach nestles a village of about twenty houses.

The Spaniards, who numbered about 2000, were taken completely by surprise. Almost the first they knew of the approach of the army of invasion was in the announcement contained in the firing of a gun from the *Gloucester*, demanding that the Spaniards haul down their flag, which was floating from a flagstaff in front of a block-house standing to the east of the village. The first couple of three-pounders were fired into the hills right and left of the bay, purposely avoiding the town lest the projectiles hurt women and children. The *Gloucester* then hove to within about six hundred yards of the shore and lowered a launch, having on board a Colt rapid-fire gun and thirty men, under the command of Lieutenant Huse, which was sent ashore without encountering opposition. Quartermaster Beck thereupon told Yeoman Lacy to haul down the Spanish flag, which was done, and they then raised on the flagstaff the first United States flag to float over Porto Rican soil.

Suddenly about thirty Spaniards opened fire with Mauser rifles on the American party. Lieutenant Huse and his men responded with great gallantry, the Colt gun doing effective work. Normen, who received Cervera's surrender, and Wood, volunteer lieutenant, shared the honors with Lieuten-

ant Huse. Almost immediately after the Spaniards fired on the Americans the *Gloucester* opened fire on the enemy with all her three and six-pounders which could be brought to bear, shelling the town and also dropping shells into the hills to the west of Guanica, where a number of Spanish cavalry were to be seen hastening toward the spot where the Americans had landed.

Presently a few of the Spanish cavalry joined those who were fighting in the street of Guanica, but the Colt barked to a purpose, killing four of them. By that time the *Gloucester* had the range of the town and of the block-house, and all her guns were spitting fire, the doctor and paymaster helping to serve the guns. Soon afterward white-coated, galloping cavalymen were seen climbing the hills to the westward, and the foot soldiers were scurrying along the fences from the town. By 9:45 o'clock, with the exception of a few guerillas, the place was won and the enemy driven out of the neighborhood. The Red Cross nurses on the *Lampasas* and a detachment of regulars were the first to land from the transports.

On the evening of the 26th the town at the Port of Ponce, which is separate from the city proper, surrendered to Commander Davis of the *Dixie* without firing a gun. General Miles arrived at the Port from Guanica at daybreak on the morning of the 27th, with General Ernst's brigade and General Wilson's division on transports. The Commander-in-Chief, with the headquarters flag, was received on landing by the entire population. It was one of the most remarkable scenes of the war. The piers and balconies, the roofs of the houses and the streets were alive with Porto Ricans, representing every class of society, who cheered General Miles and the flag for half an hour. Greater enthusiasm for the American soldiers was never seen, even at home. The people seemed immeasurably superior to the Cubans. They had the appearance of being prosperous and intelligent. There was apparently not a single Spanish sympathizer in the town.

Every American soldier and sailor was given the freedom of the town, and as the flags were raised on different official buildings the people gathered in the streets below and cheered the United States and the American soldiers.

The town of Ponce is clean and well-built, and bears every sign of prosperity. The country beyond is rich in pasture lands, and as beautiful as any part of Cuba, the climate being far superior.

So far two ports had been taken without the loss of a single man. The beauty of the country and the spirit and intelligence of the inhabitants promised to make this campaign one of invaluable benefit to the American people.

During the previous day Major Hawes and Captain Anderson left Guanica and reconnoitered Yacuo, from which point a railroad runs to Ponce. The officers were recognized by their uniforms and conducted in a triumphal procession into the town. The inhabitants begged them to raise the flag at

once and to occupy the place with the American troops, which was done the following day.

At Ponce the scene was like a gala day. A majority of the residents remained in the city to welcome the Americans.

Ferdinand Toro, the British Consul, acting in behalf of the Spaniards, placed the town and port in possession of Major-General Miles, with whom at the time of surrender was General Wilson. The ceremony was unique. General Miles and General Wilson, by a prearranged plan, had been driven from the American headquarters at Port Ponce to Casa del Rey, in the city proper, where Consul Toro and Ulpiano Colon, the Mayor, awaited them. The Bombero, or city fire brigade, was drawn up in la Llac de Delicia, opposite Casa del Rey, and as General Miles and General Wilson left their carriages the fire brigade band played American marches. A guard in front of the building forced a way for the American generals, and through the cheering crowd they walked into the building, where they were presented to Consul Toro and Mayor Colon. Consul Toro said to General Miles that the citizens of Ponce were anxious to know if the same municipal officers and system as had been in vogue would be continued temporarily. He was assured that municipal affairs would not be disturbed for the time being, and that the same local officials would serve. But it was explained that they would be, nevertheless, responsible to General Wilson as Military Governor, who would keep the city under a form of martial law, but a form oppressive to none. General Miles and General Wilson then stepped out on the balcony to view the square. The crowd cheered wildly and the two American generals hastily withdrew. They received an ovation as they made their way to headquarters.

In the morning, when the ships appeared in the harbor, their anchors had scarcely touched the bottom when the vessels were surrounded by boats filled with citizens, shouting "*Vive Americanos!*" The flags of all nations except Spain floated from the houses in the city as a protection against destruction. On single houses were the flags of no less than six nations. Those citizens who had fled began to return from the hills and woods in the evening. They brought their treasures back to the banks and stores from which they had taken them, for fear they would be lost. The stores were opened again in the evening.

All political prisoners were released by our soldiers. One of these, a patriot named Redolf Figeroa, was saved in the nick of time from being shot by the Spaniards. He was charged with having cut the telegraph wire between Ponce and San Juan the previous night. It was his plan to prevent the authorities in Ponce from sending to San Juan for re-enforcements. He had been led from his cell to be executed, but when our ships entered the harbor the Spaniards fled and Figeroa escaped. This man, in the exuberance of his joy over his rescue from death and his sudden introduction to the

blessings of American freedom, proceeded to the Town Hall, where he unslung the portraits of the Queen Regent and her son, with a crown that overtopped them, and shouting, "*There go the remnants of Spanish domination!*" was about to throw the baubles over the balcony when he was intercepted by a good-natured American officer, who requested the irate Porto Rican to give him the pictures and crown as historical mementoes of the occasion. The request was immediately granted, and henceforth these relics of Spanish decadence will ornament the modest parlor of an American home.

Some men who had been political prisoners for years were released, whereupon they besieged the American camp for food. They said they had been starving for days, and they wept with joy at the kind treatment accorded to them. The cafes at night were filled with Spaniards drinking to the health of Americans. Our men were welcomed into the very best homes of the citizens as honored guests.

Immediately on taking possession of the city, General Miles issued the following proclamation, which was printed in English and Spanish and distributed by thousands. It was received by the people with the most extravagant expressions of joy:

"In the prosecution of the war against the Kingdom of Spain by the people of the United States, in the cause of liberty, justice and humanity, its military forces have come to occupy the Island of Porto Rico. They come bearing the banners of freedom, inspired by a noble purpose, to seek the enemies of our government and of yours, and to destroy or capture all in armed resistance.

"They bring you the fostering arms of a free people, whose greatest power is justice and humanity to all living within their fold. Hence they release you from your former political relations, and it is hoped this will be followed by your cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States.

"The chief aim of the American military forces will be to overthrow the authority of Spain and give the people of your beautiful island the largest measure of liberty consistent with this military occupation. They have not come to make war on the people of the country who for centuries have been oppressed, but, on the contrary, they bring protection, not only to yourselves, but to your property; promote your prosperity, and bestow the immunities and blessings of our enlightened and liberal institutions and government.

"It is not their purpose to interfere with the existing laws and customs which are wholesome and beneficial to the people, so long as they conform to the rules of the military administration, order and justice. This is not a war of devastation and desolation, but one to give all within the control of the military and naval forces the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization."

There was a glory of American colors wherever the army went. The Alcalde of Yuaco issued a congratulatory proclamation, in which he said: "The sun of America shines upon our mountains and valleys this glorious day of July, 1898," and designated our national emblem as "*the flag of the stars.*" This is a happy simile which our people should never forget. THE FLAG OF THE STARS! May we not hope that the expressive sentence will inspire some one of our poets to give us a song on this theme that will be worthy to stand forever as a national anthem by the side of "The Star-Spangled Banner?"

The Alcalde concluded his proclamation in the following exalted strain of patriotic fervor:

"Porto Ricans, we are, by the miraculous intervention of the God of the just, given back to the bosom of our mother, America, in whose waters nature has placed us as people of America. To her we are given back in the name of her government by General Miles, and we must send our most expressive salutation of generous affection through our conduct toward the valiant troops represented by distinguished officers and commanded by the illustrious General Miles.

"Citizens, long live the government of the United States of America!

"Hail to their valiant troops!

"Hail, Porto Rico, always American!"

There can be no doubt about the sincerity of the devotion of these people, until now so grievously oppressed by Spanish tyranny, and all Americans who go to Porto Rico may depend upon receiving a royal welcome. In this connection a correspondent with the army says:

"The manner in which the Porto Ricans welcomed the army with bananas, cocoanuts, bouquets, and cigars seems amusing; but it is evident to us that the offerings were sincere tributes and not indicative of a fickle temperament among the people. When one realizes the fact that they have been obliged to pay a tax of eight dollars on a barrel of flour, making the price thirty-five Porto Rican dollars, or seventeen dollars in United States currency, it is not hard to believe that they are glad to be relieved from Spanish oppression. Two or three mayors of the towns, in signing papers of allegiance, voluntarily added 'U. S. A.' to the name of the town and of the island, and they seemed proud of it."

Another correspondent, writing from Ponce a week after the landing of our soldiers, says:

"Ponce is learning the English language. Ponce is mastering the mysteries of American money. Ponce is inquiring into the methods of American politics. Ponce is preparing to abandon the church schools and adopt our system of education. Papeta, the chambermaid in the Hotel Francais, has already been taught to say, '*Vive l'Americano!*'"

"Papeta's brother was shot by the Spaniards a few years ago.

"'El Capitan,' the head waiter at the Hotel Inglaterra, has already mastered one hundred words of English, and his fortune is made. Passing down the street just now I heard a Porto Rican mother crooning her naked babe to sleep to the tune of 'Marching Through Georgia.' The Porto Ricans think that 'Marching Through Georgia' is a national anthem."

On Wednesday, Ponce was Spanish—on Saturday, it was American in fact and spirit, with the glorious "flag of the stars" floating everywhere. Many of these flags were crudely improvised, and will serve as curious relics

of our coming to Porto Rico. The people knew our colors, but they did not always know their correct position; and this ignorance of the proper arrangement of the colors led to the production of many amusing imitations of "Old Glory." The demand for flags was so great and so imperative that General Miles telegraphed to Washington for a supply, and several bales were immediately shipped to him by the government.

The transformation wrought by the coming of the Americans was one of the most remarkable events recorded in history. Merchant ships of different nations, yachts, tugs, and lighters indicated a busy harbor. On shore, warehouses that were closed on Thursday, were open on Saturday, receiving and delivering goods. The blue-coated soldiers who passed in front of them were, many of them, unarmed, having discarded even revolvers and cartridge-belts. Twenty-one thousand dollars was collected the first day in payment of customs duties. At the hour when the families of most of the soldiers were breakfasting at home, American officers were being conducted about the city, to which they had come in the guise of enemies, by native residents, who could not show them courtesies enough. It was a coincidence not to escape notice that this first excursion of the Americans, for excursion it amounted to, brought up at the Palace of Justice. Thither their native entertainers led the American officers, after having shown them the roads over which the fleeing Spaniards had gone and some of the chief points of interest in the city. In the middle of the morning navy officers, in immaculate uniforms, drove unarmed around the town, and non-combatants of the invading expedition dickered in security with men whose language they could not speak, to convey them in half-closed traps over an unknown road several miles into a city, which the enemy had, indeed, surrendered, but where, considering that enemy's character, treachery was to be feared if not expected. Considerable stretches of the way and many streets of the city were without American patrol, and Spaniards, even Spanish officers in civilian dress, were pointed out by friendly natives riding down toward the Playa to see what the new-comers were like, and what they were about.

The firemen and policemen all day saluted Americans wherever met, and at the chief public square, Bombas Parque—Park of the Bomberos—stray Americans who found themselves the center of an agitated, voluble crowd were likely to see close at the edge of the crowd watchful policemen, who certainly had every appearance of being sincerely, if needlessly, concerned in behalf of the welfare of the Americans. The American troops, though only a few in number, were posted where they seemed most needful about the town, and had pushed out along the road after the Spanish army some two or three miles beyond the town. Yet how few these were may be inferred from the frequent questions of the natives as to where the American army was. They expected to see soldiers everywhere, as in the days of Spanish occupation.

The natives all seemed anxious to play some part in the new order of things. They had special views, also, which they were anxious our soldiers should present to the United States. The world had suddenly taken on new and brighter colors for these patriotic citizens in dark skins and paucity of clothing. Many of them were desirous of holding office under the new government, and they evinced a laudable eagerness to be made acquainted with the mysteries of our public school system. They even cheered the Americans in the presence of the Spanish troops. Let us hope that these simple minded and trusting children of the sun may never have cause to think less of the American people than they do at the present time. The priests were, evidently, the only unhappy persons among them all. These cowed and hooded representatives of a gloomy past made early demands at the custom house for their July salaries, and were grievously disappointed on being informed that in America the government does not pay the priest. Apparently they could not understand how religion, like everything else, could be free. But they will come around to it in due course of time, and then a great light will shine in upon the minds of those fifteenth century Spanish priests.

If Spain will separate her church from the state, dispense with kindergarten kings, establish a free school system and educate her people, she may and will have a future; but if she perseveres in her present course she will soon be so utterly undone that nothing can save her.

Her taxes, aside from all church tithes, are more than the most prosperous people can endure. In Porto Rico, previous to the American conquest, there was a tax on every ship that came in and every one that went out. There was a heavy tariff on all articles of import, and a special tax on all articles not enumerated in the tariff. Then an additional tax of ten per cent. of the bill was added. Each hackman plying between the port and the town of Ponce had to pay a tax of eight dollars a month. No person could write a letter to an official without first going to the collector's and purchasing a certain kind of official paper, for which he was required to pay from fifty cents to one dollar a sheet, the price being regulated by the rank of the official to be addressed.

These are examples of the methods and crushing weight of Spanish taxation, and they afford abundant reasons for the joy of the people over the salvation that has come through the Americans.

General James H. Wilson was appointed military governor of Ponce, and one of the first persons to call upon him was the editor of the only daily paper published there. He was accompanied by an interpreter, and as soon as he could get an audience he asked, through the interpreter, whether his presses and type were to be confiscated.

"Of course not," answered General Wilson, bluffly.

"Shall we be allowed to continue the publication of our paper?"

"Certainly," said General Wilson. "We in America believe in newspapers, and the more there are printed the better we like it."

This seemed to gratify the proprietor of the newspaper very much, but he was evidently still uneasy in his mind.

"What do you wish us to say about the coming of the Americans?" he asked; "or would you prefer that we say nothing at all about it? Shall you have a member of your staff to tell us just what we shall say about your coming?"

"No!" the General answered testily. "I shall not have any one to tell you what to say. You can tell the story of our coming, and tell it in any way that you like, so long as you tell the truth. I don't care how you tell it, only don't say anything which will tend to stir up the people to committing disorders or to hostility to the United States."

"Very good. We will follow your directions, and you have my thanks. We will have a proof of the paper here for you at"—

"Damn it!" shouted the General. "I don't want to see your proofs. Go ahead and tell the story just as it is. We don't censor our newspapers, and we believe in a free press."

The editor was greatly pleased over the result of his interview. He immediately changed the name of his paper to *La Nueva Era* (*The New Era*), and he has ever since enjoyed himself to the fullest limit in the great American privilege of saying "just what he pleases." How those people do appreciate their freedom!

When the United States ship *Amphitrite* captured the light-house at Cape San Juan, some curious things occurred. The residents of the towns came flocking to the beach, trembling, babbling, chattering like parrots, but through it all mastered by curiosity. They had no American flags, but they knew that the colors of the Americans are red, white and blue, and many and curious were the tri-colored banners which they bore. Cringing and pleading, they raised their hands in strange gestures, crying:

"*Vive los Americanos, somos amigos, muera Espanola*," avowing their friendship and wishing death to the Spaniards.

That night a detail of men in charge of Ensign McVey occupied the light-house and lighted the beacon for the first time in several weeks. They found it a model structure, all polished marble and onyx inside, cozily filled with quaint old furniture. On one of the walls Ensign McVey discovered a telephone, with the direction in Spanish: "Government line to San Juan."

In the central office in the city of San Juan a sleepy, slouchy Spanish soldier dozed over the switch-board. There was little left for him to do.

Suddenly the bell above his head rang out loudly, and he glanced dreamingly at the indicator.

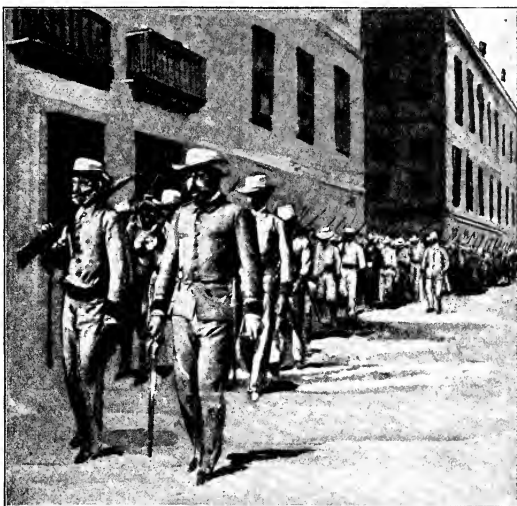
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "the old light-keeper at San Juan Cape. What can he want?"

Placing the transmitter to his ear he was greeted by the harsh tones of an Anglo-Saxon voice. "*Sacre le diable!*" he exclaimed, dropping the transmitter and rushing out of the office, yelling like a lunatic, "The devil is at the other end of the line."

From Ponce and other places hundreds of Spanish soldiers fled to the hills on the approach of the Americans, fearing that if captured they would meet with the worst torture conceivable. They soon learned their mistake, and then they came flocking in to surrender and give up their arms, bringing many of their comrades with them. In this way the Spanish army lost more men than it did in battle or by direct capture; and if the war had not ended suddenly when it did, the Spanish commander would soon have been a general without an army. Swarms of regulars and guerrillas surrendered themselves every day and joined the shouting crowd in crying "*Vive Americano!*"

The rapid rise in the value of property and real estate was one of the most marked features of the American occupation.

An instance is given of a Spaniard who owned an estate near Ponce, which originally cost him \$30,000. Before the Americans came he had offered to sell it for \$3,000, and found no purchasers. Three days after the landing of the Americans he was offered \$15,000, and declined to sell.



SPANISH SOLDIERS COMING IN TO SURRENDER.

BATTLES OF PORTO RICO.

The Americans met with very little opposition in their occupation of Porto Rico. The friendship of the natives, who constitute nearly the whole population, was so pronounced and enthusiastic that the march of our soldiers seemed more like a triumphal procession than the advance of an invading

army. The only hostile demonstrations came from the Spanish soldiers, and were always accompanied by disastrous results for themselves. Detachments had been stationed at various points on the island, in anticipation of our coming, and as the different sections of the American army landed and began to close in toward a common center near the town of Aibonito, on the military road from Ponce to San Juan, it was like the closing of the iron jaws of an immense trap. The Spaniards were driven rapidly from all directions before our advancing columns toward this central place, where they would have been crushed at a single blow by the terrific power of our combined forces, except for the coming of peace just as the blow was about to fall. It was a beautifully planned and splendidly executed campaign. From Ponce, Guanica and Mayaguez in the southwest and west; from Arecibo on the north; from Fajardo in the east; and from Guyamo in the southeast, columns of blue-coated infantry and batteries of modern cannon hurried forward in the direction of the common center near Aibonito.

On the 8th of August the principal battle of the campaign was fought at the city of Coamo. The Americans assaulted the place a few minutes before eight o'clock in the morning, and at 8:30 the flag of the stars was floating over the public buildings, and the victory was complete. The place was carried with a rush and a hurrah, by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and the Second and Third Wisconsin Volunteers. In this battle the Spaniards had twenty killed, and two hundred were captured. The rest fled in dismay toward Aibonito. The Americans had none killed and seven wounded; all of the latter belonging to the Pennsylvania regiment.

General Wilson commanded in this battle of Coamo, and, although it was a small affair, it showed the genius of a soldier in its planning and execution. During the night a flank movement was made by the Pennsylvania regiment, over a mountain road, to the right of the Spanish position. Porto Rican guides led the way over the paths, so rough and narrow that the men could move only in single file. It was toilsome progress. Absolute silence was enjoined; no smoking was permitted, lest the fitful flash of a match should betray the movement to the watchful Spanish outposts on the hills.

for hours the men pressed onward. The officers were compelled to walk and lead their horses. Creeks and rivulets were waded, lofty hills were climbed or skirted, yawning ravines were crossed. The men dripped with perspiration, although the night air was chilling.

The object was to reach the military road in the rear of Coamo by dawn, but the sun discovered them with several miles still to go. Fear of being too late acted as a spur to the men, and the thin column moved faster in the growing light.

Meanwhile, at early dawn, the main force, which had been left in camp,

moved out and commenced shelling the enemy's position. Coamo is a pretty hamlet, with red-tiled roofs whose bright colors form a picturesque contrast to the dark-green foliage of the tropical trees among which it nestles. The object of the attack was to drive the enemy out of the town and into the net prepared for them by the Pennsylvanians. The first shot from the American battery fell short of the block-house off to the right. The second shell threw up a cloud of dust directly in front of the block-house. This established the range, and the battery began to fire rapidly, alternating impact shell with shrapnel.

For a few minutes the Spanish returned the fire with Mausers; but as shell after shell crashed through the block-house, they abandoned it and fell back toward Coamo. Soon flames leaped upward from the roof, and an hour later the fort was only a smouldering ruin.

Presently, from beyond the town, came the rattle of musketry. Soon the sound swelled into a steady roar, which the mountains echoed again and again; and General Wilson knew that the Pennsylvanians were at work. Then the bugles rang out the charge, and the Wisconsin boys rushed forward through barbed-wire fences and across the deep bed of the Coamo River. The heavy firing on the other side of the village indicated warm work for the Pennsylvanians, and served as an incentive to the Wisconsin men. At this juncture a small party of mounted newspaper correspondents spurred their horses ahead of the troops, and rode rapidly into the town. It was a mad dash into unknown dangers. The road for some distance was crowded with the hurrying infantrymen of the Wisconsin regiments, several of whom were overturned by the horses. Captain Breckinridge, of the commissary department, who should have been miles in the rear attending to the rations and camp equipage, joined the newspaper light brigade, as did Captain Paget, of the British army.

At the entrance to the town trenches had been dug across the road, and the streets were filled with trenches and barricades. These were taken in true fox-hunting style, although Richard Harding Davis' horse, not being quite up to his weight, came near giving him a cropper into a deep ditch.

Through the town this nondescript, irregular crowd raced, shouting and hurrahing under the inspiration of their reckless feat. The shops were closed and the streets were deserted, except by a few scared natives, who shouted, "*¡Vive Americanos!*" in trembling tones of fear. Some frantically waved improvised flags, evidently under the impression that they were in danger of immediate execution. When the newspaper squad halted after having ridden entirely through the town, men, nervous and trembling in their panic, came with beer and wine as peace offerings, and humbly presented them to these gallant knights of the pencil.

The enemy had evacuated the town and rushed into the net prepared

for them by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania. A hot fight ensued, for the Spaniards had been notified by their Captain-General that those who surrendered or ran away without fighting would be court-martialed and probably shot. This inspired them with a desperate courage, and twenty or more were killed in the combat with the Pennsylvania regiment. A few who were in advance escaped, but the main body was captured.

When the newspaper squad approached the scene of the battle they saw, lying in the road, the bodies of Major Don Rafael Martinez, commander of the garrison, and three of his principal officers. They had been carried there by the Spanish Red Cross Corps, which worked arduously to discover and relieve the wounded. Standing along the road, looking disconsolately at the bodies of their officers, were about two hundred Spanish soldiers, guarded by two companies of Colonel Hulings' Pennsylvania regiment. The *Camenra*, or toll-house, was pressed into service as a temporary hospital, and there both American and Spanish wounded were carried, the hospital corps of both forces working together.

The brave Spanish officer, Major Martinez, proved himself to be one of the heroes of this war, remarkable for the extraordinary number of heroes that it developed. He was still in the prime of youth and health, was blessed with a beautiful and loving wife and several children, to whom he was passionately devoted. His family belongs to the Spanish aristocracy, and is highly influential at the kindergarten court; so that this dashing officer had a future bright with the promise of official advancement and domestic happiness. He knew that his command was about to be attacked by an overwhelming force of Americans who did not understand the meaning of defeat, and that he would be fully justified in beating a hasty retreat and saving himself and his men. But he chose to offer his life a sacrifice to what he regarded as duty.

In the early morning he embraced and kissed his young wife and children, and sent them forward to San Juan and safety; then he mounted his horse and placed himself at the head of his men. Two of his officers, Captains Lopez and Escante, imitated his example and shared in the glory of his death.

It is not indulging in heroics to say that Martinez committed military suicide. He rode in advance of his slender column until he sighted Hulings' men, who were immediately apprised of the enemy's presence by a volley. Soon bullets were flying like hail. Martinez, mounted on a gray horse, rode up and down in front of his troops, uttering encouraging words. He courted death, and exposed himself with a reckless daring that won the admiration of his chivalrous enemies. But his gray horse and full uniform were marks that could not well be missed in a fire so furious as that which came from the American rifles. Our men would have spared him if they could. Soon the

handsome officer reeled in his saddle, his sword fell from his nerveless grasp, and as his stricken horse came down to his knees the Spanish officer slid slowly to the ground, lifeless and rigid. Five rifle balls had passed through his body, three of which penetrated vital parts. The gray horse was shot in four places. Reverently the Pennsylvanians covered the body of their gallant enemy, whom they subsequently buried with military honors.

A pretty incident marked the entrance of the Third Wisconsin into Coamo. As the regiment marched it filled the road completely. Just at the edge of the town it met a child's funeral. All the dangerous excitement of the hour had not delayed this necessary ministration to the dead.

The tiny white pine coffin, evidently of home construction, was borne upon the head of the aged grandfather, a custom common in Porto Rico. The lid had been removed, and the dead baby's face peeped at the sun through a mass of wild flowers. Behind followed a dozen mourners.

The column separated and passed on both sides of the primitive cortege, which moved slowly on, apparently unaffected by its jarring environment. Not a few heads were bared as the men moved rapidly by the tiny white coffin.

This affecting incident, and the kind-hearted courtesy of our men, had much to do in establishing friendly intercourse between them and the inhabitants of Coamo.

Already the children had resumed their games of marbles and swimming in the river, and another town had passed from under the yoke of Spain into the freedom of American liberty.

On August 10th the command under General Schwan encountered a force of 1200 Spaniards in the hills bordering the road to Mayaguez, near the town of Hormigueros. A sharp conflict occurred, in which two of our men were killed and fourteen wounded. Lieutenant Byron, of the Eighth Cavalry, acting aid-de-camp to General Schwan, was wounded in the foot. The Spaniards fled into the woods, leaving a number of their dead and wounded on the field.

Two days after the capture of Coamo, General Wilson moved his force out five miles beyond that place, on the road to Aibonito, with the intention of shelling the Spanish position on the crest of a mountain, and opening the way for a general advance. This work was assigned to the Lancaster Battery of Pennsylvania. As the battery rounded a curve in the road the Spaniards opened on our men with artillery and infantry. Four companies of the Third Wisconsin were posted on a bluff to the right of the road, and the men were anxious to return the fire and charge the enemy's position; but the officers restrained them, knowing the extreme risk of such an undertaking. The guns of the Lancaster battery advanced at a gallop in the face of a terrific fire, unlimbered, and were soon dropping shell and shrapnel into the

enemy at a lively rate, striking the emplacements, batteries, and entrenchments with the rhythmic regularity of a trip hammer.

The Spaniards had two guns in the action. One of these was quickly silenced, but the other kept up an irregular fire for more than an hour, during which one of our men was killed and Captain Lee and four privates were wounded. The Spaniards finally abandoned their other gun and fled from their entrenchments to a banana grove in a gorge, a short distance to their



GROUP OF AMERICAN CAVALRYMEN.

rear; but immediately afterward strong re-enforcements of infantry filed into their abandoned trenches, and poured such a destructive storm of Mauser bullets into our ranks that the battery, having exhausted its ammunition, was compelled to retire at a gallop. During this movement Lieutenant Haines was shot in the body with a Mauser bullet, receiving a serious but not fatal wound.

At this juncture the President's peace proclamation was received at headquarters, and General Wilson sent Colonel Bliss, of his staff, forward under

flag of truce to make the announcement to the enemy and demand their surrender. This ended the fighting.

The most dramatic incident in connection with the announcement of peace occurred near Guyama, where the men under General Brooke were commencing a forward movement that promised a severe fight and a brilliant victory. The Spaniards were massed in strong defenses immediately in front of our lines. Light Battery B, of Pennsylvania, had been ordered into position to begin the engagement. The guns of the first section were brought up and unlimbered, and a shell had been placed in the chamber of one of the guns. The order to fire, which had just been given, was superseded by a shout from the rear. Two men on horseback dashed into view, frantically waving their arms. The men at the guns waited. The horsemen were Signal Lieutenant McLaughlin and an orderly. They had ridden hard from the end of the military wire that was built in the field to General Brooke's headquarters.

"Cease action!" shouted the Lieutenant. Then, to the wondering artillerymen, he explained that the war was over. A message had been received from General Miles by General Brooke, he said, directing that all hostile military operations should cease. The peace protocol had been signed by representatives of both governments.

The Pennsylvanians, officers and men, howled with disgust, and when the Lieutenant delivered General Brooke's order that they should return to the camp at Guayama, they sullenly wheeled the guns about and went grumblingly to the rear.

The sudden announcement of peace had prevented another brilliant victory from being added to the long list already won by the Americans.

CAPTURE OF MANILA, AND OTHER EVENTS.

The threat and undoubted purpose of our government to send a squadron to Spain, to bombard certain coast towns and destroy Admiral Camara's fleet, embracing the last warships possessed by that unfortunate country, no doubt exerted a strong influence in bringing about a peace settlement. The Spanish people had learned that they were no match for the United States, and the Madrid government dreaded the appearance of our flag on the coasts of Spain. It therefore became unnecessary to send a fleet to European waters, and that expedition was abandoned.

In the far East, at Manila, the superb Dewey had held the fate of the city in his iron grasp from the date of his unparalleled victory on the first of May, until the arrival of the army under command of General Merritt. During this interval the American Admiral had proved himself to be as shrewd a diplomat as he was a brilliant fighter. Under his directions the

Philippine insurgents kept up a continuous fight with the Spaniards, constantly weakening them in numbers and fighting capacity, and forcing them to draw in their outposts and concentrate their remaining strength at Manila—the trap where they were eventually caught and crushed between the iron jaws of the American army and navy. Admiral Dewey also laid a strong hand on the bumptious Germans, who manifested all too plainly their friendship for the Spaniards; and gave them to understand that it would be a dangerous business for them to get between his guns and the enemy. By his wise firmness and prompt action he doubtless prevented serious trouble between our government and the nation across the water that so singularly permits itself to be ruled by a mustached upstart calling himself a war lord and Emperor.

Immediately after the arrival of the first section of the Manila expedition, landings were made and movements inaugurated looking to the environment and capture of the city. The first battle between the Spanish and the Americans occurred just north of Malate, during the night of July 31st, in the midst of a roaring typhoon and a downpour of rain that almost deluged our men in the trenches where they fought.

On the morning of July 29th the American troops moved forward and occupied an old insurgent trench, from which the Filipinos were withdrawn at the request of General Greene. The First Colorado Regiment and four guns of the Utah battery occupied the trench, which was later found to be untenable. The Americans then advanced one hundred yards, and threw up a line of breastworks two hundred and fifty yards long, extending from the Manila road to the beach. An old Capuchin chapel was in the center of the line. Two guns from each battery were posted on each side of the chapel, which is on a high bank raised about seven hundred and fifty yards from the Spanish breastworks in front of Malate. The Americans were not disturbed by the Spaniards while building their breastworks. There was, however, some desultory firing, which was without result.

The First Nebraska Regiment relieved the First Colorado on July 30th, and the work on the trench continued that day and night without interruption. There was some firing at the Nebraskans, but no damage was done.

On Sunday the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment went into the trench. Two battalions were commanded by Major Cuthbertson. Colonel Harkins was sick. Four companies were posted in the trench, two on the Manila road as supports, and two under Major Bierer as reserves at the field hospital in the rear of the old insurgent trench. The breastwork was finished that day without interference by the Spaniards. At 10 o'clock at night a heavy fire began all along the Spanish line. Our men replied vigorously, and shot to kill. The volleys of the Utah artillery did excellent work.

The Spanish fire was surprisingly accurate. They had the range, and

made first-class practice. A perfect hailstorm of bullets fell all about the American line. Bullets seemed to come out of the clouds, and death accompanied the lightning's flash.

Soon the pickets that had been posted on our right and front came back and reported that the Spaniards were attempting to turn our right flank. The trench did not extend beyond the road. The ground there was fairly open, but there was a small bamboo and acacia scrub and some high grass. The Spaniards maintained a terrific fire. The Pennsylvanians got excited and began to fire irregularly, and their volleys lost effect.

The Spaniards in advance got far enough on our right to have a cross-fire on the Americans. Our ammunition now began to run low, and a courier was sent to General Greene for re-enforcements and ammunition.

Meantime, the Utah battery pounded away as coolly as veterans. The Pennsylvanians held on as best they could. Companies K and B moved from the road up to our right, and the reserves, Companies D and E, were brought across the open field and sent beyond the right end of the American trench. These companies suffered most of the loss while crossing the open field near the American line, between our trench and the old insurgent trench. The Spanish fire that was too high for the American line, swept this field incessantly and made it a perfect death-trap. It was the only way up, however, and the Pennsylvanians crossed it gallantly.

Help was coming, however. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl, with the first platoon of Battery K of the Third Regular Artillery, acting as infantry, had been posted at the junction of the Manila and Pasai roads, with orders to advance if necessary. Lieutenant Kessler, with the second platoon of the same battery, was posted on the Pasai road. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl was on the right, with the same orders. The latter met the messenger from the front, and went forward immediately, after sending word to Lieutenant Kessler to follow quickly. He arrived just in time. The ammunition of the Pennsylvanians was almost gone. The men were firing at will. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who fired without orders. This soon restored confidence.

The regulars began volley firing at once. They had plenty of ammunition. Lieutenant Kessler soon arrived, and all danger of a catastrophe was then averted.

Captain O'Hara, who was in command of a battalion of the Third Artillery, had been keeping track of the American firing, and knew that the ammunition must soon be exhausted. Without waiting for orders he sounded the assembly, and Battery H responded under Captain Hobbs. Captain O'Hara took an orderly and bugler and started ahead. He told Captain Hobbs to come when he heard the bugle. Captain O'Hara met the courier on the road, who told him that the Americans were beaten. Captain O'Hara sounded the bugle and went forward on the double-quick.

Extraordinary bravery and coolness were displayed by the American troops in this engagement. It was one of the most brilliant battles of the war, and resulted in a complete and stunning victory for the Americans. There were only about 900 men actually engaged on our side, against 3000 Spaniards. The latter had every advantage in knowledge of the ground and method of attack, but after a three hours' fight they fled in dismay at the astonishing firmness and intrepidity of our soldiers, leaving 300 dead on the field. The American loss was nine killed and forty-four wounded. The troops engaged on our side were the Tenth Pennsylvania, First Battalion of the First California, a battalion of the Third Regular Artillery, and Battery A of the Utah Artillery.

The attack began at eleven o'clock at night, in the midst of a furious storm of wind and rain, and a darkness that was absolutely impenetrable, except for the incessant flashes of lightning which blinded the soldiers and added to the confusion. The attack fell first upon the Tenth Pennsylvania, composed of untrained young men who had never had the least experience in the horrors of war. The Spaniards were almost upon them before they were discovered, and immediately opened a furious fire from 3000 repeating Mauser rifles.

Here was a supreme test of discipline and fighting mettle, unexpected and sudden. Our volunteers never wavered. They were short of ammunition, it was so dark they could not estimate the enemy's strength, and yet they fought desperately to the last cartridge, taking ammunition belts from their own dead and wounded, and piling the entrenchments with dead Spaniards.

It was the Volunteer Artillery, Battery A, of Utah, that dragged its guns into position, unaided by horses, and, enfilading the Spanish sortie line, completed the rescue of the Keystone infantry, already well begun by the regulars. The victory was complete and brilliant. The regulars were in it, prompt and indomitable; but it was the volunteers who were surprised, who bore the brunt of the furious assault, and whose names nearly make up the list of dead and mortally wounded on the American side.

Even the storming of San Juan Hill was less remarkable, for there our troops went into battle in daylight. The midnight battle of Malate was a complete surprise, the severest test of soldierly qualities, and it made heroes and veterans of untried American militia in three glorious hours.

The Spaniards, with their overwhelming numbers, attacked in the front and on the right flank at the same time. It was their intention to kill or capture all the men in the entrenchments, and thus demoralize the entire force before it could make the general advance on Manila. They planned well and fought bravely, but in their estimates they failed to consider the fighting qualities of American soldiers. Three hundred dead on the field, and

more than that number wounded, proved the fierceness of the attack and the determination of the enemy; but after three hours of desperate fighting they were compelled to seek refuge in their forts and trenches at Malate. They expected a grand victory, and were absolutely stunned by the splendid fighting of the Americans. It was something new in their experience, and the remainder of the fighting on the Spanish side was of the most languid and perfunctory character.

SURRENDER OF MANILA.

The last battle of the war and the capture of Manila were announced in one of Admiral Dewey's unique dispatches, as follows:

"MANILA, August 13th.—*To Secretary of the Navy, Washington:* Manila surrendered to-day to the American land and naval forces, after a combined attack. A division of the squadron shelled the forts and entrenchments at Malate, on the south side of the city, driving back the enemy, our army advancing from that side at the same time. The city surrendered about five o'clock, the American flag being hoisted by Lieutenant Brumby. About 7000 prisoners were taken. The squadron had no casualties. None of the vessels were injured.

"On August 7th General Merritt and I formally demanded the surrender of the city, which the Spanish Governor-General refused.

"DEWEY."

Lieutenant Brumby, referred to in the dispatch, is Admiral Dewey's flag lieutenant.

The completeness of the dispatch, brief as it is, leaves but little to be told, except to record special incidents of the battle and the unvarying gallantry of the American sailors and soldiers.

On August 5th the newspapers of Manila announced that Captain-General Augustin, who has injected so much humor into the events of the war by means of his flamboyant proclamations, had been superseded in command by General Segundo Cabo Don Feroin Jaudenes. The retiring Captain-General departed with one of his familiar trumpet-flourishes, in which he made contemptuous reference to the "cowardly Americans," and immediately took refuge, with the women of his household, on board the German warship *Kaiserin Augusta*, which quietly slipped out of the harbor and sailed for Hong-Kong as soon as the battle commenced. It is said that the gallant Captain-General was conveyed on board the warship concealed in the baggage and unwashed linen of his family; and it is also asserted that Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, who were not made aware of his flight until several days afterward, were greatly amused over the details of the incident.

On the 7th of August the American commanders addressed the following joint communication to the Spanish commandant at Manila:

"*To the General-in-Chief Commanding the Spanish Forces at Manila:* SIR—We have the honor to notify your Excellency that operations of the land and naval forces of the United States against the defenses of Manila may begin at any time after the expiration of forty-eight hours from the receipt by you of this communication, or sooner, if made necessary by attack on your part.

"This notice is given to afford you an opportunity to remove all non-combatants from the city.

Yours respectfully,

"WESLEY R. MERRITT,

"Major-General U. S. A., Commanding.

"GEORGE DEWEY,

"Rear-Admiral U. S. N., Commanding."

To this communication General Jaudenes immediately replied:

"MANILA, August 7th.—*Gentlemen:* I have the honor to inform your Excellencies that at half-past twelve to-day I received the notice with which you favored me, that after forty-eight hours have elapsed you may begin operations against this fortified city, or at an earlier hour if the forces under your command are attacked by mine. As your notice was sent for the purpose of providing safety for the non-combatants, I give thanks to your Excellencies for the humane sentiments you show, and state that, finding myself surrounded by insurrectionary forces, I am without a place of refuge for the increased number of wounded, sick, women and children now lodged within these walls. Respectfully, and kissing the hands of your Excellencies,

"FERDINAND JAUDENES."

The American commanders dreaded to begin a battle which they knew must result in great suffering and some bloodshed among innocent non-combatants, and they therefore delayed active operations until the morning of the 13th. Meanwhile, our lines on shore were extended and advanced, until there was no possibility for any of the Spaniards to escape. During this interval most of the foreign residents went on board the warships of their respective nations lying in the harbor, and the vessels took up positions of safety in various parts of the bay.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August 13th, our fleet began to move, the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flagship, leading the way. Above her, and from the ships following, proudly flew the flag of the stars.

The *Olympia* opened with her eight-inch guns at twenty-five minutes to ten, the first four shells being directed against the Malate fort, called San Antonio de Abad. All of these first shells fell short. A passing rain-squall made it difficult to get the range properly and to observe the result of the shots.

The *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, and *Callao* (the captured Spanish gunboat), also opened on the fort; the *Boston*, *Baltimore*, *Charleston*, and *Monterey* standing in as supports. Most of the firing was done at a range of from 3000 to 4000 yards. The practice was excellent as soon as the range was determined. Most of the five-inch shells fell in a battery protected by earthworks. Sixteen eight-inch and sixty-nine five-inch shells were fired by the *Olympia*, and the *Raleigh* and *Petrel* each drove in about as many.

It was a pretty sight to see the *Callao*, Lieutenant Tappan commanding, and the launch *Barcelo*, riding in the heavy surf close inshore, pouring their fire on the enemy's riflemen. There was rifle fire in reply, and the *Callao* was struck. She was not, however, damaged.

Further off was Admiral Dewey's dispatch boat, the *Zafiro*, carrying

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET IN ACTION,



General Merritt and his staff, and the color guard of the First Oregon. The remaining two battalions of the Oregon regiment, as a landing party, watched the fight from the *Kwonghoi*.

Our infantry was seen, a few minutes later, moving forward upon the Spanish entrenchments. Their advance was made under cover of a heavy fire from the Utah battery. With colors flying and bands playing, the troops moved swiftly along the beach. There was a creek to be forded. They plunged into it and soon were across. Once over, they deployed in skirmishing order along Malate, keeping up a heavy rifle fire as they advanced.

The land forces had moved out of camp early in the morning, General Anderson directing the operations. General Greene with the left wing swept along upon the trenches before Malate. General MacArthur led the right wing with the Astor Battery, which took up a position on the right of the Pasig, and did gallant work. Three men of the Astor Battery were killed. The hardest fighting of the day was done at a point on the right wing, where the guns of the fleet could give no assistance.

After the fleet had raked the position at Malate, the Colorado troops, supported by the Eighteenth Regulars and the Utah Battery, swept it with the deadliest of fires. The Spaniards fell back before the advancing Coloradoans, who followed them closely, giving them no rest until the American flag was raised over Malate.

The Californians, who were subjected to a galling fire as they advanced along Calle Real, passed the Colorado volunteers to a point where the Spaniards had erected street barricades. Once Calle Real was cleared, the attack was virtually over. About noon a white flag was floating over the city walls. The Californians advanced at a double-quick pace across Luneta as General Greene and his staff arrived to receive the surrender.

Admiral Dewey had, meanwhile, at thirty-two minutes past ten o'clock, hoisted the general signal for the fleet to cease firing.

By some error, while the troops were standing at rest, Spaniards in the walled city fired, fatally wounding Privates Dunsoupe and Lamerson, of the Californians.

Flag-Lieutenant Brumby went ashore about noon, in the Belgian launch, accompanied by Inspector-General Whittier, to find and interview General Jaudenes, and discuss the terms of capitulation. General Merritt was present to consider the terms.

General Jaudenes was found, after considerable difficulty, hiding in a church filled with women and children. Subsequent proceedings touching the surrender were conducted in the municipal building, the Governor-General consenting to leave the church after a brief conference.

Lieutenant Brumby, immediately after the terms of capitulation had been signed, hurried off to lower the Spanish flag and hoist the Stars and

Stripes. His party found its way, after considerable difficulty, into Fort Santiago, in the northern portion of the walled city, where a large Spanish flag was flying. Grouped about this flag were many Spanish officers, while the approach of the Americans attracted a crowd from the street. There was some hissing as Lieutenant Brumby proceeded to haul down the Spanish colors, and many of those present wept as the Stars and Stripes rose into place above the fort. As the flag began to unfurl and flap in the breeze, the sun, which until then had been obscured by the clouds, suddenly burst forth in all his glory and flooded the city with his golden light. It seemed like an omen of coming good for the people who had dwelt in darkness in the far East; and it was so accepted by our soldiers and sailors, who made the welkin ring with their Anglo-Saxon cheers.

Our troops quickly occupied the city on both sides of the Pasig, sleeping in the streets throughout the night, which was a wet one and made the strange conditions doubly disagreeable. Yet the conduct of the American troops was beyond praise—it was simply admirable. They fraternized good-humoredly with the Spaniards and natives. A group of our black regulars squatted in Escolta street, one of the principal business thoroughfares, edifying the great crowd, which had formed about them, with tuneful plantation ditties.

The day after the capture of the city General Merritt caused the following general order to be read at the head of each of the American regiments. It was also printed in Spanish and circulated freely among the inhabitants:

"In view of the extraordinary conditions under which this army is operating, its commanding general desires to acquaint the officers and men with the expectations he entertains as to their conduct.

"You are assembled on foreign soil, situated within the western confines of a vast ocean, separating you from your native land. You have come, not as despoilers or oppressors, but simply as the instruments of a strong, free government, whose purposes are beneficent, and which declared itself in this war champion of those oppressed by Spanish misrule.

"It is, therefore, the intention of this order to appeal directly to your pride in your position as representatives of a high civilization, in the hope and with the firm conviction that you will so conduct yourselves, in your relations with the inhabitants of these islands, as to convince them of the lofty nature of the mission you have come to execute.

"It is not believed any acts of pillage, rapine or violence will be committed by soldiers or others in the employ of the United States; but should there be persons with this command who prove themselves unworthy of this confidence, their acts will be considered not only as crimes against the sufferers, but as direct insults to the United States flag, and be punished on the spot with the maximum penalties known to military law."

In the capture of Manila our casualties were eight killed and about forty wounded. The Spanish loss was estimated at 120 killed and 600 wounded. We captured 11,000 prisoners, 7000 of whom were Spanish regulars; 20,000 Mauser rifles, 3000 Remingtons, eighteen modern cannon, and many of obsolete patterns. We also gained possession of the city of Manila and its surroundings, and placed ourselves in a position to control the disposition of

the Philippine Islands and establish our influence irrevocably in the affairs of the East.

And so ended the war for humanity, while silently, beneath the ever-green sod and the perennially blossoming trees of the land they died to set



WHERE THE HEROES OF THE "MAINE" ARE AT REST.

free, sleep the heroes of the well-remembered *Maine*. Over their graves a grateful nation will rear a monument which in future ages shall tell the story of their sacrifice, and point the way to liberty, fraternity, and happiness.

Sweetly rest those who die for freedom's sake!

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